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"For modes of faith let pious zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."
—*Pope.*

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
* * * * * than in half the creeds."
—*Tennyson*

CHICAGO, ILL.
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SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.



MAY L. COLLINS.

FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1897.

THEOLOGICAL IDIOSYNCRASIES.

BY DANIEL K. TENNEY.

IN the entire history of the world, nothing seems so marvelous to me as the continued clinging by many intelligent minds to the weird and cruel creeds of the churches. In former centuries of barbarism or vague knowledge, it is not wonderful that such creeds were inaugurated and in good faith propagated, for the wisest in those days, with few exceptions, now appear to have been densely ignorant. Let us dissect and consider briefly some features of the Christian system thus promulgated.

It has always been assumed that preceding the occurrence of physical phenomena, there was a personal, all-wise and powerful Being known as God; that he has revealed to man the fact of his existence, his characteristics and desires, and the true story of universal creation, first in a lot of manuscripts known as the Old Testament, and later in another lot, known as the New Testament; that the matter found in these manuscripts is of absolute verity, and constitutes the only safe guide in human conduct and theological inquiry. This theory is still devoutly believed and confided in by millions of people.

The God thus revealed, Jehovah by name, being the only one known to Christians, having first created by divine fiat the earth, the sun, the moon "and the stars also," created man out of dust, and woman from one of the man's ribs. These were in the image and likeness of their Creator. They were designed to be perfect, to live forever without sickness, sin or sorrow, in the bliss of profound ignorance, and so, with pleasure and without pain, to increase and multiply forever. The happy pair were placed in a beautiful garden, and told to eat of all its fruits save that of the knowledge of good and evil. Of that they must not eat, for "in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." A talking serpent was placed by the Creator in the same garden, and by means of his persuasion, first the woman and then the man ate of the forbidden fruit. This wondrous, though nat-

ural and foreseen offense, brought sin and death into the world. Man had fallen from his original purity and incurred the eternal wrath of his Creator. "Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth." As a specific penalty for the offense, the Lord God said to the woman: "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception. In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children. Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." To the man he said: "Cursed be the ground for thy sake. In sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee. In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." But the man and the woman, though they had eaten of the forbidden fruit, did not on that day "surely die," as the Lord had threatened them. On the contrary, he proceeded to make clothing for them, and to further cultivate their acquaintance. He told the serpent: "Upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life." The serpent probably died of grief, for no talking, dust-eating serpent has been heard of from that day to this.

With the wondrous six-day creation time commenced to run. Before that, there had been nothing but eternity. Adam and Eve had souls, and their descendants would have forever. Their bodies would die and be buried. No provision had been made for disposing of the souls. Those of the original pair had become so tainted by the beguilement of the serpent that the Lord God could not endure to have them, or any of their progeny, in heaven with him. Some provision must be made for this emergency. Accordingly, a supervising devil was created and a lake burning with fire and brimstone, into which should be dumped at death, and placed under his management, the souls of all mankind for eternal punishment, and from which place "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever." This was the origin of hell. After the unpardonable sin in Eden, hell was a manifest necessity. So we are told.

Heaven was created at the same time as the earth, "in the beginning." It must have been a beautiful place, with golden pavements and the like, but aside from the great architect himself, and perhaps a ghostly relative, it had no population, and, after the snake episode, no immediate prospect of any. It must have been pretty lonely there.

Time wore on. The progeny of Adam and Eve increased and greatly multiplied. "God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that he had made

man on the earth, and grieved him at his heart. And the Lord said I will destroy man, whom I have created, from the face of the earth." Noah, however, found grace in the eyes of the Lord. Only through him and his family the human race was to be preserved on the earth. Then the flood came. "Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail, and the mountains were covered." "Every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of heaven, and they were destroyed from the earth and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark." When Noah got ashore he "builded an altar to the Lord, and took of every clean beast and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar. And the Lord smelled a sweet savor, and the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake, for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." As a token of this covenant, God said: "I do set my bow in the cloud." This was the origin, and is the sole explanation of the rainbow. It was a sort of side product of the original sin. The rays of the sun have nothing to do with it. But God had made another mistake, for Noah planted a vineyard and "drank of the wine and was drunken, and he was naked in his tent." While lying thus drunk and uncovered, his son Ham, the father of Canaan, saw him in that condition. When "Noah awoke from his wine" and found that his son had seen him drunk, he was angry, and said to Ham: "Cursed be Canaan. A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." This seems to have been the origin of slavery. Such was the vengeance meted out to his son by a man who had found favor in the sight of the Lord, to the extent of being selected to preserve and propagate the human race, and simply because the old man got drunk, and the boy happened to see him naked!

Now, "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech." The descendants of Noah went west to grow up with the country, and started to build a tower, "whose top may reach unto heaven." The Lord went down to see about it, and said: "Behold the people is one and they have all one language. And this they begin to do, and now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech," and he did so. This was the unfortunate origin of the myriad of different languages which afflict mankind, and a prohibition of sky-scraping structures, only since violated in the sinful days of the present century.

Later, another fearful mistake was made in selecting Lot and his two daughters from Sodom and Gomorrah for special preservation, while destroying all the rest. The story of these incestuous favorites of the Lord may be read by the curious, but is too shameful for other than sacred pages.

These familiar tales are here referred to, to refresh the reader as to the real character of the great Jehovah, in his early handiwork and dealings with our race. His subsequent story, as related in the old testament, is on similar lines, only intensifying the contempt and loathing which all honest minds should feel for the omnipotent character, thus made prominent throughout. Only one other citation will be given, as showing the moral character of this wonderful Lord when interested in war. "And the Lord spake unto Moses saying: Avenge the children of Israel of the Midianites." And Moses, who wrote the Pentateuch, and was specially chosen by the Lord, accordingly gave this order to his officers: "Now, therefore, kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that has known man by lying with him. But all the women children that have not known man by lying with him keep alive for yourselves." And so they captured for this purpose "thirty and two thousand persons in all, of women who had not known man by lying with him." Much more of like high morality besmears and contaminates the history and character of Jehovah throughout the Old Testament. The careful perusal of its entire contents is commended to the thoughtful reader. It will demonstrate the hard luck which the Almighty had with the Jews, the Egyptians and others, and a personal disposition infinitely worse than that of the lowest savage now imaginable.

It will be noticed, also, that tables of stone were at one time given to Moses by the Lord, on which he had engraved the ten commandments, and recorded his confirmation of the creation story. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy * * * for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day."

During all these centuries of divine and human experience, the children of Israel were devoutly offering sacrifices to Jehovah, praising and praying to him, insisting that he was a God of love, of grace and of mercy, and congratulating themselves on his superiority over the gods of other people. Yet throughout the sacred book he calls himself, or is called by others, a God of hate, of vengeance, of jealousy, of fury, of ambition, of anger, of profanity, of destruction, of weariness,

ness, and both a lamb and a lion. It is plain, also, that he was utterly incompetent to rule over the subjects of his own creation, and that he was so ashamed of himself for creating them that he determined to destroy them all. Aside from his power, what elements are found in the character of this God to command our reverence, our respect, or our love? Pity, disgust and loathing seem far more appropriate, both for him and his ancient followers. We can excuse them, for their ignorance. Him we cannot excuse, for he is said to have known everything.

Thus the experience continued for some four thousand years. Adam and Eve, and all their countless millions of descendants who had departed this life, though originally designed for perpetual happiness, was suffering the tortures of fire and brimstone, in that realm of outer darkness, where there is "weeping and wailing and nashing of teeth." Every dimpled babe, every dear girl and boy, every innocent maiden, every stalwart young man, all the good, the true and the beautiful, the wise and the beneficent, alike with the vicious, were consigned to that eternal torture together, by the God of love and mercy. Hell was filling up. Heaven remained vacant. No human soul had yet penetrated its sacred precincts. "If man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," what grief should overwhelm us all at God's inhumanity to man!

At length reform was considered necessary. Some way must be devised to save human souls from that awful crime committed by the original manufactured pair in Eden. An experience of four thousand years with mankind had sharpened the Creator's wits. No more mistakes must be made. An unfailing remedy must be devised. It was an afterthought, but divinity was equal to it. By some ghostly method, known only in heaven, it was accordingly decreed that a virgin should conceive and bear to God a son on earth. When arrived at maturity, this son should offend the Jews, who should induce the Romans in authority at Jerusalem to seize, try and crucify him. After burial he should arise from the dead and ascend into heaven, where, having an earthly experience himself, he would be willing and better able to intercede with his father for the salvation and entry into heaven of all who should truly believe in his divine paternity, his virgin birth and his resurrection, evidently thought an easy matter. All who could not so believe were still to be consigned to eternal punishment, as before. This is the Christian plan of salvation. To its advocacy and defense many millions of good people have given their lives and their fortunes.

Many others—but not so many—stand ready now to do the same thing. Was anything more ridiculous ever presented for human consideration?

Thus have been presented some of the cardinal points on which are based the creeds of Christendom, and a few only of the wondrous tales upon which they are founded. Is it not strange that any thoughtful and candid man, in these later days of the century, can demean himself and suppress his intelligence, by professing to believe in or to advocate such a theological scheme? So it seems to me.

Science definitely demonstrates that all the wonderful scriptural tales are wholly false and without semblance of foundation. The heavens and the earth were not created six thousand years ago, nor at any other period in the past. Man was never created. The earth is known to have existed, substantially in its present form, for countless millions of years. In all rocks known to geologists, even in those which have so far descended as to be fused by internal heat, fossil evidences of life are found. This is demonstration that the earth was never created, but has ever been undergoing evolution from circumference to center by subsidence and from center to circumference by upheaval. Volcanoes and hot springs tell the story of the outflow of material to the surface. The internal vacancy thus produced, coupled with gravital attraction, renders a corresponding subsidence natural and necessary. Mankind were on earth before the alluvial material composing the stones of which the Pyramids were constructed was deposited under the sea, millions of years ago. The creation story in Genesis, the story of the first human pair, the serpent and the fall of man, are all known to be absolutely false—mere myths, not having even a germ of truth about them. Likewise is the story of Noah's flood, and the Sodom and Gomorrah extravaganza. There is scarcely a candid man, of average intelligence, under fifty years of age, whether clergyman or layman, who does not both know and privately acknowledge the untruthfulness of all the wondrous stories of the Old Testament. In doing so they destroy also, although they do not confess it, the foundation of all the creeds. If there was no fall of man, there was no occasion for a Savior, to rectify the mistake and uplift man. "As in Adam all died, so in Christ shall all be made alive." The Adam story, from start to finish, is exploded. He neither lived nor died. Nothing can be predicated on Adam, or any other first man, for there never was one. Mankind have been slowly evolved from the lower forms of animal life, through countless ages. Every clergyman knows it.

Whatever may be thought of the "power not ourselves that makes for righteousness," it certainly is not such a God as Jehovah is represented to be. He was invented by savages and barbarians, and seems to have commanded their admiration. It was the best they could do. He is not credited today by men of intelligence, any more than His place of everlasting torture. The difference in moral excellence and disposition, between himself and the prince of darkness, is not discernible to modern comprehension.

It is now conceded by all whose opinions are of value that as a record of important truth the Bible is a failure and must be abandoned. That it has many features of great moral excellence is well understood, but these are not of divine origin, and are so mingled with myth, miracle, fraud and falsehood as to wholly discredit the honesty and good faith of the various authors. While these facts are quite apparent to men of independent thought, a considerable effort has been made in later years by certain scientists and others still imbued with the old superstitions to reconcile the truths of science with the dogmas of theology. It has been a vain endeavor. After having, during all past centuries, engaged in persistent warfare with science, the clergy now deny that they ever did so, and claim to have always been its best friends and champions. Their position on this subject is as shocking as it is false. But at any rate, they insist that, after all, science does not antagonize orthodox theology. They are either unable to see, or unwilling to admit, that the creeds of every theological system are completely undermined and overturned by the assured truths of modern investigation. So eminent a scientist as the late Prof. Winchell, in his book on the "Reconciliation of Science with Religion," projects one of the best of these ideas in regard to the divine origin of the Bible. It is about this: God created man and endowed him with intelligence and with a keen curiosity to know the nature and will of his Creator. Such being the case, it seems natural that God would wish to reveal himself to man. The books of the Bible are the only ones which even claim to be such revelation. In the absence of any other, we are, consequently, justified in believing that they really are a divine revelation from God, or, certainly, that they contain such revelation. Doubtless they have been contaminated somewhat by passing through human hands, but in the main are undoubtedly genuine and reliable. Almost any line of thought which sustains divine revelation seems satisfactory to a devout Christian, and probably this was a comfort to the learned

and devout professor. To every reasoning man, however, it is the very height of absurdity, yet no better one has ever been put forth.

Perceiving the infinite absurdity of the Old Testament, the clergy do not make it as prominent as of old. That "better covenant," as they call it, the New Testament and the character of Christ, more engage their attention and excite their enthusiasm. But the New Testament, though produced in days of somewhat greater intelligence, is, as a divine revelation, even more absurd—if possible—than the old. The plan of salvation claimed to be set forth therein is shocking to both common honesty and common sense. If there be a divine being interested in human affairs, this salvation scheme must have disgusted him far more intensely than his failure in Eden, when he "repented him that he had made man." As a condition of salvation, we are required to believe what any reasoning man knows to be false. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." What a wonderful God of love, of mercy and grace is here apparent! What must we believe? In the fall of man in Eden, the birth of a son to a virgin, that he is the Son of God, specially sent to intervene in human affairs, to modify some of his Father's laws, to die, be resurrected and return to his Father, and there to act as the only intercessor for the salvation of man from hell. Whatever may have been written, said or professed to the contrary, no man ever did believe, or can believe, in any one of these things. Millions think they do, but they neither do nor can. Real belief proceeds only from evidence submitted to and digested by the reasoning faculties of the mind. No evidence of the divinity of Christ exists, or has ever been submitted. He did not even pretend to be the Son of God. Every peculiar Bible story concerning him is a fable and a fiction, distinctly overthrown by scientific revelation. All are impossibilities. Tales invented for a purpose, by ignorance and superstition, and entitled to no more credence than those of Munchausen or Sinbad the Sailor. Think of it! Belief in what our reason teaches us to be true entitles us to no consideration. God does not reward us for that. He does not have to. But if we believe what our reason teaches us to be false, he is greatly rejoiced over our simple credulity, and gives us a seat on his right hand, with the sheep. If we do not believe what we know to be false, and which, therefore, we cannot believe, we must go with the goats on the left hand forever. The scheme is a dismal failure. Hell is still filling up. Heaven is empty.

The great evangelist Moody is entirely frank about religious matters. He frequently proclaims that religious faith and belief in the Bible are entirely opposed to reason, and that where reason enters faith must depart; that religion and faith are based solely on the emotional nature of the people. Moody is right about this, but he does not agree with that other eminent evangelist, St. Paul, who said, "Prove all things. Hold fast that which is good." St. Paul advocated proving things, but never attempted to prove them. Moody discards reason, and never makes use of it. If we discard reason, we may be Christians. If we adhere to it we cannot be.

In conversation, not long ago, with one of the best and most eminent clergymen in Chicago, in response to some criticism made by me, he said: "The fact must be admitted that the Christian ship is carrying a great deal of ballast." "Why don't you throw it overboard," said I. "I am doing so just as rapidly as I dare to," said he. "How much have you thrown overboard up to date?" I asked. "Come around and hear me preach, and you will find out," was the pleasant reply. With another most excellent Chicago preacher, I lately had a conference also. He informed me that he preached the gospel more than twenty years before he ever doubted the literal truth of the creation story in Genesis, although he was aware that some people questioned it. Upon investigation he discovered that it was clearly false, and merely poetical. Having come to that conclusion, and seeing that the fall of man must be abandoned as poetical also, he began to investigate further into the peculiar things found in the sacred pages, and had discarded all the ancient and incredible tales found therein. This man still preaches the gospel, but from the standpoint of humanity chiefly, omitting from consideration the fishy tales of the testaments. As the world goes, he is one of the most honest of men, and of great personal influence and power. Yet neither he, nor the other preacher to whom I have referred, has the courage to say from his pulpit that the Bible is a book of purely human origin, entitled to no consideration save upon its merits, and that the wonderful stories there related are merely visionary, and intended to mislead. These men no longer have faith; they privately admit it. Why have they not the courage to say so. One would suppose that the servants of the Lord should be honest, if nothing else. But they are not.

If we are to believe about Christ all that is related of him in the New Testament, he was as big a fraud as Mahomet, Swedenborg.

Joe Smith, Schlatter or Schweinfurth. Miracles have never been performed by anybody. Men who profess to perform miracles nowadays we pronounce impostors, as they certainly are. It was no less so two thousand years ago. The contemporaries of Christ, except a few of the most ignorant, wholly discredited him. They knew better than we. My own judgment is that we know very little, actually, about Christ. All of importance that even purports to be historical was written a hundred years or more after his death, and was necessarily hearsay and tradition. If he really professed to perform the miracles attributed to him, he was an impostor—that and nothing else. My impression is that he professed nothing of the kind. It seems to me that he was a born enthusiast with a benevolent disposition, even a socialist, that what he desired to accomplish was the betterment of mankind, and to relieve them in a measure from the harshness of Jewish laws and superstitions. Possibly, while endeavoring to destroy old superstition he suggested some new ones, as that is sometimes characteristic of reformers. But there is so much that is truly excellent in the teachings that are attributed to him that I am unwilling to consider him a fraud, of the nature of the alleged miracle workers of the later days whom I have named.

But the character of Christ is not without blemish. He was not all brotherly love. He commanded us, "Love your enemies. Bless them that curse you, and do good to them that hate you." This prescription has never been acted upon by any human being, and never can be until our nature is changed. It is destitute of practical sense. But while commanding us to love our enemies, what does he prescribe for his own, those without faith, for instance? "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

Here is another of his prescriptions for the religious government of man: "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." What sort of a being would we call a man nowadays, or a god, either, who should set forth such fiendish doctrines. Could the devil have devised anything more abhorrent?

But Jesus gave us another injunction: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." Now, for me, at least, this is an impossibility, and probably likewise to every man, woman and child who can understand its meaning. The God referred to is the Jehovah

whose infinite cruelties have already been mentioned, and which disfigure almost every page of the Old Testament. We might fear such a character, but could not love him. Plenty of people have pretended to do so, but no one has ever really loved him and never can. To hate and despise such a character is both natural and inevitable. Yet, on this commandment and one other "hang all the law and the prophets." I am satisfied to let them hang there.

Now, why do intelligent clergymen persist in proclaiming such idiosyncrasies, the existence of such a God and such a Savior? Why do they persist in offering prayers to such impossible powers? Why do they longer advocate what they know to be false? Is it dishonesty or cowardice, or both? Ignorance excuses many, but not all. The immortality of the soul is an assured scientific fact. No revelation is necessary to demonstrate it. Persistence of force is well established. Nothing is lost in nature. The condition of after life is unknown. It always will be. There is no place "where congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths have no end." No place of eternal rest. The things of nature, whether soul or body, are ever active, ever improving, eternal both in the past and the future. The soul of man, of whatsoever it may consist, is in a state of evolution in this life, and will so continue. Does not good behavior here tend to its improvement? Does not vicious conduct and environment tend to retrogression? Is there no ground here for ethical instruction? Can the masses better be uplifted by falsehood than by truth? Moody thinks they can. I do not. What a blessed thing it would be if we could attend church without being pestered with nonsense about holy writ, invited to join in prayers to impossible powers which were never known to answer one, and then after good music, to listen in dense theological fog to dogmas eloquently distorted, to deductions of love sublime and wrath divine, all without foundation save in the vain imaginings of ancient ignorance, and then a collection to spread the gospel among the heathen!

The clergy are gradually nearing the desired reform. In the slow process of evolution they will reach it. Men of independent thought must continue bravely to prick the bubbles of creed and dogma. Even now, greater intelligence in the pews is demanding greater wisdom in the pulpit. The pulpit will respond in time. There is a good time coming. How much longer must the circumambient power of the spheres be pictured in caricature? Will not the coming century relegate the theology of ignorance to the catacombs of oblivion? Surely it must. But religion, pure and undefiled, will remain. So will the clergy, bright particular stars then, in the glorious galaxy of human reformation.

MATTHEW, MARK AND LUKE.

SOME COLLATED PASSAGES.

BY E. D. DAVIS.

PART VII.

THERE is a certain class of passages in the three synoptic gospels which furnishes a very conclusive evidence that the account of the crucifixion and a good portion of the books immediately preceding that account are much older than other portions situated further back toward the beginning of them. We refer to those passages which contain references to the disciples and particularly references to "the twelve." Our line of argument in this article will be based upon the assumption that Jesus did not have twelve disciples, that the original manuscripts from which the gospels were copied contained no reference to so great a number of followers. The very latest portions of the gospels nowhere mention more than four and that portion of them which comes after Matthew xiv: 1, Mark vi: 14, and Luke ix: 7, contains the best of evidence that Jesus had but one disciple in the sense in which this word is generally used in the gospels, and that disciple was Peter. If Jesus had twelve disciples it was long after the crucifixion, and for some time after that event only four were known.

If the reader will go back to our first chapter he will notice that the passage E which was inserted between F and G in Mark's 3d chapter and between A and B in Luke's 6th chapter is a list of the names of the twelve disciples. The paragraph E which contains these names was of even later date than the late sections into which they were there interpolated. Turning to this same paragraph in Matthew's 10th chapter, the reader will remember what we have said in that article which we devoted to a consideration of the Sermon on the Mount, the 10th chapter and three other sections of Matthew's concerning the late date of those sections. And again let him remember what we said on the article devoted to the Sending Forth of the Disciples, that Matthew ix: 37, 38, and Matthew x: 5-16, when compared with Luke x: 2, and Luke x: 3-17, showed that the first four verses of Matthew's 10th chapter were an interpolation even there.

The difference between Luke's list and that of Matthew and Mark shows that the names of the twelve were not certainly known

to these writers. It is hardly possible that Lebbeus or Thaddeus was the same as Judas the brother of James. This subject is of so much importance that we will go through the gospels and take up every passage which contains a reference to the twelve.

The first in the gospels outside of this list of names is in Matthew xi: 1, which reads: "And it came to pass, when Jesus had made an end of commanding his twelve disciples," etc. We have fully considered this verse in a previous chapter. It is surely an interpolation.

The next passage in order is Matthew xix: 28. If the reader will consult the first full page of quotations accompanying this article he will see at once that ver. 28 in Matthew is an interpolation.

Luke's 22d chapter contains a similar passage, ver. 28-30: it is another version of the same verse. In Luke, too, this passage is an interpolation, for it is not in the parallel portions of Matthew and Mark, neither in the 26th chapter of Matthew and the 14th of Mark, opposite which Luke's 22d chapter stands, nor in the 20th of Matthew and the 10th of Mark, where that which parallels Luke xxii: 24-27, is to be found. This passage was of late date; it was inserted into one place in Matthew and into another place in Luke. It is not in Mark.

Mark iv: 10, mentions "the twelve." We will give the parallel passages:

Matthew 13.	Mark 4.	Luke 8.
10 And the disciples came, and said unto him, Why speakest thou unto them in parables?	10 And when he was alone, they that were about him with the twelve asked of him the parable.	9 And his disciples asked him, saying, What might this parable be?

The words of "the twelve" in Mark are the result of an alteration which some scribe made in copying the word "disciples."

Mark ix: 35, mentions "the twelve." Here is the passage, with its parallels:

Matthew 18.	Mark 9.	Luke 9.
a1. At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? b2. And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them.	a34. But they held their peace; for by the way they had disputed among themselves, who <i>should be</i> the greatest. 35. And he sat down, and called the twelve, and saith unto them, If any man desire to be first, <i>the same shall be last of all, and servant of all.</i> b36. And he took a child and sat him in the midst of them; and when he had taken him in his arms, he said unto them,	a46. ¶ Then there arose a reasoning among them, which of them should be greatest. b47. And Jesus, perceiving the thought of their heart, took a child, and set him by him.

In these passages the verbal coincidences in *b* are great, showing that they are copies from a common source. Mark's verse 35 is an interpolation.

Mark 11:11 mentions "the twelve."

Matthew
21.

17. ¶ And he left them, and went out of the city into Bethany; and he lodged there.
18. Now in the morning, as he returned into the city, he hungered.

Mark
11.

And now the eventide was come, he went out unto Bethany with the twelve.
12. ¶ And on the morrow, when they were come from Bethany, he was hungry:

This passage is not in Luke. From a comparison with Matthew it will be seen that the words "with the twelve" are an interpolation.

Luke 9:12, mentions "the twelve."

Matthew
14.

15. ¶ And when it was evening his disciples came to him, saying, This is a desert place, and the time is now past; send the multitude away, that they may go into the villages, and buy themselves victuals.

Mark
8.

35. And when the day was now far spent, his disciples came unto him, and said, This is a desert place, and now the time is far passed:
36. Send them away, that they may go into the country round about, and into the villages, and buy themselves bread; for they have nothing to eat.

Luke
9.

12. And when the day began to wear away, then came the twelve, and said unto him, Send the multitude away, that they may go into the towns and country round about, and lodge, and get victuals: for we are here in a desert place.

These verses are a part of the account of The Feeding of the Multitude. We have shown in the chapter devoted to that subject that these accounts were copied from one original account. The words "the twelve" in Luke are the result of an alteration which some scribe made when copying from a manuscript which read "his disciples."

Matt. 20:24, and Mark 10:41, each contain the phrase "And when the ten heard it." Now the parallel portion of Luke is the 18th chapter. Matt. 20:20-28, and Mark 10:35-45, are wanting in Luke. These two passages were a part of that manuscript from which the last half of Matthew and the last half of Mark were copied. That manuscript was of later date than the manuscripts from which Luke was copied, as we will shortly further show. These two passages are two copies of an interpolation.

Luke viii: 1, contains the phrase "And the twelve were with him." Matthew copied every portion of Luke vi: 17; viii: 3, and omitted just two paragraphs both of them Luke vii: 11-18, and Luke viii: 1-3, containing accounts of miracles. The character of these omissions is significant in the light of our last chapter and of this one. Luke viii: 1, not being elsewhere in the gospels we are not able to judge whether that particular part of it "and the twelve were with him" was a part of the original passage or not. Its unconnected character would indicate that it might not have been.

We will insert next two passages from Matthew, two from Mark, and two from Luke:

<p>Matthew 10.</p> <p>5 These twelve Jesus sent forth, and commanded them, saying, Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not.</p>	<p>Mark 6.</p> <p>7 ¶ And he called unto him the twelve, and began to send them forth by two and two; and gave them power over unclean spirits;</p>	<p>Luke 9.</p> <p>Then he called his twelve disciples together, and gave them power and authority over all devils, and to cure diseases.</p>
<p>Matthew 20.</p> <p>17 ¶ and Jesus going up to Jerusalem took the twelve disciples apart in the way, and said unto them,</p>	<p>Mark 10.</p> <p>32 ¶ And they were in the way going up to Jerusalem; and Jesus went before them: and they were amazed; and as they followed, they were afraid. And he took again the twelve, and began to tell them what things should happen unto him.</p>	<p>Luke 18.</p> <p>31 ¶ Then he took unto him the twelve, and said unto them, Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all things that are written by the prophets concerning the Son of man shall be accomplished.</p>

These verses stand parallel to each other in the gospels as may be seen by comparing the chapters in which they are to be found. As evidence that Jesus had twelve disciples they are worth very little indeed.

There is not another chapter nor another verse nor another phrase nor another word from the first verse in Matthew to the last in Luke from which even an inference might be drawn that Jesus had as many as twelve disciples except in two places. One of these is in the account of The Lord's Supper and some passages which are associated with them; and the other is in the account of The Resurrection, both of which we will consider, the first here, the second later.

The passages which contain the accounts of The Lord's Supper, etc., are as follows: Matt. xxvi: 14-47; Mark xiv: 10-43, and Luke xxii: 3-47. Now there are several reasons for believing that the threefold version of this passage was of much later date than other portions of the gospel which preceded it and follow it. I. The miraculous character of some of the statements contained in it are enough to warrant us in looking upon it with suspicion. II. It is the only passage in the gospels which contains a reference to the twelve disciples, and which does not bear upon its face the appearances of being an interpolation. We must except, of course, the two short passages just previously given. III. What there is of this section that is to be found in John is in the 13th chapter. That which precedes it is not in John, and that which follows it is all in John, but in chapters 18 to 21. The position of these passages in John shows that this section is independent of the passages with

MATTHEW

19

10 His disciples say unto him, If the case of the man be so with his wife, it is not good to marry.

11 But he said unto them, All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given.

12 For there are some eunuchs, which were so born from their mother's womb: and there are some eunuchs, which were made eunuchs of men: and there be eunuchs, which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He that is able to receive it, let him receive it.

a 13 ¶ Then were there brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them.

b 14 But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

d 15 And he laid his hands on them, and departed thence.

e 16 ¶ And, behold, one came and said unto him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?

f 17 And he said unto him, Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God:

g 18 If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.

h 19 He saith unto him, Which? Jesus said, Thou shalt do no murder, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness.

i 20 Honour thy father and thy mother: and, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

j 21 The young man saith unto him, All these things have I kept from my youth up: what lack I yet?

k 22 Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me.

l 23 But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions.

m 24 ¶ Then said Jesus unto his disciples, Verily I say unto you, That a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven.

n 25 And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

o 26 When his disciples heard it, they were exceedingly amazed, saying, Who then can be saved?

p 27 But Jesus beheld them, and said unto them, With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible.

q 28 ¶ Then answered Peter and said unto him, Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee: what shall we have therefore?

r 29 And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, That ye which have followed me, in the regeneration when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel.

30 And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.

31 But many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first.

MARK

10

a 11 ¶ And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them.

b 12 But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

c 13 Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

d 14 And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

e 15 ¶ And when he was gone forth into the way, there came one running, and kneeled to him, and asked him, Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?

f 16 And Jesus said unto him, Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God.

g 17 Thou knowest the commandments, Do not commit adultery, Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Defraud not, Honour thy father and mother:

h 18 And he answered and said, I observed from my youth.

i 19 ¶ Then Jesus beholding him loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, take up the cross, and follow me.

j 20 And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved, for he had great possessions.

k 21 ¶ And Jesus looked round about, and saith unto his disciples, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!

l 22 And the disciples were astonished at his words. But Jesus answereth again, and saith unto them, Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!

m 23 ¶ And they were astonished out of measure, saying among themselves, Who then can be saved?

n 24 And Jesus looking upon them saith, With men it is impossible, but not with God: for with God all things are possible.

o 25 ¶ Then Peter began to say unto him, Lo, we have left all, and have followed thee.

p 26 And Jesus answered and said, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's,

q 27 But he shall receive a hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life.

r 28 But many that are first shall be last: and the last first.

LUKE

18

a 15 And they brought unto him also infants, that he would touch them: but when his disciples saw it, they rebuked them.

b 16 But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

c 17 Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.

d 18 And a certain ruler asked him, saying, Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

e 19 And Jesus said unto him, Why callest thou me good? none is good, save one, that is, God.

f 20 Thou knowest the commandments, Do not commit adultery, Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Honour thy father and thy mother.

g 21 And he said, All these have I kept from my youth up.

h 22 Now when Jesus heard these things, he said unto him, Yet lackest thou one thing: sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me.

i 23 And when he heard this, he was very sorrowful: for he was very rich.

j 24 And when Jesus saw that he was very sorrowful, he said, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!

k 25 For it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

l 26 And they that heard it said, Who then can be saved?

m 27 And he said, The things which are impossible with men are possible with God.

n 28 ¶ Then Peter said, Lo, we have left all, and followed thee.

o 29 And he said unto them, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake,

p 30 Who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting.

which it is associated in the synoptic gospels: it had a different origin from them. IV. The name of Judas is not to be found in the synoptic gospels outside of this section except in the list of the names, and except in Matt. xxvii: 3-10, which is conspicuously an interpolation, as may be seen by comparing Matthew's 27th chapter with Mark's 15th and Luke's 23d chapters. V. One of the gravest contradictions in the New Testament lies between the book of John and this section in the synoptic gospels concerning the time when Jesus was crucified, which is an evidence that one or the other is not true. VI. There is no reference to The Lord's Supper elsewhere in the gospels, except in passages which appear to be of as late a date as it. (See Luke xxiv: 30-31.) VII. John gives the account of Jesus foretelling the betrayal by Judas in chap. xiii, ver. 18-26; but he makes no mention of this memorable supper. In fact, his account squarely contradicts the other gospels. The book of John is generally believed to be of later date than the other three. This casts a doubt over the truth of this section, whereas that which precedes it, and that which follows it, appears to be truthful. VIII. A part of this section records the actions of, and the words spoken by, Jesus, when he was alone and in secret, while his disciples slept. Such a story might be told at any time, whereas a truthful account must be drawn from information gathered at the time.

We go further than to say that Jesus did not have twelve disciples. The evidence in the last third or half of the gospels goes to show that he had but one. The account of the crucifixion proper contains no name save that of Peter. If others followed him about and witnessed his many wonderful miracles and heard his gracious words where were they in the hours of his trial and crucifixion? It is strange, it is suspiciously strange that the only references we find to the disciples by name are amongst the accounts of the miracles. Were they never present except when he performed miracles? Did they come like so many spirits to be present on such occasions, only to vanish when he became human again?

Let us look at some of the passages. We will look at all of them. We will leave no stone unturned, at least no stone after Matt. xiv: 1, Mark vi: 14, and Luke ix: 7. First let us repeat what we have said before several times, that Luke from the above-mentioned point, chap. ix, ver. 7 (excepting, of course, ix: 51-xviii: 14), appears to have been copied from older manuscripts than those from which

Matthew and Mark were copied. Now we find that Luke from this point to the end of the book seldom mentions the disciples in any way. For the purpose of showing the reader the surprising condition of the gospels in this section of them we will insert a page of quotations, beginning at Matt. xix: 10 (instead of 13), Mark x: 13 and Luke xviii: 15. Opposite every reference to the disciples we have given a letter D. It will be seen that Matthew mentions the disciples five times, twice in interpolated passages, verses 10-12, and verse 28. Mark mentions them three times, once in verse 24, which was not a part of the original account, and Luke mentions them once. The same surprising condition exists all the way through the three books after this point. In *k* Matthew and Mark read that Jesus said "unto his disciples," etc. Luke reads simply "he said" In *m* Matthew reads "When his disciples heard it they were exceedingly amazed, saying, who then can be saved?" Luke reads, "And they that heard it said, who then can be saved?"

Matt. xx: 20, reads: "Then came to him the mother of Zebedee's children." The parallel passage of Mark, chap. x, ver. 35, reads: "And James and John, the sons of Zebedee, came unto him." This passage is one which we treated above. It contains the words: "And when the ten heard it."

We will insert three parallel passages; they are the next in order in the gospels which contain a name other than the name of Peter:

Matthew 24.	Mark 13.	Luke 21.
a. And Jesus went out, and departed from the temple: and his disciples came to him for to shew him the buildings of the temple.	a. And as he went out of the temple, one of his disciples saith unto him, Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here!	a5. ¶ And as some spake of the temple, how it was adorned with goodly stones and gifts, he said,
b2. And Jesus said unto them, See ye not all these things? verily I say unto you, There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down.	b2. And Jesus answering said unto him, Seest thou these great buildings? there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down.	b6. As for these things which ye behold, the days will come, in the which there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down.
c3. ¶ And as he sat upon the mount of Olives, the disciples came unto him privately, saying, Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?	3. And as he sat upon the mount of Olives, ever against the temple, Peter and James and John and Andrew asked him privately.	c7. And they asked him, saying, Master, but when shall these things be? and what sign will there be when these things shall come to pass?
	c4. Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign when all these things shall be fulfilled.	

These passages speak for themselves; they require little comment. Luke, which is the oldest of the three, reads in ver. 5: "And as *some* spake of the temple," and in ver. 7: "And *they* asked him." By the time these phrases reached the book of Matthew they contained the word "disciples." In Mark the passage received still

further elaboration. Some scribe who copied that book thought he committed no sin by rendering the words "the disciples" into "Peter and James and John and Andrew."

None of the disciples save Peter are mentioned again outside of that section which contains the account of The Lord's Supper until we come to Matt. xxvii: 3-10, which contains the name of Judas. This passage, as we have said before, is conspicuously an interpolation. Besides, it contradicts squarely Acts i: 18. None of the disciples are mentioned again till we come to the account of The Resurrection.

Turning back in the gospels to that third section, in time, which we pointed out in our last chapter, beginning at Matt. xiv: 1, etc., we find much the same condition prevailing, but not quite so conspicuous. The only passages which we find there containing the name of any of the disciples other than Peter are in the account of The Transfiguration, which is decidedly miraculous in character, and the following.

Matthew
18.

a5 And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

b6 But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

Mark
9.

a37 Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name receiveth me, and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but him that sent me.

b38 ¶ And John answered him, saying, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us; and we forbade him, because he followeth not us.

c39 But Jesus said, Forbid him not; for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me.

d40 For he that is not against us is on our part.

e41 For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward.

f42 And whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea.

Luke
9.

a48 And said unto them, whosoever shall receive this child in my name receiveth me; and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth him that sent me; for he that is least among you all, the same shall be great.

b49 ¶ And John answered and said, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name; and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us.

c50 And Jesus said unto him, Forbid him not; for he that is not against us is for us.

These passages are parallel for some distance back, but only Matthew and Mark are parallel forward. It is at this point that Luke's section ix: 51-xviii: 14 was inserted. Now there are three reasons for believing that the passage b-c is an interpolation. First, it is not in Matthew and it is about the only passage of any extent in the gospels after Matt. xiv: 1, etc., which is in Luke and one of

the other gospels and wanting in the third. Such passages are frequent in Matthew and Mark. Second, it is miraculous in character, and third, it contains the name of John.

We have before stated that there are reasons for believing that Luke vi: 7-viii: 3, is an old manuscript which turned up at a late time. Now that manuscript contained a passage, Luke vii: 36-50, which, contrary to the usual run of things in the gospels, is to be found in Matt. xxvi: 6-13, and Mark. xiv: 3-9. The account in Luke differs considerably from that in the other two books, probably, because they descended into the gospels through two different channels. Luke ix: 51-xviii: 14, contains a passage, chap. x, ver. 38-42, which has a suspicious resemblance to it, and the resemblance is heightened when all these are compared to John xii: 1-11, for the last contains some phrases which serve as connecting links between them. All these passages appear to have had their origin in some real incident in the life of Jesus. The character of the various accounts corroborates the supposition. Jesus is reported to have been in the house of Simon the leper, but nothing is said about his having healed Simon's leprosy. Further, the worship which Jesus demanded of "the women" (according to Luke x: 38-42, it was Mary) is quite in keeping with the belief that he thought himself the Son of God, and Matthew's account contains a phrase directly in line with our argument here. We will insert the parallel passages of Matthew and Mark, for these two are closely related to each other, having been copied from the same immediate source, as their close verbal agreement shows.

Matthew
26.

- ^a 6 ¶ Now when Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper.
7 There came unto him a woman having
^b an alabaster box of very precious ointment, and poured it on his head, as he sat at meat.
8 But when his disciples saw it, they had
^c indignation, saying, To what purpose is this waste?
^d 9 For this ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor.

Mark
14.

- ^a 3 ¶ And being in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, as he sat at meat, there came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious; and she brake the box, and poured it on his head.
4 And there were some that had indignation within themselves, and said, Why was
^c this waste of the ointment made?
5 For it might have been sold for more
^d than three hundred pence, and have been given to the poor. And they murmured against her.

Mark xiv: 4, reads "And there were some that had indignation." Matthew reads "And when his disciples saw it they had indignation." The words "his disciples" in Matthew are the work of some copyist, They were not a part of the original account.

Going back to the other first chapters of the gospels we learn nothing because there we find Luke as well as Matthew and Mark

referring frequently to the disciples, often to Peter, Andrew, James and John, but never to any of the others. The references to the disciples bear no relation to each other from which any other conclusion may be gleaned than that the chapters there are of much later date than those chapters which are situated further on toward the end of the books.

We come now to the account of The Resurrection. We will insert the last chapter of Matthew, the last chapter of Mark and as much of the last chapter of Luke as our space will permit. There are five reasons for believing that Matt. xxvii: 9-20, is an interpolation of a late date. I. Matthew from chap. 14, ver. 1, and Mark from chap. 6, ver. 14, are two copies of one manuscript, and that manuscript must have ended at *g*, because at that point the parallelism ends. II. It is miraculous and supernatural in character. III. It contains a reference to "the eleven" disciples. IV. Verse 15 contains the words "until this day." They are an evidence that a considerable period of time had elapsed since the crucifixion. V. Many Christian scholars admit that Mark xvi: 9-20, is an interpolation and the revisers of the New Testament have practically left it out of the Revised Version.

Much that may be said of Matthew may also be said of Luke. Luke was copied from an older manuscript than the other two, though still from the same original source. That manuscript apparently ended at about *ε*. The Revised Version says in a note opposite Luke's 6th verse: "Some ancient authorities omit 'He is not here, but is risen.'" In view of the fact that Matthew and Mark are of later date than Luke, the parallel phrases in these two books must also be an interpolation.

The only evidence there is in the three synoptic gospels that Jesus rose from the dead is contained in interpolated passages of so late a date that the oldest Greek manuscripts now extant, which were written many hundreds of years after the crucifixion, do not contain them.

The writer of this article once heard a prominent clergyman, on Easter Sunday, from the pulpit say: "The resurrection is a great fact! It is so obviously a fact that it requires no proof! It is axiomatic!"

MATTHEW

28

a IN the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

b And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

c His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow:

d And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

e And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

f He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

g And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead: and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

h And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy: and did run to bring his disciples word.

i And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him.

j Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me.

k And when they were going, behold, some of the watch came into the city, and showed unto the chief priests all the things that were done.

l And when they were assembled with the elders, and had taken counsel, they gave large money unto the soldiers.

m Saying, Say ye, His disciples came by night, and stole him away while we slept.

n And if this come to the governor's ears, we will persuade him, and secure you.

o So they took the money, and did as they were taught: and this saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this day.

p Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them.

q And when they saw him, they worshipped him: but some doubted.

r And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

s Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

t Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

MARK

16

a AND when the sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, had bought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him.

b And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.

c And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?

d And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great.

e And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted.

f And he saith unto them, Be not affrighted: ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him.

g But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him, as he said unto you.

h And they went out quickly, and fled from the sepulchre: for they trembled and were amazed: neither said they any thing to any man: for they were afraid.

i Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils.

j And she went and told them that had been with him, as they mourned and wept.

k And they, when they had heard that he was alive, had been seen of her, believed not.

l After that he appeared in another form unto two of them, as they walked, and went into the country.

m And they went and told it unto the residue: neither believed they them.

n Afterward he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not when which had seen him after he was risen.

o And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

p He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned.

q And these signs shall follow them that believe, In my name shall they cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues:

r They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them: they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

s So then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God.

t And they went forth, and preached every where, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following. Amen.

LUKE

24

a NOW upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them.

b And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre.

c And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus.

d And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments:

e And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead?

f He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee.

g Saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again.

h And they remembered his words.

i And returned from the sepulchre, and told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest.

j It was Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, and other women that were with them, which told these things unto the apostles.

k And their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not.

l Then arose Peter, and ran unto the sepulchre: and stooping down, he beheld the linen clothes laid by themselves, and departed, wondering in himself at that which was come to pass.

m And, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs.

n And they talked together of all these things which had happened.

o And it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them.

p But their eyes were holden that they should not know him.

q And he said unto them, What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad?

r And the one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answering said unto him, Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?

s And he said unto them, What things? And they said unto him, Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people.

t And how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and have crucified him.

The balance of Luke
is omitted

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

TO SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

BY GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane:
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same garden—and for ONE in vain!

And then like her, O Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests star-scattered on the grass,
And in your blissful errand reach the spot
Where I made one—turn down an empty glass.
—Omar Khayyam.

I.

UPON the spot where you, a welcome guest,
Made one we loved to greet, a shadow palls;
While Silence—heavy as the hush that falls
On nature when the evening shade recalls,
At close of day, the toiler to his rest—
More eloquent than speech, though tipped with flame,
Responds when halting Sorrow speaks your name.

II.

Too well I knew you for my heart to hold
One doubt that had your sudden fate been mine,
Though hatred, malice, circumstance combine
With voice of forsworn friendship to malign;
If I, as you, lay in obstruction cold,
Then would one thought, one pen and voice ring true
In memory of this friend who mourns for you.

III.

Since each of all the immemorial dead
Hath found his eulogist, an advocate
To plead the virtues common to the great,
How shall I now some tribute fresh create—
What pæan is unsung, what word unsaid?
I can but echo oft-renewed acclaim,
Ancient as death, and evermore the same.

IV.

Yet let me wish that those hid hands which guide
 The way we tread on—which do leave or take,
 Which do this life reject or that one make
 Rich in great actions for the whole world's sake—
 Might deem mine worthy to be thus applied
 That it abound with service to mankind,
 And, like your own, leave fruitful deeds behind.

V.

So would I emulate that generous heart,
 So leal to friend with courage to outface
 The dastard foe; e'er-broadening to embrace
 And own each man a comrade, save the base.

Before the Guests, star-scattered, shall depart,
 I give your name, and we that linger here
 Rising shall answer with a Good-night cheer.
 New York City.

MAY L. COLLINS.

BY ISAAC A. POOL.

ACROSS our vision, with the passing years,
 The meteor flaming from the night appears;
 We know not whence, nor whither, is its flight;
 A moment's glow, and all again is night.

So, out from darkness curtain'd by the creeds,
 Warmed by the glory of immortal deeds,
 She left the cumbrous shadows of the past,
 Where never Truth her rosy radiance cast,

And, like the meteors, blazed across our path.
 One hand, the sword of Justice held in wrath,
 The other bore the flaming torch of Truth,
 The ensign of Her own eternal youth.

We heard the burning words Her lips bestowed,
 And we, alike, with all Her ardor glowed;
 We saw Sinai's mount in livid flame,
 Where human lips assail great Yahvah's name;

Drank in the pictures of Her joyful mirth,
 When Yahvah vanished as a thing of Earth!
 The drama passes, and the silent stage,—
 Alone our thoughts in doleful deeps engage.

Whence has She fled? Will She again appear?
 This answer comes, to shroud the dying year—
 The dark Death-Angel sought Her for his bride,
 To blend HER ATOMS with the COSMOS wide!
 Chicago, Ill.

MAY L. COLLINS' OBITUARY.

BY JOSEPHUS K. HENRY.

Perished alas! the splendid powers
 That ruled a giant mind,
 Stilled the pen that voiced a mighty soul.

NEVER to us shall come again in music sweet the echoes from her great heart that agonized o'er the sufferings of our race, victims of ignorance, superstition and inhumanity.

The death of May L. Collins, one of the brightest stars that ever rose to light a priest ridden world into the realm of Free Thought, is nothing short of a calamity. In the entire history of the cause no mind save Shelley's has, while yet but 20 years of age, given such promise of magnificent service, or flashed so courageously the torch of Reason. The death of this brilliant genius while in the flush of youth has brought the keenest anguish to the thinkers of the two continents who knew and loved her for her magnificent individuality and intellectual superiority and integrity. This brilliant Kentucky girl was born a leader of thought, and in her brief earthly career she soared into its sunlit realms obeying the promptings of her reason to "do and dare."

Her mind was a rich store-house of the history of the religions of the world, and her knowledge of the Bible was equal to that of the most learned ecclesiastic. She weighed Christianity in the crucible of thought with the light of the history of the world upon it and "found it wanting" and so impressed was she that the wrongs and sufferings of humanity have been riveted by the power of priestcraft, she challenged any ecclesiastic to meet her in oral or written debate. Rev. John Augustus Williams of Harrodsburg, Kentucky, one of the most learned ministers of the Christian Church, accepted the challenge and the debate was carried on in the Blue Grass Blade when Miss Collins was but 19 years of age, and the masterly array of arguments and facts used by this brilliant

young student and thinker caused the aged theologian to retreat in confusion and refuse to prolong the debate. This victory for Free Thought was gained by the young Infidel when orthodoxy needs the best service of its advocates, since the whole Christian world is on the defensive, and is administering generous doses of Higher Criticism in an attempt to arrest the malady which is preying on the vitals of the Christian system.

The great soul of May Collins chafed and rebelled against the wrongs that Christianity has visited on her sex, and she thoroughly realized that woman in every relation of life is the victim of priest-craft. She realized, too, that the clanging of church bells, or the chanting of Te Deums, could not drown the sighs and groans of the captives of Christianity who dare not even dream of liberty, and that only Reason in its majesty can bear away traditional and conventional "Gods" and ecclesiastical sanctities. The injustice, the agony, the horrors in the world, lacerated her heart as she thought of the cruelty to women, children and prisoners, the oppressions of the poor, the cruelty to animals and the brutal spirit of tyranny that begins at the marriage altar and ends only at the grave, in a civilization whose highest boast is that it is Christian.

The writer of this deems it the greatest privilege to have been an intimate friend of this young Hypatia, whose mind was stored with the best thought of the ages, and whose pure celestial reason rejected myths and miracles. Her conversations and letters on the mysteries of life and death are as the cathode rays which illumined her great soul in her communings with nature. Once she remarked to the writer:

"There is something grander asleep in the soul than has ever yet been awakened, if we could but sound its depths, and call it into life and action."

Musing one night under the clear calm starlight, she remarked: "As there is room for the stars to float in the ether, so I know that on the sea of thought there is room for every sail, and it is a crime for creeds or codes to imprison the human mind."

A young minister asked May Collins "why she could not accept his creed?" With a thoughtful yet compassionate look in her soulful eyes she replied: "It is a long way from Genesis to geology, from Moses to Darwin, and there are many things in heaven and earth that have never been dreamed of in your theology."

May Collins easily held place with the advanced thinkers of our time, and for this reason she was misunderstood. One must but be an intellectual explorer, and a questioner of creeds and customs that bound and shape ordinary lives, to be misunderstood. Emerson says that "Pythagoras, Socrates and Jesus and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh, was misunderstood. To be great is to be misunderstood." If this be true, May Collins even in the flesh of youth had written her name on the roll "of pure and wise spirits who have been misunderstood." She panted for freedom, "as the

hart panteth for the water brooks," and her every thought and energy were given to breaking the bonds of the prisoners of superstition and tyranny. There seemed to be a voice divine calling to this heroic soul and saying:

"Come up higher,
And burst your prison bars,
And from out the mist and fire
Of Christian myth and ire,
Arise and bathe your soul
In the sunlight and the stars."

This child genius weighed with the mind of a philosopher the merits and demerits of the religions of the world, and discovered that under the power of priestcraft faith, caste, and the spirit of protection has made men and women afraid of Truth, afraid of each other, and afraid of Death, and with the Eternal stirring her being, she rejected the superstitions upon which Christianity rests, and the cruel dogma that proclaims men the "sons of God," and women the "daughters of men." May Collins' life was so heroic, her ideals so lofty, and her sympathy so eloquent in expression, that she silenced conservatism. The world will slowly climb the heights that she has reached, and children of the future will be told of this gifted young genius whose sun went down all too soon for the cause of Truth and Justice. We do not know which is the greater blessing, Life or Death, but we know a common fate awaits all humanity. If there is a life beyond the grave, it is in accordance with a fixed law of nature; if not, we shall all sleep a dreamless sleep that knows no waking. Perhaps the life current flows eternally through Force and Matter. If so, we shall gather up the incense from the lives of loved ones in the heart beat, the smile, the sigh, the tear, the blade of grass, the sparkling dew-drop, the wind, the wave, the sunbeam and the star shine. Thousands of hearts are beating in tender sympathy with the bereaved family over the tragic fate of the idolized daughter and sister, the brilliant young genius, who floated like a dazzling meteor o'er their hearthstone, leaving thoughts that pierce the night like stars to urge the human mind to higher ideals and grander issues.

Upon the grave of May L. Collins, we lay the lily and the rose, whose floral language breathed the fragrance of her intense and courageous life.

The Freethinkers of two continents

"Crown in their hearts this Freethinker of ours,
And cover her over with beautiful flowers."

Sleep peacefully, child of purity, we would not have you wake to pain and sorrow. The banner of Free Thought is at half mast in honor of our dead, Vale! Vale! Vale!

Versailles, Ky.

ORATION AT THE GRAVE OF A SPIRITUALIST.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

LONG ago when Mr. Holyoake and Dr. Hollick of New York, his early friend and colleague; Robert Buchanan, the father of the poet of that name, and other social missionaries engaged in



GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

diffusing the views of Robert Owen, were frequent visitors at Leicester, we were often guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Holyoak. They were not relatives, as the name implies, (wanting the final e), but the friendship of those days has never ceased. Mr. W. H. Holyoak is the Bookseller of the Secular hall in that town—the best Secular hall in England—and he excels in zeal and resource in maintaining the right of free discussion. Mrs. Holyoak lately died, and at her request Mr. G. J. Holyoake spoke at her grave. Like his friend Mr. B. F. Underwood, she was a reasoning believer in spiritual existences, which, though Mr. Holyoake did not share that conviction, he did not con-

ceal that it was hers in the following address.

Mr. Holyoake said:

It is now fully 53 years since I first saw Mrs. Wm. Henry Holyoak. My first lecture after leaving Gloucester Prison was given in Leicester. Mrs. Holyoak sat in a small library of the hall. My attention was arrested by the penetration of her glance and the vivacity of her remarks. That brightness of speech and alertness of mind remained with her to the end of her days. In those days of which I speak it was a new thing for a young woman to think. Miss Martineau was never quite forgiven for doing it.

Few think justly, and of the few,

How many never think who think they do.

Mrs. Holyoak did think. She took interest in public affairs and formed distinctive opinions of her own, which she maintained

with that angerless philosophy she learned from Robert Owen. Yet she never ceased to be womanly and motherly in her household. At the same time she stood up for unfriended opinions which she thought true, with a wise tolerance towards others and a wise determination to maintain her own convictions. Thus she was a force on the side of truth and progress when few women were.

Though she did not accept the Christian theory of another life, she had a belief of her own as to future existence, regarding—what some overlook—that improbability is not impossibility. She thought with modern Spiritualists, as Sir Edwin Arnold has written:

That when one layeth
His worn-out clothes away,
And, taking new ones, sayeth,
'These will I wear to-day,'

"So putteth by the spirit
Lightly the garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh."

Such was Mrs. Holyoak's belief. Let us hope it may be true without pretending to be sure of what no one knoweth. We are all drifting down the eternal stream of time—which has a million channels—some brighter and fairer and of a happier destination than others. Mrs. Holyoak early stepped upon the bank as it were, to watch and choose on which channel she would go. Self-determined, she could say with Du Maurier:

"A little hope that when we die
We reap our sowing—and so good-bye."

Only those who have sown seeds of service to others dare say this. She could say it, as her husband, her children afar and near, and all who knew her, know. Therefore if she "shall reap her sowing," we may bid her good-bye with honor in our hearts which shall never on her account know misgiving.

HOW I SAW HELEN GARDENER.

IN February, 1896, an event occurred in Boston, which was the subject of censure, on account of the harsh treatment experienced by Bishop Arnett, an intelligent colored citizen, who was refused accommodation by hotel proprietors. This color prejudice so aroused my indignation that from that memorable period I determined to solve the difficult



HELEN H. GARDENER.

problem wherein the Anglo-Saxon people could make less thorny the paths for the worthy colored men and women. In my mental dilemma, I tremblingly wrote a note to Helen Gardener, asking her if she would give me a half-hour's talk on the "negro question." A gracious reply conveyed the promise that she would see me. A Southerner, she had knowledge and experience of the negro race, and her unprejudiced words could give value to the particular facts.

In the month of May I made the appointment to call on Mrs. Gardener. Wishing to surprise her with the season's greeting, I gathered a beautiful

cluster of lilies of the valley and sent them to her. A most delightful letter from her speedily reached me, in which was expressed her happy words: "Surely nothing in this whole world could be more lovely or more sweet than this remembrance." The day came when I thought I had never known such genuine hospitality as when greeted by Mrs. Gardener in her pleasant home.

Many readers are impressed from her vigorous sentiments that she is an embodiment of great physique. The moment one sees her there is a mingled surprise and wonder at so small a stature. She has tiny feet and hands, and her high-bred face is made attractive by large, expressive brown eyes, that look straight into yours when she speaks to you, and her sensitive lips break into a curving smile, which may be followed by an intense earnestness. She has musical voice, and she impresses you, first of all, with her genuineness.

She is possessed of remarkably versatile powers, and her eyes would flash with the clearness with which the thoughts she is expressing. She is not physically robust; but there leaps from her brain

the ever-continued treasures that reach the hearts of mankind. A true daughter of humanity, her extreme tenderness of nature responds to every emotional thought and touch of her friends.

Mrs. Gardener unconsciously went from one subject to another with a surprising rapidity and ease. Many were the amusing incidents, followed by a hearty laugh, and she had the prettiest way of casting her head back. No woman has ever made so strong an argument in the presentation of her views on modern social problems. Within the convolution of her brain are packed the ceaseless facts that bear upon every conceivable branch of human thought or investigation.

It is the argumentative power that reveals her as a philosopher and a student of sociological and psychological problems. With a strenuous and unprejudiced undertaking, Mrs. Gardener has caused the law to pass through Congress to strengthen the moral protection of young girls, and through the States of the Union as a permanent gain in the moral reform.

The Southern birth of the authoress naturally leads her to understand the various aspects and leading traits of Southern life, including both the white and colored people. It is with consummate reason that the "negro question" was discoursed on with a masterly touch. Her father was a slave holder until he freed the slaves in 1853—long before he was forced to do so, and he kept them with him. Mrs. Gardener's black "mammy" was tenderly cared for through her life by the family; she had not been able to do a stroke of work for twenty-five years, and died in the family only six years ago. In the conversation regarding the progress of the struggling classes of the colored race in the South was evinced the warmest interest and magnanimity of Mr. Booker T. Washington, the president of the Tuskegee School, in Tuskegee, Alabama. It was his oratorical and effective delivery at the Atlanta Exposition that won a sympathizer in the authoress, and of his ovation she says: "Was more heartily manifested than the other speakers."

Flowers have a tender friend in Helen Gardener, whose love and reverence for them are intense. Her three favorites are carnation pinks, lilies of the valley and American Beauty roses. It is their characteristics of true loveliness, stately grace and lingering fragrance to the end which attribute their pleasures to their sweet friend. Mrs. Gardener can wear carnation pinks till they fall to pieces, but the tea-roses and various other kinds she cannot use for personal adornments, for she says it "breaks her heart" to see their drooped sensitive blossoms. And in her chat on her loved flowers she said: "I always name, when asked, my favorite flower and music. When clubs over the country want to have 'Helen Gardener days,' as they do, and try to decorate with the flower I call my favorite, and to have the music I like best, I always name lilies of the valley as one of my three favorites."

From the South, the West, and all parts of the country, flowers

and fruits from strangers are sent to her. One Christmas she was a recipient of four barrels of oranges, with boxes of flowers packed amid the fruits.

Mrs. Gardener's name, Helen Gardener, is a literary pseudonym. Mrs. Gardener is the wife of Colonel Smart, but in private life she is called Helen Gardener. It was only when a caller came in that I looked at the clock and with surprise saw that the promised half hour's talk had speeded into an hour and three-quarters, and I left with the pleasantest recollections of my first call on Helen Gardener.

AGNES L. SCOTT.

WHAT IS CONSCIENCE?

RELIGIOUS teachers from earliest times have emphasized the power of the human mind to know and choose between right and wrong, as an argument in proof of soul and immortality. They have told us of the "still small voice" that tells us the way of duty and the path of right. Some have sought to show that this wonderful power was the Comforter so earnestly promised to the human race by the gospels.



C. ELTON BLANCHARD.

The study of psychology, sociology and ethics has led men to question if the conscience of mankind was not within the reach of science. They had wondered if, after all, it was an intuitive supernatural attribute of the so-called human soul, or whether the human mind does not acquire, by experience and education, the ability to a greater or less degree, according to the individual, to know right and wrong.

In spite of the disapproval of the clergy, the matter has been discussed and investigated. Men of reason are fairly well convinced of the truth of

the following conclusions:

Conscience is an attribute or faculty of the mind. It is developed with the reasoning faculties. Education from earliest childhood tends to teach the young to know and do the right. Experience is the teacher of the race, and the individual can rise but little if any higher in the moral plane than the better class of the mass to which he belongs.

Reason is the mother of conscience.

The investigations which have led to these conclusions are interesting. A man has been taught that dogs have no reason, no conscience, and act merely from instinct. It is but recently that even the most advanced thinkers have admitted that lower animals have all the mental faculties of men, with the exception of abstract thought. Max Müller was the guide who led the way which brought us to know that language was the missing link between man and other animals.

But men have demonstrated that lower animals have conscience; they know duty; they choose between two evils and accept the lesser; they have memory, reason, and draw conclusions by experiment. The late M. M. Trumbull has told the story of a dog showing great ability in the use of judgment and reasonable choice. Any observer can verify the conclusion that conscience is not monopolized by man.

This removes the question of human conduct from the narrow limits of religious duty to the great field of ethics. It says to the individual: You are now to consider the questions of right and wrong, not from the guide of precedent, but more in the best light of reason, aided by science and experience.

History will amply attest the danger of following the "still, small voice" when some stronger motive or prejudice influences the man. The destruction of life and property for "conscience's sake" in past ages has been something appalling. The cruel priests who held the lighted torch to the fagots which burned the lives out from the thousands of martyrs of every faith, had no more sense of wrong-doing than the child who eats an apple taken from a vendor's stand. In one case the priest is governed by the damnable power of fear and superstition and the innocent child is influenced by the natural desire for the fruit for food.

No greater coward has ever lived than he who struck the first blow at the corrupt and dreadful Church of Rome as he saw it, for in all history we find no greater slave to superstition than the great Christian bigot, Luther. Again, when Cotton Mather defended the burning and hanging of witches, the "still, small voice" gave him no trouble, and he stood in holy sublimity and saw the death agonies of the poor creatures who lost their lives, because men followed conscience instead of reason.

In arriving at the conclusion that conscience is a product of education and reasoning faculty, the observer has seen the child repeatedly instructed regarding the points of right and wrong. In long past ages human experiences have taught us that it is wrong to lie, and has also shown us why it is wrong. A mother teaches the child to abhor and despise a lie. When a chance to use a falsehood to good advantage comes, the temptation to lie is overcome by the memory of the parent's teaching. Theft is another act which conscience labels a wrong among most civilized nations. Yet tribes have been found who counted it an honor to steal successfully.

As an illustration how this wonderful "little voice" of the supernaturalists can be deluded, I recall an incident of my boyhood. Among my playmates was Jakey Cohen, son of a prosperous Jewish clothing merchant of my native town. Jakey was permitted to spend the Saturday holiday at my home, and there he ate his dinner with me. We had a pork roast and Jakey did well by it. When he discovered what kind of meat it was he would not be comforted, but sobbed and wailed in fear to go home. Jakey's conscience was sensitive on the pork question.

By long centuries of recorded experience we have ascertained approximately the best way to do nearly everything in order to produce the greatest good to the persons interested. We try a number of wrong ways before we finally find the right one, hence it is said to be easier to do wrong than right, but I have an idea it is easier only because there are millions of wrong ways and only one really right way to do anything.

A parent begins the work of education in the earliest months of childhood. Little ones get no little help from experience too, and from this fact comes the adage: "The burnt child fears the fire."

Our greatest need today, a time when churches are fast becoming institutions of ethical culture, instead of God-houses filled with the Holy Ghost, Mr. Moody to the contrary notwithstanding, is a deeper conviction among all people that there is a right to be found for every point in life. That truth is, and always was, whether known or unknown, whether recorded in a Jewish Bible or in the Gospels of Buddah or Confucius, or again not recorded at all. People should be led to see that it has always been wrong to steal, and long before Moses became so angry about the little Golden Calf matter after his private interview with Jehovah, it was just as much a sin. I believe that when the Jews borrowed the gold and silver from the Egyptians intending to keep it, with the consent and approval of the true God, it was just as great a sin as if it had been done after the writing of the tablets of law on Mount Sinai.

It is the highest duty of every individual to know the right. Conscience then becomes the masterpiece of Reason—the ever present guide in times of temptation and trouble. Under such guidance men will care but little about what tradition says is wrong. They will follow Reason, and in the free and blessed liberty of free thought the world will keep its churches, its colleges, and all its agencies for good, and the "still, small voice" may be properly educated and aided by every agency of science and experience.

C. ELTON BLANCHARD.

W. S. MOKE.

THE gentleman whose name heads this article, and the likeness of whom appears herewith, has for a number of years forwarded us annually a large club of subscribers from his home town, Massillon, Ohio. In compliance with our request he sends us the following short sketch of his life.—EDITOR.



W. S. MOKE.

"I was born February 23, 1862, in Canal Fulton, Ohio, of German-American parents. I was the oldest of a family of seven children. My parents were quite religious, were members of the United Brethren Church. Although I never united with the church, I was always admonished in that direction while at home. At about sixteen years of age I left home to take my first experience battling for myself. I found employment in Akron, Ohio, in an agricultural establishment. My next place of employment was in the mechanical department of

the Cleveland Rubber Company, after which I came to Massillon, Ohio, to accept a clerkship in a retail clothing store. This was some fifteen years ago, in which capacity I am still serving. My religious views up to about that time were orthodox. Being a great reader I accidentally came across some of Colonel Ingersoll's works and read them and the Bible together, and I became satisfied the Bible is not divinely inspired, which does away with the fundamental article of the Christian religion. I am now an outspoken Free Thinker."

THE GREAT AFFLICTION.

THE sad and untimely death of S. P. Putnam and Miss May Collins has cast a gloom over the homes of all Liberals throughout the land, and well it may, for Mr. Putnam had won the affection of nearly every advocate of Free Thought by his genial personality and the versatility of his genius and intellect, while Miss Collins had come into sudden prominence as a young woman of extraordinary ability. She was comparatively a new apostle in the field of Free Thought, but her writings, speeches and poems were commanding the attention of advanced thinkers and justly making her a favorite of all friends of progress. Her career was wonderfully promising. In consequence of their prominence as enemies of superstition, it is more than probable that the circumstances attending their life and death will be so misinterpreted by the so-called Christian world as to cover them with calumny such as has been heaped on the memory of Thomas Paine and all other conspicuous opponents of the prevailing theology. Already this malicious work of defamation has in a measure exhibited itself in some quarters, and Liberals should be exceedingly careful that they do not unwittingly furnish ammunition for the weapons of misrepresentation and persecution in the hands of their merciless opponents. One of our metropolitan daily papers, in its report of the tragedy, imputed to me (as "Jr." was omitted) the remark that Mr. Putnam was a "drinker," a term which, used without considerable qualification, and under the peculiar circumstances, would be likely to convey to the prejudiced mind the idea that he might on some occasions be incapable of taking care of himself—one, for instance, like the event which closed his brilliant career. The interview of the reporter was with Dr. Foote, Jr., and not with Dr. Foote, Sr., and the former denies having used language which would imply that Mr. Putnam was under the influence of liquor when overcome by the gas, or that he was in the practice of becoming inebriated. On the Pacific slope, where grape growing and wine making are extensive industries, the use of wine is quite as common as in France and other wine-making countries, and Mr. Putnam's labors for several years were among the people of California. With his untiring energy and enthusiasm in his work, it was the common practice of this remarkable man to travel all night, arise at untimely hours to take trains, and to go without regular meals. Influenced by the customs of the people and the needs of the hour, it was not to his discredit that he was not a teetotaller—at least in the minds of those who do not entertain extreme views on the temperance question. We are in the habit of speaking of Wm. E. Gladstone as that "Grand Old Man," and yet he confessedly uses wines with his dinner. Nearly all our public men, without entering into the question of whether it is hygienic or otherwise, or whether it is a commendable example or the reverse,

make use of stimulants under some circumstances. One of the cruel aspersions cast upon the noble character of Thomas Paine was that he was a drunkard, while the testimony of those who remember him has been that he was never seen intoxicated, although he lived at a time when almost everybody indulged in malt, vinous or distilled liquors, Christian ministers not excepted. The temperance reformation had not dawned upon the world. It had hardly made itself felt early enough to temper the hard cider presidential campaign of 1836. I feel sure that no one ever saw S. P. Putnam so affected by liquor of any description as to render him stupid, silly, or unsteady in his gait. No stimulant ever clouded his clear and remarkable mind. From the standpoint of natural morality Mr. Putnam was a conspicuously moral man. It would not be right to judge him from the point of view of what is called Christian morality, for under the latter he must even keep the Sabbath day holy. It need not be said that he was not a Sabbatarian. He was honest. He had the keenest regard for the rights, comforts and best interests of others. He was in no sense a mean or selfish man. He entertained advanced views on the rights of woman. He would not for selfish ends bring upon her reproach, remorse or trouble. It would be the grossest calumny to call him in any sense a libertine. He held advanced views on marriage, divorce and the sexual relation. He discountenanced the marriage usages of today which encourage the union of our young, clean American women to the profligate sons of royal or so-called noble families; he did not believe in marrying for wealth or position; he did not approve of holding two uncongenial people together in the bonds of matrimony during the child-bearing period with the inevitable result of producing unbalanced, diseased, or insane progeny. He was greatly interested in the subject of heredity, and was the president of a series of parlor meetings held monthly at my house in New York, between 1882 and 1885. The subjects of heredity, prenatal influences, temperamental adaptation, and cross breeding were freely discussed on these interesting occasions. Mr. Putnam's introductory remarks and addresses added to both the enthusiasm and the instruction of these meetings. There was indeed no great reform in which he did not at once take a deep and abiding interest. His labors in the cause of Secularism in both Europe and America are too well known to require more than a passing mention, and he was ever ready to "lend a hand" in the work of the National Defense Association when freedom of press, speech or mails was imperiled. Some reporters of the sad event which closed his useful career have hinted at possible suicide. Every one who personally knew Mr. Putnam must derisively smile at such an insinuation. He possessed a remarkably buoyant disposition, and every intimate friend knew that his love of life was pronounced. He was devoted to his work and had already matured plans for his labors in Washington the present winter. No one

knew better than himself that his death would be an irreparable loss to the cause for which he had labored unceasingly so many years and sacrificed so much of comfort, time and money. Having known him intimately since he entered upon reformatory work, I am justified in saying that he never seemed depressed nor discouraged. With all his hard work, his eyes never failed to take in the beauties of nature. He was an ardent worshiper of nature. His beautiful, descriptive letters as published in the Truth Seeker when he was passing through the grand scenery of the mountains of Nevada, Oregon and Washington gave abundant evidence of this fact. His descriptive powers exceeded in my estimation those of the lamented Bayard Taylor. Nothing daunted him or produced noticeable disappointment. Allow me to relate an incident in point: Usually when in New York he would go with me to my country home in Larchmont-on-the-Sound and spend a day or two. On one occasion he made a trip for an especial purpose. He would like to be driven from my house to the Paine Farm, some three or four miles distant, to see if it would be possible for the Liberals to purchase some portion of that farm, especially the site whereon the residence of Paine was located. We retired at night with a clear sky and everything looked promising for the proposed trip. On rising in the morning an autumn rain was pouring down with a wind which rocked the limbs of the sturdy oak. The waters of the sound wildly lashed the rocks along the shore. Overhead was black with a dense cloud which promised rain for the whole day. Ordinarily I should have gone to his room while he was preparing for breakfast, but I felt sure he would express great disappointment. With a tap at my door he cheerfully entered and looking from my window he exclaimed, rubbing his hands gleefully: "Isn't this a glorious rain!" He was charmed with this play of the elements, seemingly oblivious to the fact that it would defeat the object of his cherished visit. He lived long enough for me to observe that he could, without whining, adjust himself to every situation and philosophically make the best of it. He might have been called an agnostic optimist.

Already many letters have appeared in the Liberal press referring to his career as a humanitarian, patriotic soldier, gifted orator, poet, etc. In this brief article I have striven to limit myself to such matters as have not been touched upon by other writers. Before concluding I will add that a plausible theory of how the unexpected happened in this lamentable instance is this: Mr. Putnam and Miss Collins entered the apartment at 8 o'clock in the evening. By some mistake both burners were turned on, one lighted, the other unlighted. Miss Collins, being a lady of delicate health, quickly succumbed to the poisonous fumes. Mr. Putnam, whose olfactories had been practically paralyzed for three years, without noticing the presence of the gas, proceeded at once to administer restoratives, quite likely using stimulants. Shocked at her growing insensibil-

ity, laboring frantically for her relief, he had no thought of himself. Finally he became unconscious and fell to the floor, and in this condition, clad as when they entered the apartment, the vital processes gradually came to a standstill. When the room was entered the next morning a hissing noise emanated from the escape of gas from the unlighted burner, and it was thought strange that this did not attract the attention of the victims before they were overcome; but it should be remembered that at 8 o'clock in the evening, when gas lights were burning throughout the city, the pressure would naturally be less than in the morning, when the lights are mostly extinguished. Hence there was probably no hissing noise whatever at the hour the asphyxiation occurred. The lips which had the magic power to move large audiences are forever sealed, and we can never learn from them the true story of their closing hours. We can only theorize while sadly contemplating the irreparable loss that the cause of Free Thought has sustained.

New York City.

E. B. FOOTE, SR., M. D.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE MAGAZINE.

FELLOW readers: The new plans which have been laid and promulgated for the Magazine makes it one "of the people, for the people, and by the people," and is but a consummation and putting into practice the doctrine and gospel of liberality which has been the joyful peal of its tocsin since I made its acquaintance. And glory be to that day, for I am enjoying the broken bondage of conservatism, and as much ecstasy and satisfaction by being released from the thralldom as the one who shouts for Jesus and who has been "washed in the blood of the Lamb." The transition was a hard period, but with prudence I weathered the storm, and while it cost me many a pang to lop off the superfluous growths and excrescences, I got clean out of the woods with little or no scars, and as I said to an old religious co-worker who called on me when I was recovering from a severe illness, and who tried to plead with me to "have faith and believe," "I know what religious ecstasy is, the joy and the peace it brings, but I am happier now than ever before in my life. Religion (or religionity rather) gave me no satisfaction; it was empty, it had no bottom, it seemed to be all space, seemed to be a watery waste, and like Noah's dove I could find no place to rest my foot. Now I do not have to stand guard over my mind with a club in my hand, like a giant over his pigmy enemies, ready to batter down every shadow of thought out of joint with theology; continually struggling to subvert human and natural propensities in which there was not even a shadow of that goblin *sin*, but which my so-called religion taught me was enough to cast my soul into hell where there was weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth. (Ugh!) I have no suspicions of this or that

being destructive to my soul or poisonous to my mind. I am no longer a groveling worm with prejudice, hatred, intolerance, bigotry, and all those human weaknesses which have been the curse of the world and more than a curse to the human race for ages; but I am a man, crowned with all the glory that nature bestows, or with all the glory in which God has made him if the expression pleases you better. I love and reverence all that is good; right is right because it is right; no man or set of men knows it all; man cannot know too much of the creations of man's mind—of the doctrines, principles and practices of the species, nor can he know too much of nature and its laws. Reason is my savior. Free Thought is the crucifixion, Truth is the atonement." My humble brother, God bless him, was trying to do good in his way, but he acknowledged that he was not well enough posted, or educated enough to use reason; all he knew was simply to have faith, and his last words were: "Then you don't believe in the doctrine of original sin." Oh! misery! misery! the only product of the doctrine of original sin.

To my release, my freedom, my happiness I owe much if not all to this Magazine. Hardly an article or page has escaped me since the day I first subscribed for it, and while some articles have seemed heavy and some subjects obscure, yet I have waded through them, picking out what I could; and while sometimes there have been articles and passages apparently set up to ridicule religion, (as some journals I know of) when considered in the light of reason there was no ridicule or sneer meant, and if I thought the writer meant to cast a contemptuous reflection, I have passed it by, knowing that the kind heart of the editor and publisher did not mean offense and that he meant that it should go for what it was worth.

All glory to the Free Thought Magazine, a clean journal, dignified and learned in all its articles, publishing nothing that ought to offend the most delicate sense of those who are endowed with judgment, reason, common sense, though there might be a lingering of prejudice, superstition and bigotry, but which they might free themselves of in a little while by attentively perusing its pages.

In the above lines I blow the horn loudly for the Free Thought Magazine. If it is necessary let me state that I have no acquaintance with the editor and publisher other than what is reflected of him from the pages of the journal, and I have never seen that reflection from the frontispiece. I hope it may be so soon. I am glad that everybody will have a chance to say a word through its pages, for I like to "speak right out in meetin'" and hear others do the same.

Yours in heart and hand,

SAMUEL W. HILLER.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 29, 1896.

LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

ISAAC R. ADAMS, Cambridge, Mass:

"Enclosed fine one dollar to sustain, in my opinion, the best monthly periodical published—The Free Thought magazine." [Pretty good word from that distinguished seat of learned.—ED.]

JOHN G. PALMER, Upton, Pa.:

"Superlatively grand, is my estimation of the Free Thought magazine. Find enclosed one year's subscription. Wishing you abundant success and a happy new year, I am yours for Free Thought."

M. L. STUDEBAKER, Fort Hunter, Pa.:

"I have always read the Free Thought Magazine and can't understand why any free thinker can do otherwise. The only thing I regret about it is that the prejudice and bigotry of my neighbors is such that I cannot induce them to subscribe. I am an athist and materialist."

S. C. ADAMS, Salem, Oregon:

"As the December Magazine has failed to come I fear it is discontinued. I ardently hope it is not, as it is the most valuable and interesting monthly published in this or any other country. I wish I were worth a million dollars or more, as I would then contribute enough to place it beyond the reach of failure. I am very poor but I cannot do without it and would not like to miss a single number."

FRANCIS ALGER, Yarmouth, Mass.:

"I feel that the Free Thought Magazine fills a very important place in the world of progress. It is fearless in its utterances and bids us study, think and investigate, and if I do not always grasp the highest truths therein presented, I realize it rests upon a broad, intellectual basis of free inquiry, which is the only sure road to knowledge. Evolution is being accepted in the sphere of religion as everywhere else, and this is winnowing the chaff from the wheat, and this work will continue until truth triumphs. The Christ of Christendom will disappear, but Jesus the carpenter's son will be higher esteemed than ever before."

ABNER DICKSON, Mineral Point, Ohio:

Judge Alfred Davis has offered up a hall, free of rent, and Mr. C. C. Smith and myself, assisted by Judge Davis, think of opening a reading room on Sundays at 2 o'clock P. M., with all our scientific and liberal books and papers in the hall, hoping we may get the people to reading and thinking. If we lend our magazines and papers, borrowers carry them in their pockets and the books are spoiled, and if taken to their homes they are often burned. [That is a very good idea, to get up Liberal libraries or Liberal reading rooms, or both.—ED.]

MRS. S. H. BROOKS, Randolph, Vt.:

"By accident I came across one of the Free Thought Magazines. I sent for twelve back numbers for our family to read during the long winter evenings. The more we read them the better we like them. I have the Investigator that my father commenced to take more than forty years ago. I think he had them from the first issue. Next to the Investigator I think the Magazine is the best publication in this country. I wish you could publish a word against the use of tobacco now and then. It might benefit our boys." [Yes, we wish some intelligent anti-tobacco reformer would send us a good article, showing the evils of the tobacco habit. It is a curse to humanity, and leads to the intoxicating liquor habit.--Ed.] W. E. NORTON, Fort Wingate, New Mexico:

"I am sorry I cannot get a few new subscribers here. The people around here seem to have plenty of money with which to purchase whisky and spend in card playing, but if you ask them for a year's subscription for the Free Thought Magazine they declare they were "broke" playing cards the night before. I believe my copy of the Magazine each month passes through as many hands as any publication in this country. One thing is sure, I have got a number of these people interested in the Magazine and it is doing them good.

JOHN P. GUILD, Tyngsboro, Mass.:

"Have just read December magazine. Think it has greatly improved for the last year. With the changes announced for next year, the various portraits of writers, and essays on practical questions of the hour, if the writers know something of what they are talking about, I believe you will bring the quality of the periodical up to a high standard of excellence, and at the low price of \$1 it ought to be popular with people who know a good thing when they see it, and who care to benefit others with it if they do not need it themselves. Give old Moses and Jonah a vacation, and show what virtue there is in American men and women."

S. L. BABBITT, Bushnell, Ill.:

"I was talking with a pious neighbor the other day, and I asked him how he could reconcile the idea of an infinite creator, the Bible God, who made all things according to his own will and pleasure and man after his own image, and then pronounced it all very good; then, after this, found he had made such a blunder that he repented of all his works, and decided to drown every live thing on the face of the globe excepting enough for seed to start again with. The good neighbor did not try to explain this mystery of godliness."

S. R. THORNE, Chapin's Home, N. Y.

"I highly appreciate most of the articles published in the Free Thought Magazine and regret it is not in my power to do more for its circulation. I am an invalid, as you know, and seldom leave my room and have no opportunity to see people and procure subscribers. I do not believe much in prayers, but I do pray that the

Magazine may have free course and be glorified. In one of your items in "All Sorts" you say "The professed Freethinker who is more interested in finding flaws in the lives of Christians, than sustaining a good character for himself, is of not much account in the Liberal ranks." I emphatically dissent from that opinion. I believe most any kind of a Freethinker is better than a bigoted Christian. I have a friend who reads the Magazine occasionally, but his wife is such an admirer of what Moody says, she will not have the Magazine in the house. [We once met a Liberal who said his wife was so bigoted she would not have a Free Thought publication in the house. We visited his home and after hearing the husband and wife converse, we said to the husband after we left the house: "I think you are more bigoted than your wife; now take our advice; say to your wife, 'Julia, I know you are a good Methodist and I am a Freethinker. You would like to take the Methodist paper and I would like to read it with you, and now this is what I will do, when I go to town I will subscribe for the Methodist paper for a year for you, and then I will take the Free Thought Magazine for myself, and we will read them together during the long winter evenings.'" He said he disliked to pay for that d—d Methodist paper, but he would try it if we said so. He tried it, and before spring the wife wanted to read the Magazine before she read her paper. Editor.]

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM—MAY L. COLLINS—OBITUARY NOTICES—A DISCORDANT VOICE.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM and MAY L. COLLINS passed very mysteriously and unaccountably from life unto death, in Boston, on the night of Friday, December 11, 1896. We have read various accounts of the circumstances of their death in the Secular and Liberal journals, but our space will allow of our publishing only the following account, that we take from the Boston Globe of December 13th:

Putnam and Miss Collins decided to lecture together, and left Chicago for that purpose. They had lectured in different places prior to their arrival in Boston last Monday, when Miss Collins called on Mrs. Tilton, of 47 St. Botolph street, and rented the little side room which was the scene of yesterday morning's tragedy.

The young woman had been recommended to Mrs. Tilton by friends in the "movement." Mr. Putnam no doubt also recommended Miss Collins to stay at Mrs. Tilton's, as he knew the latter.

Mr. Putnam was a frequent caller on Miss Collins since her arrival at the house, but nothing was apparently thought of that. She won everybody by her kindness and her pleasant manners, and she interested other Freethinkers in the house by her views. She was a fine looking woman with a rather large forehead, and a mass of dark hair. There were traces of her severe mental work in her face.

Friday Miss Collins had an engagement to go to Stoneham to visit a Miss Minchin. She started for there in the afternoon in company with Mr. Putnam, and after a pleasant afternoon and dinner the couple returned to Boston about 6 o'clock, it is thought. They came in at the Union station, and it is thought they went somewhere for supper, as they did not arrive at 47 St. Botolph street until a little after 8 o'clock.

Mr. Simpson, who occupies the next room, heard them come in, but he did not see them until he discovered their bodies yesterday morning about 9 o'clock.

He says that the room was lighted, and he did not hear any unusual noise, which he certainly would have done owing to his proximity to the room which Miss Collins occupied. He considers it rather peculiar that he did not hear some noise after the couple entered the room, for Mr. Putnam was a very nervous man, and his presence was always made known to those who knew him by constant shuffling of his feet, which had been plainly heard on previous visits by those on the floor—in fact, so true was this that it was never deemed necessary to ask whether Mr. Putnam was in Miss Collins' room, as he could be very plainly heard, owing to this peculiarity on the occasion of his every visit.

About 9 o'clock Friday night Mr. Simpson and Mr. Perry thought they smelled gas. Through a crack in the door they could see that there was a light in Miss Collins' room, so they came to the conclusion that it could not be in that room. As it was not very strong they gave up the search, and thought nothing more about the matter.

Arthur Wilkinson, a colored servant in the building, went upstairs to bed about 12 o'clock, and passed Miss Collins' room. He says he has a keen sense of smell, but he did not detect the odor of gas on his way up. He got up in the morning at 8 o'clock and passed the door again, and he says he did not smell gas. It would seem that if the gas had been leaking in that little room all night, and sufficient of it to suffocate two people, he would have smelled it in the entry.

Mrs. Tilton came home about 12 o'clock, and Mr. Simpson called her attention to the fact that Mr. Putnam was in Miss Collins' room. They looked at the door of the room together, saw the light, heard no noise, which they regarded as strange, but decided to say nothing.

That was all that was thought of the matter Friday night, and Mr. Simpson went to sleep on a sofa which backs up to the dividing wall between his room and that occupied by Miss Collins. His head was probably within three feet of the foot of the bed in the next room. Again he thought it rather strange that he heard no noise in the next room, and from that it would seem that both the persons in the next room must have become unconscious soon after their arrival about 8 o'clock.

True, the bodies were on the floor when found, but when they fell from the bed or how no one knows. If they were asphyxiated it is probable that the muscular reaction due to suffocation would be sufficient to carry both bodies to the floor, but nobody heard them

fall. Mr. Elliot, an occupant of the house, came home about 12 o'clock and he says he saw from the street a light in the room at that time.

In the morning, between 8 and 9 o'clock, Mr. Simpson, in stepping into the entry, smelled gas again and he forced open the door of Miss Collins' room. His surprise and that of Mrs. Tilton may be imagined when the bodies were seen on the floor. A hurried examination showed that both were dead.

Mr. Simpson says the gas was still lighted in the room, but there were two stop-cocks on the pipe and both were open. The one nearest the wall fed a pipe which was intended to connect with a stove or lamp. The gas from this pipe, Mr. Simpson says, filled the room. But if there was so much gas in the room, and if there was enough to suffocate two people, the wonder is that there was not an explosion and a very serious one.

Dr. Draper pronounced death due to asphyxiation, and he undoubtedly understands his business. It may be that in the excitement of the moment Mr. Simpson was mistaken in regard to the lighted gas.

The furniture consisted of a single iron bedstead. The clothes on this little bed had not been disturbed. The bedstead fills the entire end of the room close to the window. A few feet away on the right was a little table, on which were a number of articles of feminine wearing apparel and a number of bottles, including two pint whisky bottles and a quart of French benedictine. One of the whisky bottles was empty, the other was about two-thirds empty and about one-fourth of the benedictine had disappeared. This benedictine is a very strong cordial.

About the room were scattered pamphlets on Free Thought and various subjects and announcements and press notices relating to Miss Collins' lectures.

It is a pretty bare looking room, as a whole. There is one chair and a small mirror hangs on the wall. There is a spot on the carpet where Miss Collins' head lay. Her body was nearest the bed, and that of Putnam nearest the door.

The window of the room was practically closed. There might have been a space of about half an inch open at the top, but this is doubtful. The curtain was pulled down, and the draperies on each side of the window were drawn aside.

That is practically the whole story in regard to this double tragedy. Both bodies were fully clothed when found.

We first met Samuel P. Putnam at the National Liberal League Congress, held in Cincinnati in September, 1879. As the chairman of the executive committee of the League we had charge of the work of arranging for the congress. We had heard of Mr. Putnam as a bright, intelligent young Unitarian preacher, who had left that church on account of advanced views. We invited him to attend the congress. He accepted the invitation and came on to Cincinnati, and when we met him we were charmed with him. He seemed to be just the man that we required to assist us in our work. He did not stand around with his hands in his pockets hindering us with the story of his conversion to Liberalism, but he went right to work to aid us in preparing and arranging for the congress. We never met a stranger before who so soon gained our esteem and admiration. We introduced him to our friends, and everybody he met was at once favorably impressed towards him, and he soon became very popular with all present. We do not remember that there was a word said upon the subject, but we inferred that he was a single man. He said nothing about his wife or children or home affairs. Col. Ingersoll was at the convention—was chairman of the committee on resolutions. Nearly every State was represented and the convention was a success, a greater success we think than any secular congress that had ever before been held, and Mr. Putnam did much more than his share to bring about the success.

The New York State Freethinkers' Convention was held a few days after the Cincinnati Congress at Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., and many of the delegates went from Cincinnati direct to Chautauqua Lake, where a very large convention was held, at which Col. Ingersoll and George Jacob Holyoake, of London, were among the speakers. We urged Mr. Putnam to attend this convention, but he said he could not afford the expense and preferred to stay at Cincinnati and try and get some lecture engagements.

After this, until the year 1883, we were very close friends. We knew of no one among our Liberal acquaintances for whom we entertained a kinder feeling up to that time than we had for Samuel P. Putnam. He attended the Hornesville (N. Y.) convention in the fall of 1880, the Watkin's Glen convention in 1881, the second Hornellsville convention in 1882, and the Rochester convention in

1883. He was our right-hand man in managing these conventions. He always knew what to do and when to do it.

But now comes the disagreeable thing for us to state. There was something that came to our knowledge soon after the Rochester convention that greatly surprised us, and caused us to lose faith in Mr. Putnam, which will be stated more fully hereafter. Since then we have not been enemies. We have always been on speaking terms, but there has been an embarrassment existing between us that we have no doubt caused Mr. Putnam many sad hours—we know that it has us. We have had less faith in human nature since then. Previous to that time we had commenced the publication of the *Freethinkers' Magazine*, and Mr. Putnam was one of our chief contributors, and we were always pleased to receive his contributions. We now notice that he contributed an article for nearly every number the first year of the *Magazine*. Since then, when we have met, he has always treated us very politely and we have tried to do the same by him. When the American Secular Union Congress met in Chicago in the fall of 1892, we paid Mr. Putnam five dollars to write up a report for the *Magazine*, which was an admirable one, as the reader will see if he turns to page 778 of volume XI., and in the February number of 1894 we published Mr. Putnam's portrait as the frontispiece, and a life sketch, written mostly by himself—one of the best of him we have ever read. That sketch we call the reader's especial attention to, as we have no space here to give an extended sketch of his life. And we will here say to Mr. Putnam's credit, notwithstanding the coolness between us, he gave the writer a very good and favorable notice in his "Four Hundred Years of Free Thought."

PUTNAM'S SHOCKING DEATH.

When we read in the evening papers of December 12 of the sudden death of Mr. Putnam and Miss Collins, we were probably as much startled by the shocking news as any of his nearest friends, and the thought came to us at once, what shall we say of him in the *Free Thought Magazine*? What kind of an obituary notice shall we write? We knew there were at least fifty, and possibly one hundred, leading Liberals in this country who had heard us declare that Mr. Putnam was not a proper person to be a leader of the Liberals of America. We had thus stated time and time again that we were fearful he would bring dishonor and disgrace upon the cause he represented; that we could not give our cordial support to an association of which

he was the chief leader. We knew that was understood by many to be our honest opinion, and for having that opinion we had often been blamed and repulsed by Mr. Putnam's enthusiastic supporters. Now the serious question with us was: What shall we do under the circumstances? We had always been a strong believer in the Latin motto: "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" "Say nothing but good of the dead." Now what should we say? We thought the question over by day and by night. It was the most serious question we had ever been compelled to solve. We had got to decide it for ourselves. We were convinced this Latin motto was binding in all ordinary cases, but were there no exceptions to this rule? We came to the conclusion there were exceptions when the deceased was a public representative person—when the interests of the public demanded that the whole truth should be known—and besides, we felt that it was time we presented the evidences of our often expressed disapprobation of Mr. Putnam as a leader. We looked for precedents, and found at least two cases in point, but, as lawyers know, it is difficult to find precedents that are precisely like the case under consideration. The first is that of Theodore Parker's discourse on Daniel Webster, delivered shortly after Webster's death, Sunday, October 31, 1852, a sermon that aroused the animosity of the people of the whole country; the second, an article written by Harriet Beecher Stowe, and published in MacMillan's Magazine, in 1869, entitled, "*The True Story of Lady Byron's Life,*" some statements in which strongly impugned the character of Lord Byron.

At the time Mr. Parker delivered that startling and remarkable sermon, we were a young man, a great admirer of Mr. Parker, but we thought then he had made a mistake, but we see now it was one of the most valuable sermons Theodore Parker ever preached. It should be read today by every young politician. It will teach him that he cannot violate the moral laws with impunity. If there be no endless hell, there is certainly a future hell for violators of that law. We will quote a few lines from the first paragraphs of that sermon:

"I am to speak of one of the most conspicuous men New England ever bore. I am to speak of an eminent man of great power, in a great office; one of the landmarks of politics now laid low. I am to speak while his departure is yet but yesterday; while the somber flags still float in our streets. You will not ask me to say what only suits the public ear; there are a hundred to do that today. You will not ask me to flatter because others flatter; to condemn because the

ruts of condemnation are so deep and so easy to follow in. It is unjust to be ungenerous, either in praise or blame, only the truth is beautiful in speech. It is not reverential to treat a great man like a spoiled child. Most of you are old enough to know that good and evil are both to be expected of each man. I shall be as tender in my judgment as a woman's love; I will try to be as fair as the justice of a man."

After contemplating this subject until our brain nearly reeled, we came to this conclusion, that we must, in behalf of the Liberal movement, tell the whole truth, though all our friends desert us, and we lose every subscriber on our subscription list. We seemed to hear our old-time friend from the other side of the grave say to us: "Brother Green, I made some fatal mistakes in my lifetime that I now fully realize cost me days, months and years of sorrow, regret and anguish of mind, that few knew of but myself; those mistakes finally brought me to my tragical and untimely death and brought shame and disgrace upon the cause of Liberalism. Be brave, and expose my mistakes to those still living, that they may avoid them. Especially to the young people of the Liberal faith who are just setting out as teachers and reformers. Impress upon them that most important and fundamental principle of Liberalism—that there can be no true, lasting happiness in your world, or in any other, where the laws of nature are not complied with; that virtue is the parent of happiness, that sin is sure to bring misery."

We decided that risking all the consequences we would be true to our honest convictions as to our duty, and tell the whole truth as it had come to us, and we further decided that we would request a number of Mr. Putnam's special and nearest friends to write obituary notices of Mr. Putnam, so that in the same number of this Magazine in which we related what we considered his failings might appear the best things that could be said of him, and that we would also publish the explanation of the Boston tragedy that appeared in the Truth Seeker in its first issue after the same, a paper with which Mr. Putnam has long been connected, so that our readers, who do not see that paper may know the explanation that his special admirers and supporters give of his sudden and seemingly unexplainable death. In fact, we determined to so fairly and honorably review Mr. Putnam's life and career that his most intimate friends cannot fail of giving us credit for truthfulness and good intentions, whatever they may

think of the propriety of this post-mortem digest of Mr. Putnam's life and character.

And we will say here, before we proceed further, that we will not charge Mr. Putnam, aside from his intemperate habits, with anything which, from his standpoint, and from the standpoint of his free-love friends, is not considered a virtue.

WHAT WE PROPOSE TO ESTABLISH.

This is what we propose to establish beyond question, by evidence that cannot be refuted:

First—That Mr. Putnam was a bright, intelligent, kind-hearted, amiable, energetic man.

Second—That owing to circumstances and environments and conditions, he had been for some years before his death the victim of strong drink, which habit grew upon him year by year.

Third—That quite early in life he became an honest convert to the doctrines of free love, and that he conscientiously believed and followed the teachings of the apostles of that school of "reformers" for the balance of his life, that he considered the practice a virtue in place of the generally held opinion that it is a crime—a great advancement on the old-fashioned marriage institution.

Fourth—That this drinking habit and free-love practice unfitted him for a leader in the Free Thought movement, and that we were justified in withholding our cordial support from him, and the organization of which he was the chief leader and supporter.

Fifth—That this drinking habit and free-love doctrine finally were the primary cause that brought him and his young associate, Miss Collins, to their deplorable and untimely death, and disgrace on the Liberal movement,

Sixth—That this life history ought to be an impressive warning to the Liberals of this country to never again jeopardize their worthy cause by putting it in charge of a man or woman however honest, sincere, able and enthusiastic he or she may be, whose life has the defects here pointed out.

THE PROOF AND TESTIMONY.

As to our first point, that Mr. Putnam was a bright, intelligent, kind-hearted, amiable, energetic man, all that it is necessary to do in proof of this is to point to the hundreds of warm, admiring friends that he made wherever he went, and as to this matter, the reader's attention is called especially to the articles in this number by Geo.

E. Macdonald, T. B. Wakeman and Dr. Foote. For these tributes of respect, esteem and affection these writers are entitled to much gratitude from the friends of the deceased, and we are more than glad to lay them before our readers.

AS TO MR. PUTNAM'S DRINKING HABIT.

We will again here repeat what we have said before, that intemperance is not in any sense a crime, but is a most unfortunate and deplorable habit, and one that brings in its train all the evils that can be imagined; but the person who has acquired the habit should not be condemned and blamed, but commiserated and looked upon as we would upon a person with a most dangerous disease, and his friends should do all in their power to get him to abandon the pernicious habit.

That Mr. Putnam had become quite intemperate will not be denied by any one who was well acquainted with him. In support of this we shall advance but little proof. His countenance was a very strong proof of this. At the three last conventions held in Chicago under his supervision we have been informed by reliable persons that at each he was evidently more or less under the influence of intoxicating liquor. A gentleman we met a few days ago, a noted Liberal, stated to us that some time ago Mr. Putnam spoke to a Liberal meeting in one of our Western cities, and that he was at that time so much under the influence of liquor that he was so incoherent in speech that it brought great disgrace in that town upon the cause he represented. We notice in an interview published in one of the New York papers that Dr. Foote, a warm friend of his, says that Mr. Putnam was subject to periodical drinking, and he attributes his death to that cause. We find in a letter that lies before us from one of the most distinguished female Free Thought writers in this country, written since Mr. Putnam's death, this statement: "Mr. Putnam was rather too much addicted to the flowing bowl, and came to my house once in that condition, and was never asked back."

We think it unnecessary to add more proof on this question. And right here we ask our readers this question, Were we right in saying that he was not the proper person to lead the cause of reform? Let us be honest. What would we have said of a Christian minister who had this drink habit, and still labored and was put forward by the church as an evangelist, to convert the world to Christianity. Let the truth be known. It will not do, ostrich-like, to hide our heads

in the sand and think the Christian world will not find us out. My idea is that it is better to tell the whole truth and then put the best construction on it that we can.

MR. PUTNAM A DISCIPLE OF FREE LOVE.

We are sure that we shall have no trouble in convincing our honest readers of the truth of our third claim—that Mr. Putnam quite early in life became an honest convert to the doctrine of free love and practiced the precepts quite extensively.

Up to the year 1883, notwithstanding our intimate acquaintance with Mr. Putnam during the previous four years, we had not the least idea he was a married man with a family of children. We do not think the subject was ever broached between us. We took it for granted that he was an unmarried man.

As before stated, Mr. Putnam was present and took a very active part in the Rochester (N. Y.) convention, held from August 29th to and including Sunday, September 2d. On Monday, September 3d, we returned to our home in Salamanca, N. Y. Tuesday morning, September 4th, we were a little surprised as we came from the post-office to see Mr. Putnam and a lady leave the hotel and walk towards the depot. Our first thought was, Mr. Putnam has just been married and we will hasten forward and speak to him. But as we came near them Mr. Putnam turned his head and on seeing us, in place of stopping, hurried on, and he took one side of the depot and the lady the other, and they soon were out of our sight. We returned to the hotel and examined the register and saw written in Mr. Putnam's handwriting, which was very familiar to us, this entry on the hotel register: "Samuel P. Mansfield and wife." We asked the hotel clerk when these persons came to the hotel, and he said the evening before; that they came in on the Rochester road.

A few days after this George Chainey came to our house and we related this circumstance to him, and he said he knew about it; that Mr. Putnam and this woman were at the Rochester convention; that Mr. Putnam had been keeping the woman for some time, but that they had just dissolved partnership and the woman was leaving for her home in the West, and Mr. Putnam accompanied her a part or all of the way. Other parties who knew Mr. Putnam saw him and the woman at the depot at that time.

A few days after this occurrence we had occasion to write to one of the most distinguished advocates of free love in this country, a man of

ability and truthfulness, and we stated the circumstances to him. His reply in substance was as follows: "I care nothing about Mr. Putnam's private life, it is no concern of mine, but I dislike a hypocrite." He further stated in substance that for a number of years previous Mr. Putnam had been an outspoken advocate of social liberty, but that Mr. P. had written to him recently that, notwithstanding he had not changed his views, he could no longer openly espouse the cause, as he was engaged in Free Thought work, and it would not do to openly advocate so unpopular a doctrine. Some days ago we wrote to this gentleman and requested him to repeat to us the substance of that letter, as we had mislaid it. He has not, up to this date, replied to our request, but this copy of the Magazine will go to him, and if we have in any way misrepresented him we will thank him to correct our mistake through these pages.

In corroboration of this gentleman's assertion that Mr. Putnam was formerly an avowed advocate of free love we quote the following sentence from a letter just received from one of the most distinguished Freethinkers in this country: "He told me when I last saw him in New York, soon after leaving his wife, but long before she secured a divorce, that what we must do was to destroy the marriage system."

A few months after we saw Mr. Putnam at Salamanca, the statement of Mr. Chainey was virtually confirmed by intelligence that came to us that Putnam's wife had obtained a divorce from him on the ground of adultery. Whether or not the Salamanca partner was co-defendect in that suit we do not know.

Fearing that some of our readers might think we were in error in this matter, we, a few days since, sent to the clerk of the Boston court and procured his certificate of the judgment in that case, a copy of which we here publish:

COMMONWEALTH OF }
MASSACHUSETTS, SUFFOLK. } ss.

I, John Noble, clerk of the Judicial court within and for said county of Suffolk, hereby certify that on the sixth day of May, A. D. 1885, the bond of matrimony subsisting between Louise Putnam of Boston, said county, and her husband, Samuel P. Putnam, was dissolved on account of the adultery of the said Samuel P. Putnam.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said court this 25th day of December, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-six.

JOHN NOBLE, Clerk.

(The seal of the court.)

We hardly think it necessary for us to present more evidence to show that Mr. Putnam was a firm believer in the free-love theory of marriage. We notice that "Lucifer," the organ of the free lovers of this country, has had more praise for Mr. Putnam since his death than all the Free Thought journals. Even the Truth Seeker has not published such high encomiums. And we have noticed that at Mr. Putnam's conventions in Chicago, the free lovers were very largely represented.

Moses Hull, of Boston, has for the last twenty-five years been the high priest of free love in this country, and it seems by the following, that we clip from a letter from him, in "The Progressive Thinker" that one of the places to which Mr. Putnam took Miss Collins when at Boston was the home of Moses Hull. Mr. Hull says, among other things in this letter:

Mr. Putnam had not been out to a meeting, as the papers stated. He had been at our residence, in Stoneham. He and Miss Collins and a young lady from New York took the 6:15 train to Boston, and I understood that it was their intention to go to the theater that night. They undoubtedly reached her room not long after 7 o'clock.

I am sorry to record that Mr. Watts and Mr. Foote, of England, refused to accompany the New York friends to the funeral, mainly on the ground that it would compromise them. Such illiberal Liberalism as that will do to accompany some of our unspiritual Spiritualists.

The Boston Evening Record, of December 14, has this to say:

The most plausible theory as to the cause of death is that the two were under the influence of liquor. They dined in Stoneham. The hostess there states that but three bottles of Bordeaux were consumed by six people.

However, there is no doubt that more liquor was obtained by Putnam before they reached 47 St. Botolph street. The two returned to Boston on the 6:25 p. m. train. With them traveled a young actress of the Lilliputians company. They were late for the train, and were obliged to run to the station. The actress said she must catch it at all hazards, as otherwise she could not arrive at the theater in time. By great exertion the party managed to get aboard the train although it had started, Mr. Putnam fairly lifting the actress upon the steps.

This reference to Mr. Watts and Mr. Foote in Mr. Hull's letter reminds us of what Mr. Watts says in the London Freethinker of December 20th:

Judging from my recent experience in America and Canada, Free Thought as an organization has not improved in either of those

places. Individual Freethinkers are very numerous, but it appeared to me that they failed in mutual co-operation. In my opinion one of the causes of this lack of organized force is that secularism is allowed to be hampered with such questions as free love, socialism and other subjects which should have no connection with secular advocacy, the function of which is to war with theology, to seek to destroy priestcraft, and to construct an ethical system upon a rational basis.

And we noticed the other day that when Mr. Foote intimated in an interview that free love was not a doctrine of Freethinkers, Lucifer took him to task for this heretical opinion. That a man can hardly be called a genuine Freethinker who believes in marriage is evidently Lucifer's opinion.

And as evidence that Mr. Putnam was in sympathy with free-love doctrines is the fact that he procured a room for Miss Collins in Boston in the same flat occupied in part by Josephine Tilton and her sister, J. Flora Tilton, intelligent women, but avowed free lovers. Their home is known far and wide as the headquarters of the free lovers in Boston.

But it will be asked how it is that Col. Ingersoll and many other people who believe in marriage, and are opposed to the free-love doctrines, were such warm friends and great admirers of Mr. Putnam. The explanation is simply this. They did not know of Mr. Putnam's free-love opinions and practices. They were only acquainted with Mr. Putnam's best side, which we will admit was very attractive. All who know intimately Col. Ingersoll understand what his views are on the questions of marriage and the home, and how he detests people who are trying to destroy this foundation of all improvement and civilization. This is Col. Ingersoll's opinion in his own language:

INGERSOLL'S OPINION OF MARRIAGE.

I regard marriage as the holiest institution among men. Without the fireside there is no human advancement; without the family relations there is no life worth living. Every good government is made up of good families. The unit of good government is the family, and anything that tends to destroy the family is perfectly devilish and infamous. I believe in marriage, and I hold in utter contempt the opinions of men and women who denounce the institution of marriage.—Ingersoll's lecture, "Liberty for Man, Woman and Child."

In our humble opinion any person who does not fully subscribe to the above views is out of place in the Free Thought party, and should go over to the free lovers where he belongs. If Mr. Putnam had always lived up to Col. Ingersoll's views, as above expressed, he would now be living with his wife and children, and would never have

been led into intemperance, for the reason that he would have had the protecting care and influence of a good wife and interesting and loving children.

The next point we make is that such a life as Mr. Putnam led unfitted him to be a Free Thought leader, and we call Mr. Putnam himself to the stand to prove this claim.

Some years ago a seemingly bright, intelligent, eloquent young man appeared on the Free Thought lecture platform in this country and was becoming quite popular. To our great surprise one day we received from Mr. Putnam the following letter in relation to him. We omit names.

THE PUTNAM LETTER.

Chicago, April 10th, E. M. 295.

Dear Mr. Green:

On account of recent developments I feel, as a matter of honor among Liberals, that I must warn you against _____. He can no longer represent our cause, and to endorse him in any way is to deeply injure Free Thought. I have talked the matter over with _____ and _____, and they agree with me.

Let me give you the facts, which, if known, would blast the reputation of _____ among all honorable men. He has two children in England, whom he does not support. His wife secured a divorce on the ground of non-support. While a married man he passed off among Liberals as a single man.

At Wichita, Kansas, he passed as a single man and as such secured the affections of a lady, and engaged himself to be married to her. At the same time he was engaged to this Kansas lady he was also under solemn promise to marry another lady in Ohio. That is, while a married man, he promised at the same time to marry two women, both of whom were deceived. I have positive proof of this, but not until last Sunday did I know the depths of his meanness. I then met a lady to whom he was engaged and who did not know he was married, but was relying upon the promise he made that he would be true to her. She was nearly heartbroken when told that _____ was married, and came near finding refuge in death. It was an awful tragedy for a woman's trusting heart. Can we afford to stand by a man who will thus cruelly play with a woman's affections? I certainly cannot, and a man like that must get out of the Free Thought ranks. _____ is also a deadbeat. He borrowed money with no intention of ever paying it. I refer you to _____ and others for facts in the matter. _____ is a bad egg. I do not like to thus expose him, but I know the truth of what I am stating, and am prepared to stand by it publicly if need be. In a case like this we must resort to drastic measures. It is not right that one man by his villainy should thus blast our cause.

Yours ever,

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

That is certainly a very strong indictment against a brother Free-thinker, but if true it was justly deserved and Mr. Putnam was justified in writing it. But what struck us very forcibly on reading the letter was that many of the allegations would apply against the writer. "Wife had obtained a divorce for non-support" in the one case; in the other for adultery. Which is the more dishonorable offence? "Has two children in England he does not support;" in the other case the two children are in America, and their father has not seen them, we learn, for many years. "Passes himself off as a single man." Had Mr. P. ever done that? "Has cruelly played with a woman's affections," etc., etc., etc.

MAY L. COLLINS.

May L. Collins was a young lady that we knew very little about. She was brought to our knowledge by Mr. Charles C. Moore, editor of the *Blue Grass Blade*. We became interested in her by reading Mr. Moore's high encomiums upon her, and by her able articles in the *Blade*, which we considered very remarkable for a girl not yet twenty years of age. We requested Mr. Moore to write for this Magazine a sketch of her life, which he did, and it will be found on page 484 of volume XIII. There also appears on page 430 of the same volume a good portrait of Miss Collins.

Soon after hearing of the death of Miss Collins we requested Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, her very intimate and admiring friend, to write an obituary notice of her for the Magazine, which appears on another page, to which the attention of the reader is called. It is very evident to us that Miss Collins was about the most intelligent, thoughtful young woman that this country has ever produced.

We had no thought that her young mind had become tainted with free-love views until a friend of ours in this city reported to us, as an evidence of this, that during the Free Thought Congress she was very intimate with Lillian Harman. Our reply was we did not believe it. That "Mrs." Harman was a modest-appearing, intelligent young woman, and withal friendly and sociable, and that she attracted Miss Collins by her kind and generous treatment.

Our attention was again called to this question by the following from the editor in the *Blue Grass Blade*:

"I know it is true that Miss Collins had some sympathy with Lillian Harman, editor of *Lucifer*, that is simply a free-love paper. But she and I simply asked that Miss, or Mrs., Harman should have a hearing, and after hearing her, I am more than ever convinced that her ideas

are wrong, and I have never seen nor heard from Miss Collins, with whom I have frequently communicated in writing and orally, any evidence that she accepted any of Lillian Harman's theories."

On the same question we will quote the following statement from a letter we received December 21st from a very noted, intelligent Free Thought lady:

"I had seen Miss Collins once. She called on me, and I had a talk with her. Our conversation hinged upon her idea, as she seemed to be following in the footsteps of Lillian Harman. I argued with her about it, but she did not tell me anything beyond her theory on the subject. There was no personal application. It is all very sad, painful and unhappy."

Miss Collins was the pupil of Prof. R. De Roode, a music teacher of Midway, Ky. Prof. De Roode says in the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune that the following was the opinion of Miss Collins on the marriage question:

"So long," said she, "as various States in this Union deny to married women the right to own their own children or property I will not marry. The crowning disgrace of our country is that if a mother would own her children she must bear them illegitimately. If ever I meet a man whom I can love I may live with him, but with the present laws I will never marry him." I believe Mr. Putnam is the first man who ever attracted Miss Collins, and that she believed her course of action right and pure I am certain. Her nature tended in an opposite direction from the immoral or gross in life."

On this question we express no opinion—only give the evidence that has come to us and leave the reader to exercise his own judgment.

THE CAUSES THAT PRODUCED DEATH.

As to the primary cause that killed these two people, we think we have made it plain it was free love and whisky, two of the greatest evils, in our opinion, in this country. There is but one other of equal magnitude and that is superstition. The Freethinkers ought to eternally war against these gigantic enemies of the human race. The two first murdered these two friends of humanity while they were fighting the third. All who admired Mr. Putnam and Miss Collins should swear eternal warfare against these destroyers of their friends.

As to the secondary cause that brought instant death on the night of Dec. 11, no one seems to know what it was. The opinion of the Truth Seeker is as follows:

TRUTH SEEKER'S OPINION.

Liberals everywhere were inexpressibly shocked by the announcement flashed over the wires last Saturday that Samuel P. Putnam

and May L. Collins had been asphyxiated by illuminating gas, their lifeless bodies having been found that morning lying upon the floor of Miss Collins' rooms in a Boston apartment house.

All accounts agree upon the following facts: Miss Collins, while in Boston, occupied rooms at No. 47 St. Botolph street, where, at 7 o'clock on Friday evening, Dec. 11, Mr. Putnam arrived with her from a visit to friends in Stoneham. Shortly afterward escaping gas was smelled by the janitor of the building, but he did not trace the leak at that time. Not until the following morning was the source of the odor sought out. Then the room was entered and the bodies discovered, fully dressed, stretched upon the floor. They had been dead for many hours. The gas in one jet was burning; from another it was escaping full force. Investigation showed that just back of the burner in use was a valve placed there for the purpose of attaching a tube for a drop-light. Appearances indicated that this had been accidentally turned on when the other was lighted. It is deemed extraordinary that Miss Collins should have failed to detect the deadly flow before they were overcome. One plausible explanation is that she was ill, being subject to sudden recurrences of heart failure. Mr. Putnam's sense of smell was destroyed some years ago by catarrh, which also produced the slight but not displeasing nasal accent noticeable at times in his speech; hence he might have mistaken the stupefying influence of the poisoned atmosphere for ordinary after-dinner drowsiness. Living, as might be said, upon the wing, and traveling by all sorts of conveyances, by night and day, over long stretches of country, he could sleep anywhere and had a habit of "napping" whenever the briefest opportunity offered itself. The imagination may picture him dozing in his chair, but rallying first from the lethargy and seeking to arouse Miss Collins, and both falling insensible to the floor. But this is conjecture. We only know that death stole upon them unawares.

OUR LAST WORD.

Another very mysterious thing about this matter is that in none of the life sketches of Mr. Putnam that have been published has there been anything said about his wife and children. In one notice we saw it stated that he had never been married. We think that was the general opinion. We have learned only this about his family: That he leaves two children—a son who was recently married, and a daughter. The son is named after his father, Samuel P. He is a journalist in New York City and lives in Orange, N. J. We do not know where the daughter resides or the mother, although we have tried to ascertain. The son, we have been informed, has commenced proceedings to get possession of his father's property, as his heir.

The principal object of our writing this article is to open the eyes

of the Liberal public and show them the necessity of ridding our cause of this curse of free love and planting our moral standard so high it will command the respect of all good people even if they do not agree with us on theology. These free-lovers may be honest, sincere people—we believe most of them are, but they and we radically differ in opinion as to this free-love doctrine. They no doubt honestly think it is the sure road that leads to heaven; we, on the other hand, are sure it is the most direct road to hell—figuratively speaking.

For ourselves we can truly say that aside from the error of holding to and practicing these pernicious views Mr. Putnam was a good man, but this damnable doctrine of free love first led him to intemperance, then to what is generally characterized as libertinism, and finally to his tragical death, which also caused the death of Miss Collins and has brought great disgrace upon the cause that he was put forward to represent.

To us there is only this consolation that can be derived from this shocking calamity: If it shall result in arousing the Freethinkers of this country to the full comprehension of the great danger that has beset them, during the last ten or more years, and they with one accord will join in a mighty endeavor to free themselves from this curse of free love, the untimely death of Mr. Putnam and Miss Collins will have accomplished more for Liberalism than they, with their fine talents and splendid natural gifts, could have done, under former unfavorable conditions, for the next twenty-five years. It is often the case that out of seemingly irreparable calamities great good comes.

We are now nearing the age of three-score and ten years, and have labored for forty years in behalf of the emancipation of mankind from the thralldom of superstition, and we are sure that during our long life we have done no one thing that will prove so beneficial to the Liberal cause as the writing and publishing of this "discordant voice—obituary notice" of our late departed, old-time friend, Samuel P. Putnam. Having discharged our duty in this matter as we understand it, we are prepared to take the consequences whatever they may be, feeling sure that we shall have, in good time, the approval of all the decent, honorable friends of respectable Liberalism. The approbation of the other class we cannot reasonably expect.

FAREWELL. PUTNAM!

THE sad misfortune which has taken from us our open-hearted, broad-minded, ever-youthful leader, SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, and our young and accomplished aspirant, MISS MAY L. COLLINS, can never be deplored enough.*

It is hard to say "farewell" to these young spirits thus most unfortunately cut off in the very flower of their youth and usefulness. Mr. Putnam was endeared to us all because he was so *human*. He was so able and had so many good qualities that e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side, and thus these will soon be justly felt to have died with him. He was a man of untiring, unconquerable devotion to the Liberal cause, and he brought to its service very great grasp and clearness of intellect, touched with a poetic fancy and fervor extremely rare, original and delightful. Let those who would be reminded of this read his glorious account of his visit to the birth-place and tomb of Shakespeare, which I hope will be reprinted in a memorial volume of his life and with his poems. Such would be a monument his friends should at once raise to him and the cause he served, for there was so much about Putnam that we cannot bear to think as gone forever, as long as "the art preservative of all arts" could make them a permanent possession.

We wish all Liberals, and all men and women for that matter, could accept from him and continue some of his mental traits. One of these would be a legacy worth more than any money estimate—we mean his broad, hearty, jolly, youthful grasp and charity of heart and intellect—his determination and habit of appreciating, understanding and trying to make the best of everybody and everything he met in the course of his most varied career. As soon as he met them he was trying to see how some good could be got out of the Pharisee, bigot, hypocrite, rattlesnake or abusive priest. He had his joy even in the untoward changes of nature. For instance, on one of his late

*It was *an accident* which might have happened to any one, and which leaves no reason for any aspersion upon either of the departed. This I say after getting at the actual facts and weighing them well. It was a result of negligence, which may have, however, one good result practically, if we shall call attention to the extreme danger of using that *non-odorous*, heavy, deadly gas which will settle to the lower half of a room while the light is burning, and even the top of the window is open above it. Let us have electric lighting wherever possible, or even tallow dip! This heavy gas is an insidious, treacherous danger which has already slain its thousands!

visits to one of our esteemed Liberal friends, Dr. E. B. Foote, Sr., at Larchmont, the only morning possible had been fixed for an excursion on which all hearts were set. But the morning brought a terrific and most disappointing storm. Putnam, however, surprised the down-hearted family assembled for breakfast with a glowing, smiling face, and the morning salutation: "What a jolly good rain!" This sudden change of heart to meet the change in nature soon made all bright and cheerful within that stormbound home. Putnam had thus the invaluable gift of making everybody he met pretty well satisfied "with the whole world and the rest of mankind"—though he traveled far and had more than his share of tough and provoking cases. But he managed to meet and digest them all, or nearly all, with a sort of humorous Shakespearean universality—unless it was a so-called man named the "Reverend Mr. Braden." The difficulty he had in trying to find the good or human side of this clerical specimen was paid for by our amusement in seeing his good nature for once fairly nonplused.

Nor was Putnam less universal in the breadth of his intellectual grasp and acquirements. His learning and power of expression were the results of natural ability and a generous and unwearied culture. In this, too, he is worthy of general imitation. Every Liberal must make it a business to learn all he can in every direction and not get fenced in by views that are not really abreast with our age. Putnam had a tireless habit of trying to hunt up things he did not happen to know before. This made him a true philosopher—that is, a lover and seeker after truth.

But we must stop and not try to make an inventory of the intellectual and heart treasures our leader and friend has left for us to preserve for use. His simple creed was, "Liberty, Science and Humanity," and his real and good inspiration came from that last word—as did that of his great predecessor as an apostle of liberty, Thomas Paine, who first taught us to say "The Religion of Humanity." In the spirit of the deep meaning of these three words we cannot say "Farewell" to the earthly life and the mortal remains of our tireless and genial friend without adding, and yet *Hail!* as we consider his rare qualities which should live ever with and in us, as parts of our higher and better life.

T. B. W.

New York, Jan. 1, E. M. 297.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF S. P. PUTNAM.

BY GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

[As Mr. Macdonald probably stood the nearest to and was doubtless the most intimate friend of Mr. Putnam we gladly place his article in our editorial pages.—Editor.]

I first met Samuel P. Putnam about the year 1878. He had just left the pulpit, and with the co-operation of Mrs. A. C. Macdonald had begun a series of Free Thought lectures at the place then called Science Hall, 141 Eighth street, New York, of which Messrs. Henderson & Brown were the lessees. The lectures were not sufficiently remunerative to pay the hall rent, to say nothing about paying him. Putnam was at that date a poor speaker compared with the orator he afterwards became. He wrote his discourses and preached them; and while they contained many good ideas, they were unattractive. Preaching without the accessories of music and the odor of sanctity lacks drawing power. He lodged in an attic room of the Science Hall building, and, as I have learned since, nearly went insane from loneliness. I had not the sense then to cultivate his intimate acquaintance. I might have profited greatly by it if I had, for he was a scholar and I was just beginning to take an interest in literature. He tried his hand at pegging shoes, got a few wrappers to write occasionally at rates which may possibly have yielded him fifty cents a day, and nearly starved. For many weeks his fare was unbuttered bread or oatmeal without milk. It cost him, he has told me, about nine cents a day for food. Finally necessity drove him to re-enter the pulpit. All this I learned years afterwards when we were business partners and companions. He never referred to those days without swearing.

Putnam reappeared in New York some years later, and made acquaintances through whom he obtained a position in the custom house. I do not mean that undue influence was used, for he passed the civil-service examination and stood at the head of the list of applicants. Only his penmanship gained him a discount mark, and perhaps that was deserved, for it has won him the dispraise of many discriminating printers. His place in the custom house promised him \$1,800 the year he resigned it to enter the Free Thought lecture field. He might probably have retained it indefinitely, for he was the next thing to a lightning calculator, and his services otherwise were of great value to the government.

My real knowledge of Putnam dates from the fall of 1887, when together we left New York for San Francisco, there to publish the weekly paper called "Free Thought." Then began a friendship which on his side ended only with his death, and which on my side will endure while I am conscious. Concerning the business of issuing a newspaper, so far as it involved anything further than writing articles, his ideas were not clear. About the vicissitudes of "copy" between the time it left the writer's hands and the time it reappeared as printed matter he evinced no knowledge and no curiosity. He only knew that there were certain processes connected with the transition; these he left to me; also, that there were certain expenses, and these he did his share to meet. During his years of labor in the field he had collected a boxful of letters from Liberals with whom he had corresponded and with whom he was more or less acquainted, and he set himself the task of writing to each of these a personal communication. I mention this to show that he was not afraid of any kind of work that he could do well. Early and late he labored at it, scratching and blotting and throwing off eloquent expletives at a broken pen or overturned ink bottle, until more than a thousand envelopes were required to hold the missives that he wrote. What he said in each I do not know, but the correspondence was very fruitful of subscribers. He had a remarkable memory for dates and places. His brain appeared to be susceptible of change into a map of the United States and a railroad time table at a moment's notice. He could lay out one of his lecture routes, covering thousands of miles with scarcely a reference to the railroad guides. But he was not always able to associate persons with their names and residences. Having once seen a face, he did not forget it, though he would often maintain a conversation with a visitor extending over many minutes without the faintest idea whom he was addressing. This got me in the habit of saluting the callers by name with a boisterousness which must have caused them surprise, seeing that I am normally non-effusive, and that they could not know I was doing it for Putnam's information. This same inability of his to connect faces with the circumstances under which he had previously known them led to amusing results. I have seen him spring from his chair and greet a monthly bill collector with the cordiality due an old friend, grasping him by the hand and letting out a "How are you? Glad to see you?" that would have been

refreshing under any circumstances. As a consequence, not in the least to be deplored, every one with whom we did business, from the postman to the landlord, took a personal interest in my partner and inquired after him in his absence. He lived at an elevation of spirits which many times moved me to think that for him there was intoxication in mere life and the common air.

Putnam joined me in rejecting the idea of self-sacrifice as inculcated by religionists, and agreed that no man ever gave up anything without the more or less clearly defined notion that he would get it back later on. One who does not look for any reward in this world trusts to the next or to the gratitude of mankind. The injunction, "Cast your bread upon the waters," is followed by the assurance that it will return after many days. He put it this way: "Will not a dollar spent for a subscription to this paper or this cause afford you as much gratification as the same amount retained in your pocket or spent for a good dinner? Won't you feel better satisfied with yourself if you do this thing than you will if you don't?" He was himself the most generous and unselfish of men. His good deeds were numberless, but he never spoke of them, and they were heard of only through the testimony of those whom he benefited. A man of his disposition could not remember an injury. His indignation might be fiery for a moment, but the echo of his fiercest outbursts was a jolly laugh, and that ended it. He had no ear or memory for detraction. He looked for the good in men, and to hear ill of them only saddened him. I never heard him mention but one thing that he hated. It was orthodoxy. The spirit of authority which constitutes each man a spy over the life and thought of his neighbor he made the subject of his most vehement denunciation. The orthodox minister he looked upon as a moral burglar in a white necktie.

Putnam wrote a number of pleasing stories, but I do not think that fiction was his field; he was of poetic temper, but his poetry, though good, is not his best work. He was greatest as a lecturer, as a speaker, and as a writer against theology. His argument before the Judiciary Committee, at Washington, last winter, was a wonderful piece of work. His definition of Freethought in his "Four Hundred Years" is another. Scattered throughout the discourses which he delivered under various heads are instances of the most lucid and profound thinking that have ever come to my notice. His place is with the philosophers.

To do justice to Putnam by praise of his personal characteristics is beyond my competence. I cannot speak of his qualities in detail. The combination making up the man engages the whole attention. When night has fallen you cannot describe the day. When a star has gone down words may not present it to the mind of others. I only know that Putnam was once with me, that I felt the grasp of his hand, that I heard his voice, and that we became attached to each other by ties of a comradeship that was not less than brotherhood. His death seems but to have dissociated him from present time and place, leaving me free to recall him to mind at any spot in the wide past which we traveled together.

ALL SORTS.

—How do you like the portraits of our good looking Free thinkers in this number of this Magazine?

—We propose to make the February Magazine the most interesting of any number we have ever published.

—Reader, send us at once a club of ten at seventy-five cents and your photograph, and we will introduce you to our readers.

—Ingersoll's great speech on Thomas Paine we have just brought out in a twelve-page pamphlet and have it for sale for six cents, or ten copies for fifty cents.

—When you put money in the pot to buy red flannel shirts for African heathen in an equatorial climate, at least shed a tear for the suffering poor of Buffalo.—*Buffalo Times*.

—The Liberals of Oregon in organizing Secular churches and Sunday schools seem to understand the demand of the times. Liberals of other States should follow their example.

—Elizabeth Cady Stanton's pamphlet, entitled "Bible and Church Degrade Woman," should be circulated by the thousands. Remember, we will send you twenty copies for \$1.

—To any one sending us a club of twenty-five at seventy-five cents each, we will send the XIV volume of this magazine beautifully and substantially bound; also publish his portrait.

—Br'er Wannamaker's position is this: If necessary, he is willing to buy enough legislators to elect a truly good and pious man to the United States senate.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal*.

—Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel failed to furnish a copy of her address delivered at the Free Thought congress for this number of the magazine. We hope to

be able to publish it in the February number.

—We are glad to learn Mr. Underwood is soon to make a lecturing tour through New England. Societies and communities between here and there who desire his services should at once correspond with him. His address is 2656 Evanston Ave., Chicago.

—The Boston Investigator, when Horace Seaver was editor, kept standing this motto: "Hear the other side." Those who read our editorial in this number of this Magazine on the Putnam-Collins tragedy must admit we have lived up to that motto. We have given much space to the "other side."

—We ask the reader to refer back to the December Magazine and read carefully our prospectus in that number for Vol. XV. On account of the space occupied in this number by the Putnam-Collins articles we have been unable as yet to fully carry out our new program.

—Bro. Moody's remark that the work on the Monday morning newspaper can just as well be done on Saturday as on Sunday illustrates the fact that the shoemaker should stick to his last and not meddle with things with which he is not familiar.—*Boston Herald*.

—"Anti-Vivisection," published at Aurora, Ill., by Mrs. Franchild Allen, is the organ of the Illinois Anti-Vivisection Society and it is a most valuable monthly magazine. Every lover of humanity should subscribe for it. The price is one dollar. Send ten cents for a sample copy.

—"The Open Court," decidedly the most scholarly Liberal publication in this country, is hereafter to be a monthly magazine about the size of the Free Thought Magazine. The price is but \$1.00 a year. Send ten cents to "The

Open Court Publishing Company," Chicago, for a sample copy.

—"The Independent Pulpit," of Waco, Texas, the December issue, we regret to learn, was burned up just as it was ready for mailing, causing a severe loss to the publishers. We hope our Liberal friends everywhere will rally to the support of that admirable magazine, one of the best liberal journals published.

—Helen, aged four, was spending a night away from home. At bedtime she knelt at her hostess' knee to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting. Finding her friend unable to help her out, she concluded thus: "Please, God, 'cuse me. I can't remember my prayers, and I'm staying with a lady that don't know any."—Clipped.

—"The Torch of Reason," the new Silverton Oregon Liberal paper appears to improve with every issue. Mr. J. E. Hosmer, the editor, evidently understands how to make a good paper and all that is needed now is for the Liberals through the country to give it a generous support. We earnestly request each of our readers to send fifty cents for a six months' trial of the paper.

—Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson was 73 years old last week, and his many friends will be glad to know that he has now so nearly recovered from the serious illness that afflicted him on his last birthday anniversary, and for months afterward, as to be able to follow his usual pursuits. This reminds us that Colonel Higginson once stated in our hearing that he was made an "Infidel" by reading a book entitled "The Evidences of Christianity."

—We have brought out three new pamphlets during the last thirty days, viz.: "Bible and Church Degrade Woman," by Mrs. Stanton; "Why an Expurgated Bible," by Rev. E. H. Keens, and a new edition of Ingersoll's noted address before the Unitarian Club of New York. We shall publish within a

few days a new edition of Col. Ingersoll's masterly address on Thomas Paine.

—Rev. George Brayton Penney of Freeport, Ill., will have a valuable article on "Prayer" in February Magazine. He is said to be the only minister in this country, who occupies a pulpit, who has entirely dispensed with prayer in his services. In other words he has concluded that if there be a God who runs this universe he will not undertake to instruct him as to his duty. A very sensible idea.

—At first we discouraged our Liberal friends of Silverton, Oregon, in their attempt to establish a Free Thought university, because we thought they could not succeed, but we notice they are bound to establish a school at once, and so we now advise Liberals everywhere to aid them all they can. The Western Liberals do not seem to have in their dictionary any such word as "failure." If we were to give any advice in the matter we would say for the present call the school a "Liberal Academy." A university is a very big thing.

—The account of the Putnam-Collins tragedy that appeared in the December "Independent Pulpit" is the best account of that sad and disgraceful calamity that we have read in any of the Liberal papers. Mr. Shaw seems to fully realize that the best way to escape the reprobation of the general public, is not to attempt to belittle the dishonor that it justly brings on the Liberal cause, but bravely acknowledge all the odium connected with it, and make the lesson one that shall tend to awaken the Liberals of the country to the importance of taking a much higher standard on all moral questions.

—"I believe I saw you coming out of a rum shop this afternoon," said the Rev. Mr. Wilgus.

"I guess you did," said the parishioner.

"On business, I may hope?"

"No; I will be candid with you. I went in to get a drink. You see, it was this way. I had a plugged quarter passed on me."

"Yes."

"And there are only two places a man can get rid of a plugged quarter—a church and a saloon. And of course I didn't want to pass it on the contribution box."

"Ah!"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

—A teacher was taking a class in the infant Sunday-school room and was making her scholars finish each sentence to show that they understood her. "The idol had eyes," the teacher said, "but it couldn't——"

"See," cried the children.

"It has ears, but it couldn't——"

"Hear," was the answer.

"It had lips," she said, "but it couldn't——"

"Speak," once more replied the children.

"It had a nose, but it couldn't——"

"Wipe it," shouted the children. And the lesson had to stop a moment.—*Tid-Bits*.

—It would seem from the following, from the Buffalo Express, that Evangelist Moody is not favorable to free discussion:

The challenge which the Manhattan Liberal Club sent to Dwight L. Moody for a debate on the subject of religion with a leading secularist seems to have considerably disturbed the revivalist. In his reply he said that there was but one side to religion, and that he would as soon discuss lying or adultery as infidelity. This answer has moved the club to send him a sharp letter. When he was seen by a reporter on Saturday he had not received it, but when told of its contents he became excited and gesticulated violently, declining, however, to enter upon a discussion on the subject. He thought

the debate would go on indefinitely, and therefore said he would not answer the letter.

—The National Bank of Illinois, of Chicago, closed its doors on December 21. In a report concerning the bank the "Chicago Record" said:

Cashier Carl Moll last night refused to make a statement. He said the committee had decided to refuse the clearing house privileges to the institution and the only thing left was to close the doors. He said he hoped, "by the grace of God, that the bank would pull through."

We knew that our silver dollars inform us that "In God we trust," but this is the first intimation we have had that God is running our banks. His special agents have not always proved themselves to be reliable cashiers. We shall watch the operations of "the grace of God" in helping out the National Bank with much interest.

—The Liberal Society of Peru, Ill., have what every Liberal society should have, a library of Free Thought and scientific books, and the librarian requests us to publish the following notice:

"The Peru Liberal Society is the recipient of a magnificent present in the shape of Liberal books, seventy in number, treating on Liberalism and scientific questions, well adapted for Liberal Sunday school children. The books are from a 'way down Eastern sympathizing friend, Mr. H. G. Loomis of Burlington, Vermont. These books are just what our young society needs for the propagation of Liberal ideas. Our society is very thankful to the generous donor. It is to be hoped that our library will be increased by similar donations from friends of the Liberal cause. I shall be pleased to loan any of the books to any one who cares to read them. Please to apply at my residence on any Thursday afternoon."

MRS. W. E. MOORE, Librarian.

—Boston, Jan. 10.—Rev. Dr. Thomas Baker, a noted Methodist minister of Chicago, aged 55 years, whose wife a few years ago obtained a divorce on the ground of adultery, and who has recently been addicted to strong drink, came to

this city a few days ago with a young sister in the church, under twenty years of age, for the purpose of starting a religious revival. Yesterday the minister took the young lady out to a wine supper, and this morning the clergyman and the young lady were found dead in the girl's bedroom with the door locked. There were two bottles of whisky and one bottle of benedictine in the room. They were fully dressed, lying side by side on the floor. The room was filled with gas from an open jet. The Methodist brethren insist there is nothing improper in the tragedy, that it is merely an accident caused by an imperfect gas jet. The Methodist clergy of the city will soon hold a memorial meeting in honor of the deceased, Rev. Dr. Baker.

If a notice like the above should appear in the secular journals of the country, what would the Free Thought journals have to say in relation to it?

—We do not think any person has ever been a great success who copied after some other man. It is only those who develop their own inherent powers who make their mark in the world. This is a lesson every young man should learn. E. P. Powell well says in "The New Unity":

I think we want more diversity. A rarely good friend of mine said to me, "I wish Ingersoll were more conservative—less of a destructive." I said, "I don't. The only trouble is with those fellows who try to be like Ingersoll; just as there were a dozen 'second Henry Ward Beechers' with only his cut of hair and slouch hat to secure the identity. Think of two George Washingtons or ten; or of two Benjamin Franklins, or ten." There are statesmen, of course, who could be repeated up to the million, and no one know it. "Breaking up averages," was the answer given by a college president to a man who asked him what he was driving at. "Breaking up averages." I find the most difficulty with a mere effort after uniformity. These young men ought to be induced to think for themselves.

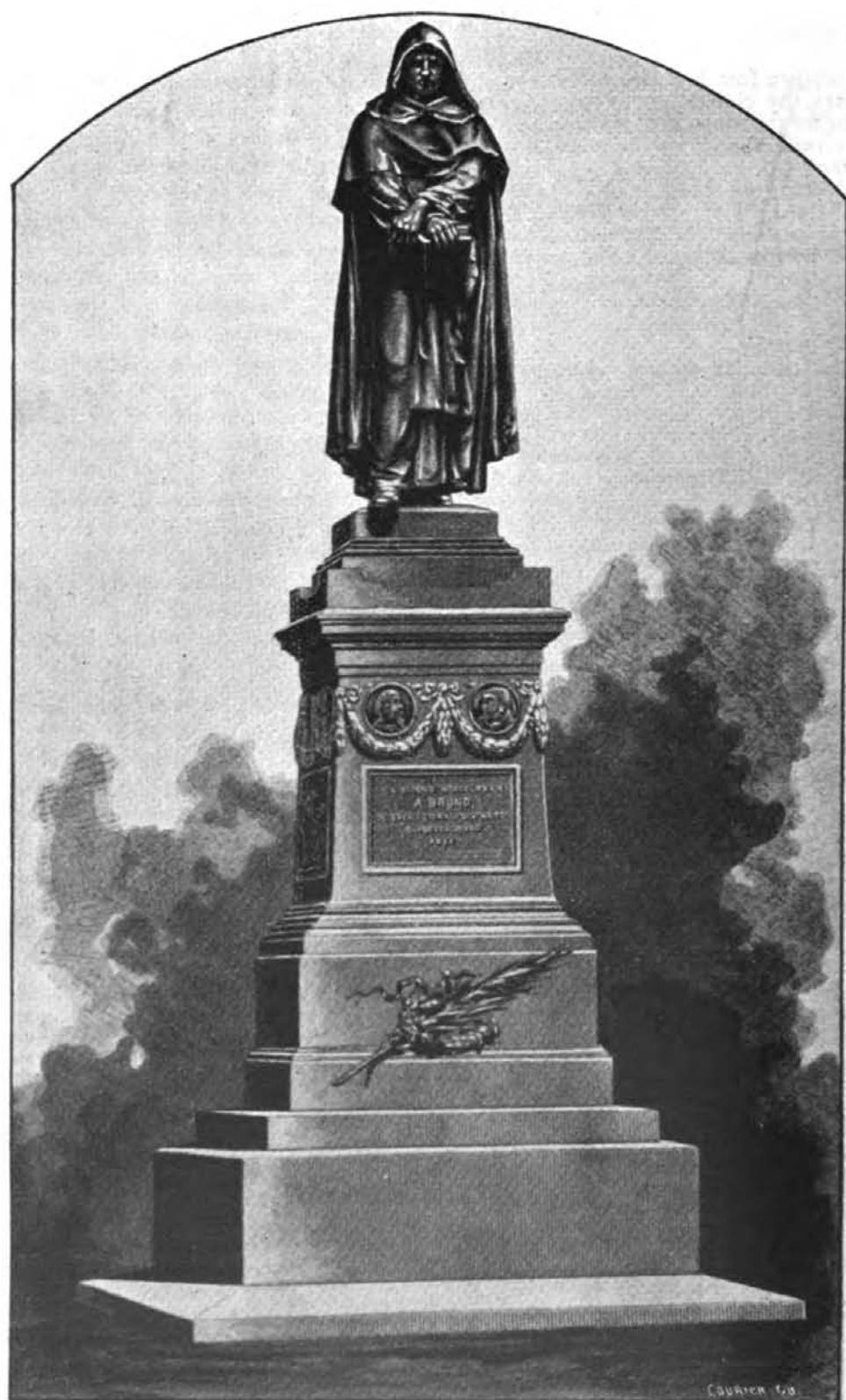
—Logansport, Ind., Dec. 16.—Jerry Cornell, a farmer, became violently insane while attending services at the Twelve-mile Church Sunday night. The

minister had preached to the middle of his discourse, when Cornell arose and began to exhort at the top of his voice. Striding to the pulpit, from which the preacher had retreated, the maniac mounted the platform and continued his wild ravings. Woman and children rushed frantically to the door, and several leaped through windows. Cornell is a powerful man six feet tall, and he dared any one to molest him. Twenty strong young farmers took lines from their horses, and, surrounding the lunatic, made a concerted rush. A terrible struggle in the pulpit ensued, but in the end Cornell was bound hand and foot and brought to Logansport. Cornell has gone insane over religion. During the previous attack he said he could kill his child and bring it to life again. He was preparing to test the matter when overpowered.

—George W. Foote, as reported in the Truth Seeker, just before leaving for home, gave the following admirable advice to American Free thinkers:

"Keep your Free Thought organization, as an organization, free from all other questions. To add, in this respect, is to take away. The more planks you have in your program, the fewer people can stand on it; for what a man objects to is as important (to him) as what he agrees with. Politicians know this well. They go in for a simple issue. Let us imitate them where they are wise. This does not interfere with individual freedom. Those who have special views of their own, in politics or sociology, should advocate them on their own responsibility, or through organizations formed to promote such objects. One thing at a time is the policy of wisdom and success."

If that advice had been practiced by Liberals in this country for the last ten years there would have been a powerful Secular National Society in this country that would have commanded the respect of every intelligent person. The dragging in of every irrelevant question has been the barrier to our success. Let us learn by experience.



BRUNO'S MONUMENT.

BARGAINS IN BOOKS.

We have on hand a limited number of copies of each of the books in this list. When our present stock is exhausted we can no longer supply them, hence those receiving the list should order at once to make sure of the books wanted.

Prices include postage.—If you order books to go by express, at your own expense, you may deduct twenty per cent.

No credit.—We do not open accounts for retail sales. If you wish books sent C. O. D., you must remit enough to cover expressage both ways.

*Books thus marked are shelf-worn; all others are in good condition.

AMERICAN NOVELS IN PAPER.

*The Auroraphone. By Cyrus Cole. A romance of the planet Saturn and Colorado. Adventure and philosophy pleasantly mingled; 249 pages, 10 cents.

The Beginning. A socialistic romance, with introductory letters by Judge Tuley, Rev. Dr. Thomas and others; 126 pages, 10 cents.

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*Jetta: A Story of the South. By Semrick; 196 pages, extra laid paper, 10 cents.

*A Modern Love Story: Which Does not End at the Altar. By Harriet E. Orcutt; 192 pages, extra laid paper, 10 cents.

A New Woman. By Jessie De Folliart Hamblin. A story of to-day; 205 pages, 10 cents.

*A Hopeless Case: The Remarkable Experience of an Unromantic Individual with a Romantic Name. By Luther H. Bickford; 146 pages, 10 cents.

Man or Dollar, Which? A story of the new nation that is coming in the twentieth century. 199 pages, 10 cents.

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*Paul St. Paul: A Son of the People. By Ruby Beryl Kyle; 275 pages, extra laid paper, with portrait; reduced from 50 cents to 10 cents.

*A Story from Pullmantown. By Nico Bech-Meyer; 110 pages, illustrated; single copies, 10 cents; 50 cents a dozen.

*The Last Tenet: Imposed Upon the Khan of Tomathoz. By Hudor Genone. Illustrated; 165 pages, 10 cents.

*The Garden of Eden, U. S. A. A Very Possible Story. By W. H. Bishop. A novel describing a plan of practical socialism without new legislation; 369 pages; reduced from 50 cents to 10 cents.

A full set of these fourteen books will be mailed to one address for one dollar. At retail prices they amount to \$4.50. Dealers and agents will find it profitable to take advantage of this offer.

AMERICAN NOVELS IN CLOTH.

Asleep and Awake. An anonymous novel of Chicago, pure in motive and action, yet turning a searchlight on some of Chicago's dark places; 40 cents.

A Modern Love Story, Which Does not End at the Altar. By Harriet E. Orcutt. A charming story throwing new light on the old question: "Is marriage a failure." Full of bright ideas on living topics; 60 cents.

*The Last Tenet. Imposed upon the Khan of Tomathoz. By Hudor Genone. Tells about an "elect" infant adopted by a missionary, and brought up to be saved; about his brother, a "non-elect" infant, adopted by a Buddhist monarch and brought up to be damned; about the conversion of the Khan to a religion which required him to forgive sins unto seventy times seven; about the pad on which he recorded trespasses until they reached 490—

all illustrated with exquisitely funny drawings. Reduced from \$1.25 to 50 cents; also a few paper copies at 20 cents.

*The Auroraphone. By Cyrus Cole. A story of Colorado and of the planet Saturn. The auroraphone was an instrument on which telegraphic communications were sent between the two. The story is most ingenious and entertaining, and the political and scientific theories received by auroraphone from Saturn are worthy of much thought and discussion; 40 cents.

A Siren's Son. By Susie Lee Bacon. A strong and realistic story by a southern writer. Retail price, \$1.00, a few copies offered at 40 cents.

Inquirendo Island. By Hudor Genone. A notable novel that has been enthusiastically praised or violently abused by most of the leading critics of the country. It is an allegory satirizing formalism and superstition in religion; 347 pages, 60 cents.

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FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1897.

THE POETS OF EVOLUTION.*

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

DARWIN was by no means the first author of the theory which bears his name. Like every great discovery in the domain of thought and science, it was in the air among thinkers long before his painstaking efforts established and formulated "the Development Theory," as it was formerly called.

Lamarck, Voltaire, Kant, Geoffrey de St. Hilaire, Goethe, and Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the poet grandfather of Charles, were among the precursors of the great scientist in belief in the evolution of man from the lower animals, and further back we trace the idea in the writings of Aristotle, in the doctrines of Epicurus, get hints of it in the Eleusinian mysteries, and find it fairly set forth in the great poem of Lucretius, who died a half-century before the Christian era.

As my paper has to deal solely with the poets of Evolution and mainly with those who embodied its possibilities in verse before the theory was accepted as a scientific truth, I shall not enter into any discussion in regard to these pioneer evolutionists, but will call your attention briefly to some poetic passages showing their composer's knowledge or belief in the process itself.

Titus Lucretius Carus, best known as Lucretius, was born in the year 99 and died in the year 55 before Christ. He was an earnest disciple of Epicurus, and left an enduring monument to himself in his great poem, "De Rerum Natura," which is said to have been written for the purpose of converting his friend, the poet Memmius, to the Epicurian philosophy. Though of noble birth and a contemporary of Cicero and Caesar, with all the opportunities for the attainment of wealth and power which were then open to a member of the Roman aristocracy, Lucretius led a life of contemplation and philosophic asceticism, preferring scholarly tranquillity and study to all the glittering glories of a martial career, such as the tempestuous period of civil war in which he lived offered to more worldly, ambitious men.

The poem which shows to later generations the fair and noble soul of him who composed it was written, as one of his translators says, "as a protest against the degrading influence of impure superstitions; against the sham and increasing degeneracy of society; against the

*Read before the Congress of Evolutionists, Chicago.

reckless, mad ambitions and ceaseless ferment of political life. In a period grossly material in tasks and enjoyments, when great fortunes were rapidly made and were ever bringing new luxuries in their train, it bids men take refuge and find true happiness in higher things; in pleasures of the soul rather than the body," and this is true in spite of the fact that Lucretius believed and taught that the soul of man is mortal, and though he missed the divine, spiritual meaning of the law of Evolution which later Emerson so fully caught and emphasized in his teachings. It is in the fifth book of his review of nature that Lucretius brings out as a logical conclusion derived from the study of natural phenomena the evolutionary processes through which all material things progress, though the idea runs all through the great work. I can here only quote a few characteristic passages:

"I treat of things abstruse—the Deity,
The vast and steady motions of the sky;
The rise of things, how curious Nature joins
The various seed, and in one mass combines
The jarring principles; what new supplies
Bring nourishment and strength; how she unties
The Gordian knot and the poor compound dies;
Of what she makes, to what she breaks the frame
Called seeds or principles, tho' either name
We use promiscuously, the thing's the same."

That he believed in special creation of species is shown, however, in what follows:

"Since constant Nature all things breeds
From matter fitly joined with proper seeds,
Their various shapes, their different properties,
Is plain cause why all from all can't rise;
Wherefore 'tis better to conclude there are
Many first common bodies everywhere
Which joined, as letters words, do things compose,
Than that from nothing everything arose."

He shows how imperceptibly changes are made in nature and man, and how powerful the unseen forces of the universe may be, as follows:

"Know there are bodies which no eye can see
But yet from their effects must granted be.
For first the winds disturb the seas, and tear
The stoutest ships and chase clouds through the air.

* * * * *

The numerous odors, too, whose smells delight
And please the nose, are all too thin for sight,
We view not heat, nor sharpest colds which wound
The tender nerves, nor can we see a sound.
Yet these are bodies, for they move the sense
And straight sweet pleasures, or quick pains commence

Drops wear out stones; and whilst we plough, the share
 Grows less; the streets by often treading wear;
 Besides, none, not the sharpest eye, e'er sees
 What parts to make things grow by just degrees
 Nature doth add, nor what she takes away
 When Age steals softly on and things decay."

He traces the gradual development of the race from savagery to civilization, very clearly, thus:

"First men content with the poor easy store
 That sun and earth bestowed, they wish no more.
 Soft acres were their first and chiefest food,
 And those red apples that adorn the wood.

* * * * *

When thirsty then did purling stream invite
 To satisfy their eager appetite.

* * * * *

Then strong and swift they did the beasts pursue
 Their arms were stones and clubs and some they slew.

* * * * *

Then poisonous herbs when plucked by chance did kill
 Now poisoning's grown an art improved by skill.
 Then neighbors, by degrees familiar grown,
 Made leagues and bonds and each secured his own;
 And then by signs and broken words agreed
 That they would keep, preserve, defend, and feed
 Defenseless infants and the women, too,
 As natural pity prompted them to do."

In view of the tardiness which orthodox science has shown in reaching like conclusions in regard to the evolution of language, it seems wonderful to find a thinker of the time of Lucretius making so accurate a guess as this in regard to its evolution.

"Kind Nature power of framing sounds affords
 To man, and then convenience taught us words,
 As infants now, for want of words, devise
 Expressive signs. They speak with hands and eyes;
 Their speaking hand the want of words supplies.
 And then, since beasts and birds, tho' dumb, commence
 As various voices as their various sense,
 How easy was it then for men to frame,
 And give each different thing a different name!"

He accounts for the knowledge of the use of fire in making food more palatable, thus:

"Now for the rise of fire: swift thunder thrown
 From broken sulphurous cloud first brought it down

Or the sun first taught them to prepare their meat,
Because they had observed his quickening heat."

Following this he indicates the causes which led to commercial activity and the accumulation of wealth, the wars following, and the evolution therefrom of government and laws, by which peace could be maintained. Then he traces the rise of the religious sentiment in this wise:

"Why do all bow to somewhat as divine?
Why every nation hath its proper shrine?
Why all do temples build—why altars raise?
And why all sacrifice on sacred days?
How this diffused, this lasting fame was spread
Of powers above? Whence came that awful dread?
In heaven they placed their seat, their stately throne,
For there the sun, the stars, and various moon,
And day and night their constant courses run
And hail, and rain, and through a broken cloud
Swift lightning flies, and thunder roars aloud.

* * * * *

Beside when winds grow high, when storms increase
And scatter warlike navies through the seas;
When men for battle armed must now engage
A stronger foe, and fight the waters' rage,
Doth not the trembling general prostrate fall
And beg a calm o' the gods, or prosperous gale?
In vain—the storms drive on, no offering saves.
All, shipwrecked, drink cold death among the waves.
And hence we fancy unseen powers in things
Whose force and will such strange confusion brings.
Again, when earthquakes shake this mighty ball
And tottering cities fall, or seem to fall;
What then if men, defenceless men, despise
Their own weak selves, and look with anxious eyes
For present help and pity from the skies?
What wonder if they think some powers control
And gods with mighty force do rule the whole!"

I have not time to quote further, but have offered sufficient to show that the theory of Evolution is very clearly foreshadowed by this great thinker, who wrote before the time of Christ.

Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of the great naturalist, was born in 1731 and died in 1802, before the birth of his famous grandson, of whom he was a fitting progenitor. He stood very high in his profession as a physician, but he was besides a naturalist, a philosopher and a poet of no mean ability. He was the author of the "Botanic Garden," a poetical treatise on botany, which he published in 1793, and which attained considerable popularity; also, "The Tem-

ple of Nature," a poem published in 1802, which embodied some of the leading ideas of the Evolution theory since demonstrated more clearly and fully through the life work of Charles Darwin. It is to this poem I wish to draw attention, though he had written a prose work earlier in which he presented his views in a more scientific way. Haeckel says that at that time, though the question of the descent of man was being discussed by German and French thinkers, in England, almost the only naturalist to do so was Erasmus Darwin. In 1795 he published, under the title of *Zo-onomia, or the Laws of Organic Life*," a scientific work in which he expresses views very similar to those of Goethe and Lamarck without, however, knowing anything about these two men. "It is evident," says Haeckel, "that the theory of descent pervaded the intellectual atmosphere. Erasmus Darwin lays great stress upon the transformation of animal and vegetable species by their own vital action and by their becoming accustomed to changed conditions of existence," etc. Of "The Temple of Nature," its author in the preface says: "The poem which is here offered to the public does not pretend to instruct by deep researches of reasoning; its aim is simply to amuse by bringing distinctly to the imagination the beautiful and sublime images of the operations of Nature in the order, as the author believes, in which the progressive course of time presented them." The poem opens thus:

"By firm immutable immortal laws,
Impressed on Nature by the Great First Cause,
Say, Muse! How rose from elemental strife,
Organic forms and kindled into life?"

The beginning of worlds is pictured thus:

"Ere Time began, from flaming Chaos hurl'd,
Rose the bright spheres which form the circling world,
Earths from each sun with quick explosions burst,
And second planets issued from the first.
Then, whilst the sea at their coeval birth,
Surge over surge involved the shoreless earth,
Nursed by warm sunbeams in primeval caves,
Organic life began beneath the waves."

After describing minutely the protoplasmic beginnings of life, he declares his belief in spontaneous generation.

"Hence, without parent, by spontaneous birth,
Rise the first specks of animated earth,
From Nature's womb the plant or insect swims,
And buds or breathes with microscopic limbs."

Pages of descriptive verse, interlarded profusely with scientific notes, explain the varying processes of development toward man which he sums up in these words:

"Organic life beneath the shoreless waves
 Was born and nursed in Ocean's pearly caves;
 First forms minute, unseen by spheric glass,
 Move on the mud, or pierce the watery mass;
 These as successive generations bloom,
 New powers acquire and larger limbs assume;
 Whence countless groups of vegetation spring,
 And breathing realms of fin, and feet, and wing."

The dawn of emotion and reason in man is sketched in this charming way:

"Next the long nerves unite their silver train,
 And young sensation permeates the brain;
 Through each new sense the keen emotions dart,
 Flush the young cheek, and swell the throbbing heart.
 From pain and pleasure quick volitions rise,
 Lift the strong arm, or point the inquiring eyes;
 With Reason's light bewildered Man direct,
 And Right and Wrong with balance nice detect.
 Last in thick swarms associations spring,
 Thoughts join to thoughts, to motions—motions cling;
 Whence in long trains of catenation flow,
 Imagined joy, and voluntary woe."

So through the long processes of ages, Dr. Darwin concludes that,

"Imperious man, who rules the bestial crowd,
 Of language, reason, and reflecting proud,
 With brow erect, who scorns this earthy sod,
 And styles himself the image of his God:
 Arose from rudiments of form and sense,
 An embryo point, or microscopic ens!"

The beginning of worlds is pictured thus:

"From the dumb gesture first the exchange began
 Of viewless thought in bird, and beast, and man.

* * * * *

Thus the first language when we frowned or smiled
 Rose from the cradle, Imitation's child:
 Next to each thought associate sound accords,
 And forms the dulcet symphony of words;
 The tongue, the lips, articulate; the throat
 With soft vibration modulates the note;
 Love, pity, war, the shout, the song, the prayer,
 Form quick concussions of elastic air.
 Hence the first accents bear in airy rings,
 The vocal symbols of ideal things."

Dr. Darwin describes at considerable length the struggle for existence among men and the lower forms of life. He begins thus:

"Herb, shrub, and tree, with strong emotions rise
 For light and air, and battle in the skies:
 Whose roots, diverging with opposing toil,
 Contend below for moisture, and for soil:
 Round the tall elm, the flattering ivies bend,
 And strangle as they clasp their struggling friend.

* * * * *

Dense shadowy leaves on stems aspiring borne
 With blight and mildew thin the realms of corn."

His conclusions in regard to the creation of the world are at last optimistically summed up in these words:

"—High in golden characters record
 The immense munificence of Nature's Lord!
 He gives and guides the sun's attractive force
 And steers the planets in their silver course.
 With heat and light revives the golden day,
 And breathes his spirit on organic clay.
 With hand unseen directs the general cause
 By firm, immutable, immortal laws."

More widely known than Erasmus Darwin was his distinguished contemporary Goethe, whose advanced views on Evolution were, however, very much the same. Goethe was not only a prophetic poet of Evolution, but himself contributed a most important link in the scientific demonstration of the truth of that theory by his discovery of the inter-maxillary bone of the human upper jaw which attests the continuity of the organic development between animals and man.

Although unaware at that time of Darwin's later discoveries in regard to the forces which worked toward variation in species, yet he held to the most advanced theories of his time, and in the dispute which broke out in 1830 in the French Academy between the two eminent naturalists, Cuvier and Geoffrey de St. Hilaire on the question of the mutability of species in which Geoffrey represented the theory of natural development and the monistic conception of nature, Goethe, then in his eighty-first year, took the deepest interest, siding with Geoffrey. How intense that interest was is shown by an anecdote related by one of his intimate friends under date of August 2d, 1830. He writes: "The news of the outbreak of the revolution of July arrived in Weimar today and has caused general excitement. In the course of the afternoon I went to Goethe. "Well!" he exclaimed as I entered, "What do you think of this great event? The volcano has burst forth, all is in flames, and there are no more negotiations behind closed doors." "A dreadful affair!" I answered, "but what else could be expected under the circumstances, and with such a ministry, except that it end in the expulsion of the present royal family?" "We do not seem to understand each other, my dear friend," replied Goethe, "I am not speaking of these people at all; I am interested in something very

different, I mean the dispute between Cuvier and Geoffrey de St. Hilaire, which has broken out in the academy, and which is of such great importance to science."

In the "Metamorphosis of Animals," written in 1819, occurs the following passage after a description of the contrast between two different organic constructive forms, which, opposed to each other, by their inter-action determine the form of the organism.

"All members develop themselves according to eternal laws,
And the rarest form mysteriously preserves the primitive type.
Form therefore determines the animal's way of life
And in turn the way of life powerfully acts upon all form.
Thus the orderly growth of form is seen to hold,
Whilst yielding to change from externally acting causes."

"In the 'Metamorphosis of Plants,' which appeared in 1790," says Haeckel, "Goethe embodied the mature product of his botanical studies, which engaged his serious attention during many years; in this poem he deduces the whole wealth of forms in the vegetable world from one single proto-plant, and makes all its different organs come into being through manifold transformation and process of development on the part of one single fundamental organ, the leaf. This poem is in point of fact the first attempt ever made to refer the endless multiplicity of individual vegetable forms to one common original type.

Goethe sums up the lesson he wished to convey through this metamorphosis in plant life in these words:

"Every plant unto thee proclaiming the laws everlasting,
Every floweret speaks louder and louder to thee;
But if thou here canst decipher the mystic words of the goddess
Everywhere will they be seen e'en tho' the features are changed
Creeping insects may linger, the eager butterfly hasten,
Plastic and forming, may man change e'en the figure decreed!"

His poems in many places hint of his views on the theory of Nature's law of development from the lower to the higher, but I have not time to quote freely. In his lines to the "Proteus Delphis," he says:

"Through myriad forms of being wending,
To be a man in time thou'lt rise."

Somewhat in the same trend of thought with Emerson's metaphor of man mounting through spiral rings is this from Goethe's "Boundaries of Humanity:"

"Small is the ring
Enclosing our life
And whole generations
Link themselves firmly
On to Existence's
Chain never ending."

And somewhat similar is this sentence: "The Wish of Love which raises one to the All, the Present to the Eternal, the fleeting to the everlasting—that to fulfill is her godlike office."

And the manifest intention of the whole poem of *Faust* is to portray evolution in character—a spiritual unfolding and development through spiritual forces working in man's nature.

It has been an error on the part of some of the admirers of that admirable soul, Ralph Waldo Emerson, to claim for his wonderful poetic and spiritual insight the discovery of the law of Evolution, anterior to the carefully worked out discoveries of the patient scientist, Charles Darwin. No one would more readily disclaim any such claim than Emerson himself had he known of it. The law of Evolution was not the discovery of either Emerson or Darwin, as I have already shown. It was guessed at and partially known and understood many years before either of these grand souls was born on this sphere. Darwin's chief discovery was not the law of evolution from lower forms of life and intelligence to higher, but the great part which the law of "Natural Selection" plays in that evolution. But Emerson's highly receptive mind, always open and hospitable to truth, was among the first to welcome and acknowledge a law which made harmonious the bond between the physical and spiritual, and he was among the first to proclaim the relation thus shown between the two.

James Eliott Cabot in his *Life of Emerson* says he was very early interested in the development theories of Lamarck and others, of which he was cognizant from the beginning, and he quotes from a lecture delivered by Emerson in 1833 on "The Relation of Man to the Globe," the following passage, remarkable in its intuitive acceptance of the Evolution theory at so early a date: "The most surprising, I may say the most sublime, fact," says Emerson, "is that man is no upstart in the creation, but had been prophesied in Nature for a thousand thousand ages before he appeared; that from times incalculably remote there has been a progressive preparation for him, an effort to produce him; the meaner creatures containing the elements of his structure and pointing at it from every side. * * * His limbs are only a more exquisite organization—say rather the finish—of the rudimental forms that have been already sweeping the sea, and creeping in the mud; the brother of his hand is even now cleaving the Arctic Sea in the fin of the whale, and innumerable ages since was pawing the marsh in the flipper of the saurian."

From that time on Emerson's soul was open to the possibilities underlying and outcoming from the theory of the progressive evolution of earth and man, and in his poetry we find henceforward the Evolution theory cropping out everywhere. In "Wood Notes," contributed to the "Dial" in 1839-40, we find the following:

"Sweet the genesis of things,
Of tendency through endless ages,
Of star-dust and star-pilgrimages,
Of rounded worlds of space and time
Of the flood's subsiding slime,
Of chemic matter, force and form,

Of poles and powers, cold, wet and warm;
 The rushing metamorphosis
 Dissolving all that fixture is,
 Melts things that be to things that seem,
 And solid Nature to a dream."

And this:

"Onward and onward the eternal Pan
 Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
 Halteth never in one shape,
 But forever doth escape
 Like wave or flame into new forms
 Of germ and air, of plants and worms."

* * * * *

And again:

"He is the essence that inquires
 He is the axis of the star;
 He is the sparkle of the spar;
 He is the heart of every creature
 He is the meaning of each feature,
 And his mind is the sky
 Than all it holds more deep, more high."

Then comes the acknowledgment of universal law:

"For the world was built in order;
 And the atoms march in tune,
 Rhyme the pipe, and Time the warder,
 The Sun obeys them and the Moon.
 Orb and atom forth they prance
 When they hear from far the rune."

Prefaced to his essay on Nature was the following formula of man's being:

"A subtle chain of countless rings,
 The next unto the farthest brings:
 The eye reads omens where it goes
 And speaks all languages the rose;
 And striving to be man, the worm
 Mounts through all the spires of form."

An acknowledgment of the oneness of man's spiritual with his physical evolution is contained in this extract:

"The history of Nature from first to last is incessant advance from less to more, from rude to finer organizations, the globe of matter thus conspiring with the principle of undying hope in man."

That the Evolution theory conveyed to his loving soul the most optimistic views of being as a whole, we perceive from this:

"If one shall read the future of the race hinted in the organic effort of Nature to mount and meliorate, and the corresponding impulse to the better in the human being, we shall dare affirm that there is noth-

ing he will not overcome and convert until at last culture shall absorb the chaos and Gehenna. He will convert the Furies into Muses and hells into benefits."

I would refer you also to his poem on "Wealth" for a summary of evolutionary processes, too long here to quote, beginning:

"Who shall tell what did befall
Far away in time when once
Over the lifeless ball
Hung idle stars and suns."

In the "Ode to Bacchus" he says that while drinking "wine that music is" he hopes he

"Shall hear far Chaos talk with me,
Kings unborn shall walk with me,
And the poor grass shall plot and plan
What it will do when it is man."

In various other of his poems and essays does Emerson voice his belief in Evolution and the promise and potency of things, but the limits of this paper forbid further quotation.

Tennyson early accepted the current though vaguely defined theories regarding man's development, though he did not often embody them in his verse. Still even previous to the publication of Darwin's first startling book on the subject, "The Origin of Species," which appeared in 1859, traces may be found of his acceptance of the man's ideas as when in "Locksley Hall," first published in 1842, he declares:

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

And again, in "The Two Voices," published at the same time, a hint of Evolution is held in the words:

"Or if through lower lives I came
Tho' all experience past became
Consolidate in mind and frame."

And also in this:

"Forerun thy peers, thy time, and let
Thy feet, millenniums hence, be set
In midst of knowledge dreamed not yet.
Thou hast not gained a real height
Nor art thou nearer to the light
Because the scale is infinite."

A happier note in the same trend is struck in "In Memoriam," published in 1850, still nine years previous to the great Evolution agitation which set the scientific and religious world in a ferment. In this he writes:

"—They say
The solid earth whereon we tread,

In tracts of fluent heat began
 And grew to seeming random forms
 The seeming prey of cyclic storms
 Till at the last arose the man;
 Who throve and branched from clime to clime
 The herald of a higher race,
 And of himself in higher place
 If so he type his work of time
 Within himself, from more to more;
 Or crowned with attributes of woe
 Like glories, move his course and show
 That life is not as idle ore,
 But iron dug from central gloom
 And heated hot with burning fears,
 And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
 And battered with the shocks of doom.
 To shape and use. Arise and fly
 The reeling Faun, the sensual feast
 Move upward, working out the beast
 And let the ape and tiger die."

Those whose hearts and hopes had been uplifted by such thoughts as these written by the poet-laureate in earlier years felt inclined to shrink shiveringly as at a blow from the hand of a friend from the spirit of pessimism shown in his "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," in words like these:

"Is there evil but on earth? Or pain on every peopled sphere?
 Well, be grateful for the sounding watchword 'Evolution,' here
 And Reversion, ever dragging Evolution in the mud."

But even in this poem a higher chord is struck in the following:

"Only that which made us, meant us to be mightier by and by,
 Set the sphere of all the boundless heavens within the human eye;
 Sent the shadow of himself, the Boundless, through the human soul;
 Boundless inward in the atom; boundless outward in the whole."

It was in 1851 when the woman poet and author whom we know best under the name of George Eliot was assistant editor of the *Westminster Review* and an inmate of the home of Mr. Chapman, the editor in chief, that she first became acquainted with Herbert Spencer and through him with George Henry Lewes. It was doubtless through these friendships and about this time that she became interested in those scientific investigations in regard to the laws of man's development and being, the philosophical speculations concerning which became afterward interwoven in all her writings.

In 1852 she writes to a friend in a private letter: "Is it not cheering to think of the youthfulness of this little planet, and the immensely greater youthfulness of our race upon it? To think that the higher

moral tendencies of human nature are yet only in their germ?" It was not until 1859 that Darwin's work "The Genesis of Species" came out, but when George Eliot read it she called it "an epoch-making book."

In her prose writings is especially seen her strong belief in Evolution and all that it promises to humanity, but I confine myself to extracts from her poems showing that faith. In "A Minor Prophet" occur these lines:

"I too rest in faith
That man's perfection is the crowning flower
Toward which the urgent sap in life's great tree
Is pressing—seen in puny blossoms now,
But in the world's great morrows to expand
With broadest petal and with deepest glow."

"A College Breakfast Party" consists mainly of a discussion in regard to Evolutionary theories. One of the characters therein discourses thus:

"Admit at least
A possible better in the seeds of earth;
Acknowledge debt to that laborious life
Which sifting evermore the mingled seeds
Testing the Possible with patient skill
And daring ill in presence of a good
For futures to inherit."

Again:

"Do boards and dirty-handed millionaires
Govern the planetary system? Sway
The pressure of the Universe—decide
That man henceforth shall retrogress to ape
Emptied of every sympathetic thrill
The All has wrought up in him?"

"How I pray
Are Odors made, if not by gradual change
Of sense or substance? Is your beautiful
A seedless, rootless flower, or has it grown
With human growth which means the rising sun
Of human struggle, order, knowledge? Sense
Trained to a fuller record, more exact,—
To truer guidance of each passionate force?
Get me your roseate flesh without the blood;
Get fine aromas without structure, wrought
From simpler being into manifold;
Then and then only flaunt your beautiful
As what can live apart from thought, creeds, states,
Which mean life's structure * * *

Say you object:
How came you by that lofty dissidence
If not through changes in the social man

Widening his consciousness from here and now
 To larger wholes beyond the reach of sense;
 Controlling to a fuller harmony
 The thrill of passion, and the rule of fact;
 And paling false ideals in the light
 Of full-rayed sensibilities which blend
 Truth and desire? Taste, beauty, what are they
 But the soul's choice toward perfect bias wrought
 By finer balance of a fuller growth.
 Sense brought to subtlest metamorphosis
 Through love, thought, joy—the general human store
 Which grows from all life's functions? As the plant
 Holds its corolla, purple, delicate,
 Solely as outflash of that energy
 Which moves transformingly in root and branch."

Her poem "The Spanish Gipsy," like "Daniel Deronda," was written mainly to show the influence of heredity in the evolution of character. Speaking of this poem she says: "I saw it might be taken as a symbol of the part which is played in the general human lot by hereditary conditions in the largest sense, and of the fact that what we call duty is entirely made up of such conditions."

From this poem I take this comprehensive summary of the thought pervading the whole work:

"What! shall the trick of nostrils and of lips
 Descend through generations, and the soul
 That moves within our frame like God in worlds
 Imprint no record, leave no documents
 Of her great history? Shall men bequeath
 The fancies of their palate to their sons,
 And shall the shudder of restraining awe,
 The slow-wept tears of contrite memory,
 Faith's prayerful labor, and the food divine
 Of fasts ecstatic—shall these pass away
 Like wind upon the waters tracklessly?"

Describing the wonderful genius of a musician in "The Spanish Gipsy," she says he played with rarest skill,

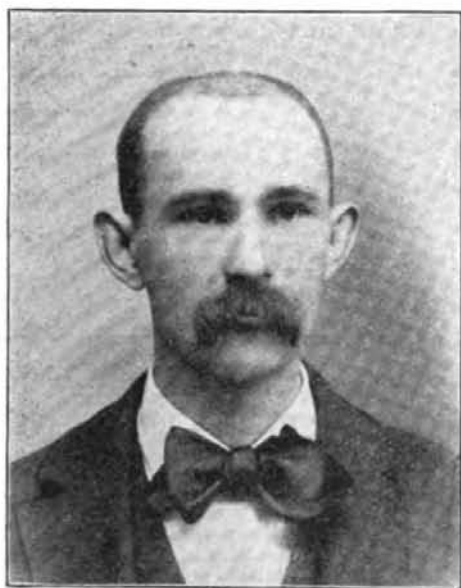
"That Pablo half had caught
 From an old, blind and wandering Catolan,
 The other half was rather heritage
 From treasure stored by generations past
 In winding chambers of receptive sense."

I have not in this paper taken into consideration the manifold uses made by our younger poets of the conception of Evolution in their work, but have confined myself to those who, prior to its demonstrated truth through the painstaking efforts of scientists like Darwin, Wallace, Huxley and others, had caught a foregleam of its possibilities and promise for man's temporal and spiritual future.

ALFRED DE VIGNY.

BY WILLIAM HALE.

FOR a long while it was the fashion in writing biography to give an extended catalogue of the hero's ancestry. Today this practice has fallen into disuse and we care little for what a man's fathers did and a great deal more for what he did himself. Alfred de Vigny recog-



WM. HALE.

nized this fact when he said that his nocturnal steps had been plunged into the vaults of his ancestors, that he had opened their parchments, searched their urns, but that scarcely a spark has shone in the ashes, and that if he wrote their history they would descend from him. Napoleon said something similar when some officious courtiers tried to trace his descent back to a princely line. The man of genius stands in no need of a noble ancestry; his fame is all the greater if he is the first to render his name illustrious.

Alfred de Vigny was born at Loches, March 27, 1797. When quite young he was taken to Paris and placed in college. It was at the time when Napoleon was surrounded by that dazzling aureole of glory reflected by the sun of Austerlitz. The young Vigny forgot Tacitus and Plato to cry: *Vive l'Empereur*. He himself says: "Our study rooms resembled barracks, our recreations maneuvers, and our examinations reviews. I was seized at this time with a truly unbounded love for the glory of arms."

At sixteen this passion had reached such a height that he left his parents no rest until they had permitted him to abandon his classes and enter the army.

It was in 1814. The empire was no more. Napoleon was at Elba and Louis XVIII. was on the throne.

Alfred de Vigny enlisted in the king's military household and, in spite of his extreme youth, was immediately provided with a commission of sub-lieutenant in the noble squadron of the Red Gendarmes. Eight days later, though suffering much from a wound in the leg, the young guard was riding over the route to Gaud, behind the berlin of Louis XVIII., and during the Hundred Days he followed the fate of the exiled court.

It was to this experience of the life of a soldier that we owe the three stories which form the collection entitled: *Servitude et Grandeur Militaires*.

Alfred de Vigny remained in the army up to 1827. During this time he composed those charming poems of Moses and Eloa. Much of them was composed in the long marches to which Vigny as a soldier was subject. He simply let the verses run through his mind and jotted them down at the end of his journey.

He also found time while in the army to compose his historical romance of *Cinq Mars*, having for its theme that somber tragedy of the latter years of the reign of Louis XIII. This novel was the first introduction into France of that class of fiction which Walter Scott had made so popular in England. We cannot say that it was a highly successful effort, though it had its hour of vogue. It had the cold severity of historical narrative without the animation which Scott and Dumas lend to their productions. No wonder that it is scarcely read today.

Within a year after Vigny quitted the army he married an Englishwoman, Lydia Bunbury. They were totally unlike each other in character, but they managed to live together very happily for thirty years—at least, no domestic misunderstanding came to ruffle their serenity. Vigny was not faithful to her, but he seemed to have treated her the more kindly on that account. He felt, perhaps, that he owed her a recompense for his infidelity and showed her the more consideration the more he found himself guilty.

It was toward the end of 1830 that he became so passionately in love with Marie Dowal. This episode left a great sorrow in his life. It was similar to that which afterwards blighted the talent of Alfred de Musset, and Marie Dowal was only another George Sand.

The effects of this liaison were seen in that long silence to which Vigny condemned himself in his last years. He put into practice that strong sentiment which he has expressed so eloquently:

Silence alone is great; all the rest is weakness.

He retired to his beautiful estate in Charente and there spent the rest of his life, with his wife for sole companion. For a long time preceding his death he suffered inexpressible torment from a cancer, and describes it as "a struggle with that vulture bequeathed to me by Prometheus." His body ceased to suffer on September 17, 1863.

The prose works of Alfred de Vigny will hardly endure for any great length of time. His romance of *Cinq Mars* and his shorter stories are beautiful models of a chaste style, but they can hardly be expected to move the children of a century which calls for something more thoroughly human and less cold and impassioned.

But as a poet he has a unique place in the world's literature and will not soon be dislanted. His view of life was distinctly original and in keeping with the serene elevation of a man who moved in the purest ether of great thought. He never raved even when expressing the most somber and melancholy moods of his heart. He exercised the most admirable self restraint, the most perfect literary taste, of any poet of modern times. But at the same time he clothed his thoughts with a power which all the word painting of his fellows never equaled.

His "Journal of a Poet" contains reflections, ideas, which prove his kinship to the greatest philosophers and thinkers of the centuries. Pascal has not surpassed him in intensity and truth. Leopardi has not carried further the genius of pessimism and despair.

Listen to these poignant cries from a great heart:

"I feel upon my head the weight of a condemnation which I undergo always, O Lord! but, ignorant of the fault and the process of condemnation, I submit to my prison. I thresh straw here to forget it sometimes; to this all human toil is limited. I am resigned to every evil and I bless you at the end of each day when it has passed without a misfortune."

"Condemned to death, condemned to life—these are the two certainties. Condemned to lose those whom we love and to see them become dead bodies, condemned to be ignorant of the past and the future of humanity and to think of it always! But why this condemnation? You will never know it. The papers in the great action have been burnt; it is useless to seek them."

"How kind is God, what an admirable jailer, who sows so many flowers in the court-yard of our prison! There are some (would you believe it?) to whom the prison becomes so dear, that they fear to be

delivered from it! What then is that admirable and consoling mercy which renders the punishment so sweet to us?"

When he turns to poetry, as in the "Mount of Olives," we find a still more eloquent expression of those inscrutable enigmas which seem to present no solution in this world. He desires to know

If the just and the good, injustice and wrong,
Are vile accidents in a fatal circle
Or if they are the two great poles of the universe
Sustaining earth and heaven upon their vast shoulders.

* * * * *

And if the nations are women, guided
By the golden stars of divine ideas,
Or mad children without lamps in the night,
Running against each other and weeping and guided by nothing;
And if, when the perishable clock of time
Shall have poured out its last grain of sand,
A look from your eyes, a cry from your voice,
A sigh from my heart, a sign from my cross,
Can open the claws of the eternal Pains;
Make them release their human prey and fold their wings.

These words are placed in the mouth of Jesus as He wanders among the rocks of Gethsemane. But God remains mute and the Divine Son hears Judas prowling in the shadow.

Alfred de Vigny moved through life like a dreamer who valued his dream far more than he did the things of reality. This was why Marie Dowal failed to appreciate him—and shall we not say that she was right. On still another occasion he gave a striking evidence of his naivete and lack of knowledge concerning the affairs of everyday life. It was when he addressed himself to the electors of his district and announced his candidacy for the National Assembly. To an American the humor of the thing will be still more apparent. Among other things he said: "I shall not go, dear fellow citizens, to ask you for your votes. I shall only come to pay a visit to our beautiful Charente after your decree has been rendered. In my thought, the people are sovereign judges who ought not to let themselves be approached by solicitors and whom it is necessary to respect in order not to attempt to attract or seduce them." The appreciation shown of this method of electioneering will be apparent when we state that the "sovereign judges" did not give him ten votes.

There was nothing in Alfred de Vigny's character to command the sincere affection of his contemporaries. He never enjoyed the same measure of passionate esteem which was accorded to Victor Hugo and Theophile Gautier. These men kept in touch with their brothers in literature and art while Vigny studiously avoided them. He had some friendships of a cold and colorless kind. Sainte-Beuve and he were on good terms. Generally speaking, however, he was isolated from the men of his time. But in literature we care nothing for a man's personality otherwise than as it is revealed in his works. Judged in this way, Vigny possessed a great soul. The author of *Eloa* stands side by side with Lucretius, one of the great figures of antique Rome.

HON. D. K. TENNEY ON THE BOSTON TRAGEDY.

EDITOR Free Thought Magazine: Until I read your editorial in the January number touching the mysterious death of Mr. Putnam and Miss Collins, I had no suspicion that there was an entangling alliance between Free Thought and Free Love. With your better information on that subject, I desire heartily to commend your brave and timely exposition and reproof. I had supposed that Free Love and free lust had well nigh passed away with those favorites of the Lord, the concubinal patriarchs of old. But they seem to linger still. Parasites always incline to cling to healthy bodies and cranks to train in good society. Decent people should comb out the one and kick out the other. Our Christian friends claim that all manner of sins can be forgiven by a change of opinion and occasionally restore to grace even murderers on the scaffold. Men of independent thought perform no such tricks and reject all such pretensions. With us conduct is all that counts. The highest civilization teaches that the family relation, pure and undefiled, best conduces to the happiness of the race, and that Free Love, persisted in, "lays hold on hell." If, in the American Secular Union, as you intimate, a lecherous element has crept in, the Association needs to be reorganized upon the basis of virtue and rectitude. Yours truly,

Coronado Beach, Cal., Feb. 1st.

D. K. TENNEY.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

DR. WETMORE'S OPINION.

O H, my dear Green, how could you be so cruel as to drive so far out into the sea of oblivion those beautiful silver-lined and golden-tinted clouds, which my mind's eye had woven into halos crowning the memories of the late hero and heroine! Iconoclastic as you are, I have always noticed that you build a la Whittier.

" 'Twas but the ruin of the bad,
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still."

For my own part, I had much rather have remained in ignorance of the facts which the "Discordant Voice" has revealed; and probably there are many of the intelligent readers of your excellent Magazine who feel the same.



DR. S. W. WETMORE.

As a prominent exponent, however, of rational thought, and teacher of morality, you did your duty and embellished the old expression, "Vincet omnia veritas."

The facts you so truthfully and plainly depicted proved hostile to the ambiguity that was holding sway, and your mighty columbiad belched streams of kinetic energy which should enlighten the Free Thought world.

Optimistic as I am, I do not hesitate to snatch from the lips of some orthodox teacher. "He

doeth all things well," for who can tell what great sorrow might not have been inadvertently mapped out upon the character trestle-board of Free Thought, that might have influenced the earnest student, as well as the already prejudiced observer?

Doubtless Mr. Putnam and Miss Collins made desperate efforts

to steer clear of superstition, but their frail craft, without a clear-headed pilot, could not buffet the billows of a benedictine sea, and hence they were stranded on the shores of both Scylla and Charybdis, which you have so aptly termed Free Love and intemperance.

Can it be possible that such intelligent people could conscientiously adopt Free Love as an *auto da fe*?

If so, certainly they were not the proper leaders of our grand and noble principles as evinced in the only rational religion of the world.

No pure-minded rationalist could for a single moment consider the blending of the principles of Free Love with those of Free Thought. They are as unlike as the noon-day sun and Egyptian darkness.

There is no fireside so happy as the one surrounded by the legitimate love of husband, wife and children; and no influence more beneficent to mankind than the teaching of a true love of truth, a manly love of man, and a right love of righteousness. Let us draw the curtain which separates us from the mystified vast beyond, forgetting their faults and revering their noble qualities.

Requiescat in pace, should close the tragic scene.

S. W. WETMORE.

Buffalo, N. Y.

THE PUTNAM-COLLINS EDITORIAL—DR. E. B. FOOTE, JR., DISSENTS.

EDITOR Free Thought Magazine: Your Magazine for January is before me, and I feel impelled to express my opinion of your summing-up of Putnam's character. I suppose you will hear from many others, and perhaps you will be glad to know how it strikes different people. I am not one of the sentimental sort, who would always believe in being generous, rather than just, to the memory of a deceased comrade, but it strikes me that you are like a person who in trying to stand up straight has strained himself backward until he gets away out of plumb. Some of the alleged facts from which you draw your conclusions are erroneous, and controverted by other articles in this very issue, and some of your conclusions are not justified by the facts. If Mr. Putnam was intemperate and a Free Lover, there is really no evidence to show that these mistakes had anything to do with the final accident. I have read everything I could get upon the subject, and I agree with Mr. Wakeman that it was a pure accident that might have happened to the most temperate and virtuous man or woman. If a man were a hard drinker all his life, and were finally struck

by lightning, it would be no evidence of the awful effects of alcoholics. I stand with Mr. Wakeman in opposition to the use of liquors, and regretted Mr. Putnam's fondness for them, but, on the other hand, I can truly say that I never saw him drunk or unfit to attend to the business in hand, and if I wished to cite terrible examples of the evil effects of alcoholics, I would have to look somewhere else than to his record.

Again and more earnestly do I regret that, in your effort to discharge your duty as you understand it, you have charged him with libertinism. You quote a letter from him disapproving of the acts of another man who endeavored to take a front rank in Liberalism, but you cite no facts to prove that Mr. Putnam himself was that sort of a man, and I do not believe that he was. However free his relations may have been with free women [What does the Doctor mean by free women?], I defy any one to produce evidence that Putnam ever deceived, betrayed or unjustly treated a woman*. There may be such evidence, but in all the gossip I ever heard, there was none such. In short, from his point of view, I believe Mr. Putnam was honorable in his relations with women as he was in money matters.

I doubt if Messrs. Watts and Foote refused to attend the funeral in Boston mainly on the ground that it would compromise them. I was in a position to hear if they had said any such thing. The fact is they could not have attended the funeral and kept their engagements and taken the steamer at the time appointed.

Your article quotes Dr. Foote as saying that Mr. Putnam was subject to periodical drinking. Father's article in the same number is perhaps sufficient reply to this. What I did say to the reporter was that Mr. Putnam was accustomed to use liquors, and in view of the first reports of the accident, I said possibly it had something to do with the case. Later reports did not verify the presence of the whisky bottle. I doubt that Mr. Putnam any more than his friends would object to a fair summing up of the moral lessons of his career. He was largely a child of nature, emotional and impulsive, but ready also to show a reason for his acts, and whether in his relations with men or women, I believe he was straightforward and honorable. To charge that the allegations of that letter would apply against Putnam is to do him gross injustice until further evidence can be brought forward to justify such a charge.

Inasmuch as your extreme devotion to duty leads you to misstate the facts in the effort to do justice to the weak side of Mr. Putnam's character, it is fair to ask where was your sense of duty at the time of the last congress that met in Chicago, when Mr. Putnam was

* Then, as we understand Dr. Foote, Mr. Putnam did not unjustly treat his wife when he committed adultery while living with her, and compelled her to obtain, through the courts, a divorce. As we stated, from a Free Love standpoint, that may have been all right, but some people still take exceptions to that standard of morality.—Ed.

re-elected to the presidency. It would have been right handy for you to have stepped in then and declared that for the sake of the purity of the Liberal cause, Mr. Putnam should not have been re-elected. That would have been a good opportunity for you to have shown your bravery, as well as your sense of duty, at a time when Mr. Putnam would have had an opportunity to defend himself.

Again, as to the liquor question, what is the rational liberal solution of the morality of whisky drinking? You call Putnam to account for being intemperate, while on the other hand, you once turned Mr. Wakeman out of the editorial staff of the *Freethinkers' Magazine* for fear his teetotalism might offend its readers*. To be a good moral Freethinker from your standpoint, it would seem necessary to drink some, but not too much. It will be necessary for you to prove that Mr. Putnam ever did drink too much.

New York.

E. B. FOOTE, JR.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF NEWARK (N. J.) LIBERAL LEAGUE.

EDITOR *Free Thought Magazine*: I am sure the "Discordant Voice" in your last issue will be appreciated, and regarded by very many of your readers as a voice of the highest degree of harmony. You have struck the keynote, in the major, that grand and clear tone "Sol," or "G." May it go ringing on down through the ages, rendering nil and neutralizing all those discords that exist in the nature of things, perhaps only to show by way of contrast that which is grander and more pleasant to contemplate.

It has been said, every chord of joy has its corresponding wail of sorrow. Plaintive sounds to a normal person are not pleasant, they are for occasions of sorrow and sadness. The rhythm in the drama of the lives of those departed ones to whom you referred is before the world. In what key is the music written? What will its effect be on our cause and posterity? These are pertinent questions to consider in connection with this sad affair. Let us not forget, persons die, principles live, and that it is by cultivation and experience that our ears become attuned and our judgment developed, and our advice becomes of value to others, hence the necessity for the unvarnished truth at all times; especially does this apply to us, as scientists and Liberals.

* In volumes V. and VI. there was quite a discussion carried on in regard to the liquor question. A. B. Bradford occupied five pages, D. Prestley 6 pages, T. B. Wakeman 13 pages, Allen Pringle 11 pages, and A. Schell 6 pages. After this we may have suggested to Mr. Wakeman that we did not care to devote more space to the subject at that time. But we cannot understand how our error in this particular has any bearing on the question at issue, viz.: "Whether Putnam was, or was not, an intemperate man."

The animal man is endowed with all the various manifestations of intelligence incident to the lower animals, and no others; there is nothing peculiar to man himself; he is the epitome of all, so say Profs. Romanes and Drumond. Maternal or paternal instinct is not found in the lower types of animals; not until we reach the birds do we find affection manifest itself, and a wide difference exists between the lower and higher species of birds, as for instance between an ostrich and any of the song birds as shown in the defense of their young. In the mammals this emotion is still more largely developed, and in man (this ought to have been called woman, however, only for the Bible and superstition), the highest of the order, it has its highest development, but as there is no rule without the exception, the same applies here. Reversion, or a tendency to degeneracy in certain directions, is a common thing, both in the vegetable as well as in the animal kingdoms. If any one doubts this, let him, as an experiment, plant a lot of peach pits from a good variety of peach, or sow a lot of apple or pear seeds, or numerous other things the writer could name from his experience as a horticulturist, and see what the result will be; the greater number will prove degenerates. The ratio is not as great among animals, although the same principle maintains, for the reason that mind becomes a factor in this domain of Nature, and has much to do with determining results among animals far removed from man. A notable example is that referring to the herds of Jacob and Laban recorded in Genesis, chapter 30.

It is not surprising, if through unfavorable environment, or some kindred cause, occasional examples do occur in the genus homo and a few individuals revert to primitive states, or conditions. Woman has been known to abandon her offspring by leaving it on a doorstep. The conjugal relations of some persons may be such as to represent their dog period with simply the loss of their caudal appendage. If any doubt the logic or impossibility of this, I refer them to "Haeckel's History of Creation," vol. 1, chap. 13. There is cause for congratulation that such cases of reversion are rare and that there is no danger of these degenerates doing much harm, as their loathsome desires and practices are disgusting to the more highly developed man. The sanctity of the home and the happiness that is found by those who first by right thinking, then by right living, know what is meant by the family relation and what the home fireside implies need not be alarmed, for by their fruits do we know them. This scum is found floating in all phases of society. Free Thought and free speech are the inherent right of each individual; for these we as Liberals stand united, but Free Love, as I have endeavored to show, is not only degeneracy but ruin, both to the individual and race.

Newark, N. J.

HENRY BIRD.

A WORD FROM ST. PAUL.

EDITOR Free Thought Magazine:—Looking at the Putnam-Colins tragedy from a distance, uninfluenced also by acquaintance with the parties, and, further, knowing something of your mental and moral caliber, I cannot see how you could have written aught else than the splendid article you did. And, again, is it not time that Free-thinkers should look at these things in the light of cause and effect? Those parties reaped, not the punishment for wrong-doing and thinking, but the consequence, natural and inevitable, sure to come some time, and in some way. And while you felt sorrow, tenderness, delicacy, a dread of being misunderstood, still you could have done nothing more or less than just as you did. Unconsciously we all have become so used to the vicarious, scapegoat way of dealing with

wrongdoing, that it is heresy to express an honest opinion and condemn that which is wrong. But Liberals should be emancipated from this. We believe in cause and effect. That the only atonement for wrong is reparation. That there are no arbitrary rewards and punishments, but that there are effects that must follow cause once set in motion.

It is gradually getting so that prominent Freethinkers are standing in as fierce a light as the minister. We profess morality, pure and simple, without hope of reward or fear of punishment, and if one of our number lapses from this high estate, it works vast harm to the cause.



C. J. GREENLEAF.

Our best hope of successfully opposing the cruelty of creeds is, in my opinion, by openly avowing our sentiments when called upon, or proper, and then proving their value by high, pure living and clean thinking. This is why I like you and your Magazine. I have never seen a word in it but what I should have been glad to have my sons read. You did just right in the case under discussion. Had their lives, or Mr. Putnam's alone, probably, been different, the "Discordant Voice" would have been set to sweetest, saddest strains for the departed. But, alas, such could not be!

C. J. GREENLEAF.

A JUST AND DESERVED PROTEST.

BY THOMAS J. MAC NAMEE.

PERMIT me to enter my earnest, emphatic protest against the appearance in the *Free Thought Magazine*, of which I am a subscriber, of such low, vile, scurrilous articles as the one in the December number from the pen of one Wallace Rathburn Snow, of Brocton, Mass. For dense ignorance of the question under consideration, the utter absence of a single thought worthy of the name, for vile abuse of one of the noblest, loftiest characters in all history, and for the very essence of cowardly, pusillanimity in the unspeakably mean and mendacious attack on the pure and innocent mother of this most exalted man and brother, it surpasses anything it has been my misfortune to read. And I have the idea that the immense majority of your *Free Thought* readers and thinkers will agree with me. Personally I am one of those who agree with Mr. Gladstone, that any discussion of matters deemed sacred by countless millions of our brethren in all ages should be approached with reverence and respect, but whether all will agree to go so far, or not, the majority of those really capable of thought, free or otherwise, will admit that decency should never be dispensed with under any circumstances. Men justly consider that a man who will sink so low, who will be so mean, so utterly contemptible, as to vilify a man's mother would not hesitate to vilify and abuse his own. There was no shadow of excuse for this abominable communication, for the man, if he be a reader of the *Free Thought Magazine*, had the evidence before his eyes in the admirable, scholarly articles of Mr. E. D. Davis on the gospels, touching the manifest errors and interpolations in the biblical history of Jesus. The man was obviously incapable of drawing any lesson whatever from these truly excellent essays, if, indeed, he has the capacity to even read them intelligently. Whether Jesus was an ideal or a historical character is a deep and profound question regarding which the best minds of scholars in all ages of our era disagree, but all are as one in believing that if he did in fact really live, and if his pure and lovely, long-suffering mother bore the exalted character ascribed to her by the evidence of all contemporaneous writings, he was born as all other men of like character are born who have been blessed with such noble, adorable mothers—in honorable wedlock—and that the accounts we have of his supernatural birth are but the mistaken, though well-meaning, attempts of the authors of the new religious system to establish a divine origin for Jesus, knowing full well that mankind would refuse to worship as a god a natural man like themselves. Furthermore, whether anything can happen outside of nature is another question, concerning which men have always hesitated to affirm any cock-sure cut-and-dried conclusions, and in exact proportion

to their knowledge. All this is known to men of even mediocre intelligence, but here we have a most contemptible ignoramus, who, to use a phrase he is capable of understanding, "fires off his mouth" and vomits forth his filth in a dead-sure opinion on his own learned question, "Was Jesus Devine?" Well, whatever else he was, I suppose we will all agree he was not "devine." But passing by this pestiferous fellow with a firm grip on our noses, let us consider for a moment another question of more personal interest to the Free Thought Magazine. That our excellent Magazine is a Free Thought publication, and therefore must publish the views and opinions of all schools of thought, otherwise it would belie its name, is admitted; but, is there to be no line of demarcation between honest, careful thought, decently expressed, and the wild, idiotic vaporings of natural-born fools? Mr. Green, I feel deeply about this matter, so much so, that I feel I have a personal grievance against you. You had no right to have so wounded the sense of reverence and of justice of many of your readers. You should have returned this fellow's tirade with a richly merited rebuke, and pointed out the fact that ours is a publication of Free Thought, but also one of decency and good manners, calling the man's attention to Mr. Davis' essay, and bidding him go learn something about which he wishes to write, and at least learn how to properly express himself. The injury caused a magazine like ours by even one article like this is incalculable. Obviously, it so shocks the sense of new investigators as to cause them to drop the Magazine as some unclean thing. Even from a business point of view, I should have thought, Mr. Green, you could hardly have made this really grotesque mistake.

Now, in conclusion, Mr. Green, I have a favor to ask of you—I believe it is the first I have preferred—it is that you publish in the January number of the Magazine this letter; not that I think it possesses sufficient literary merit, or that I am anxious to pose as a self-righteous critic of others, far from it, but as a sincere expression of the intense indignation and sense of outrage I, and, I doubt not, the majority of your readers and subscribers, feel at this senseless, unjust attack upon a most noble, exalted character, Jesus of Nazareth, and his pure, loving and adorable mother. Great Heaven, when I think of it! I was in Italy last summer a year ago, and in the famous Brera gallery at Milan saw the immortal painting of Raphael, the "Spoliazio" (the espousal of the Virgin Mary). Who could gaze on it without reverence and emotion! Then at Florence, in the famous Pitti palace, I saw the world-renowned "Madona del Sedia," Raphael's masterpiece; and to think that a woman who could so inspire the greatest mind of his time could also be the subject of the vilest abuse of the smallest of our time!

Publish this poor defense of Jesus and his mother, Mr. Green, and in the January number, too. Let not a single number intervene between the cowardly assault and this defense. Let not Christians think Free Thought and scurrility synonymous, I beg of you.

DR. ABBOTT AND THE BIBLE.

BY DANIEL T. AMES.

DR. ABBOTT, the successor of H. W. Beecher in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, is preaching a series of discourses on the Bible, which are not exactly orthodox. He boldly characterizes the Bible as a compilation of Jewish history and literature.

In a late review of the story of Jonah and the whale, he indulged in considerable wit and sarcasm, even causing laughter by his audience, which has called forth much adverse criticism from the pulpit, and through the press by his fellow congregational ministers. These criticisms throw a flood of light upon clerical hypocrisy, for with rare exceptions have they even claimed that he was intrinsically wrong in his views of the Bible, but that it was very bad policy from the tendency to weaken its hold upon present believers.

All thinking and well informed men know how defiantly the church has met every innovation by science or discovery upon its alleged inspired and infallible revelation. Its conflict with modern astronomy was long and deadly to early discoverers; the truth of geology has been fiercely contested, while evolution has been met with persistent ridicule and contempt. And now is not the church, in its persistent effort to hold the world to a continued belief in myths and miracles which all intelligent and enlightened minds are forced to renounce as emanations of primeval ignorance, alienating the very intelligence and moral force necessary to enable it to carry the human race forward in progress and reformation? While such minds see in the church the great social fabric of the times and a capability of much good, they yet find it impossible to accept its ancient creeds, dogmas and myths, and are standing aloof or are in opposition to it. How much better policy, to say nothing of honesty, it would be for the church to frankly concede obvious error and untruth in its Bible and ancient theology. It might then place itself in accord with modern science and discovery, and thereby enlist in its cause the co-operation of the enlightened thought and sentiment of the 19th century, for the want of which it is standing, if not actually retrograding, in its reformatory influence upon the world.

DR. MONTGOMERY GIVES HIS VIEWS ON THE BOSTON TRAGEDY.

DEAR FRIEND GREEN: I fully share your and Col. Ingersoll's views regarding marriage, and rejoice in the noble courage you have shown in denouncing, on this critical occasion, the aberration of loose unions. In this case the enthusiastic girl has my entire sympathy. No doubt she held herself soulfully wedded, for good, to her companion—champion of the high cause to which she also was devoting her gifted life.

With him it was otherwise. The faithlessness of his former life forbade him rightfully to solicit or accept the self-surrender of this young creature, whom he should have protected as a father.

Wedded life among human beings, entered upon—as it should be—with true love, implies constancy to the end. If loss of the beloved through death causes grief inconsolable, how much greater cause for anguish is loss through estrangement!

Only, then, is love truly free when unreservedly, with all our heart, we yield up to its self-transcending commands the selfish proclivities of our individuality.

Of course, not in ecclesiastical or legal decrees has that its origin which is permanently binding in marriage. These observances, conventionally established, give merely solemn and socially practical expression to what is grounded in the very nature of sexual union, when truly humanized.

The passion of love between man and woman, however entrancing, is no end in itself. Transcending it immeasurably are the all-generating creative powers of the universe, to which we are fated accountably to minister.

The rapturous welcome instinctively given to offspring, as the creative fruition of wedded life, naturally involves joyful, faithful self-sacrifice on the part of parents during the long period of their preparation for the continuance of the arduous work, and the upholding of the exalted worth of human life.

What could be more disconsolate, more destructive of social welfare, than the breaking of the ties of affection that constitute the family a higher, an ampler human unit, the germ of all social communion?

Family life, family affection, rooted in the very fiber of our being, have ever been and ever will be the sacred source whence flow all fellow-feeling, all loving kindness, all altruistic sentiment. And these it is that are redeeming from hatred and misery, unto sympathy and happiness, suffering, groping humanity.

This certainly is the true, the evolutionary, the inwrought standard, and all deviations therefrom are sad and regretful shortcomings.

Hempstead, Tex.

EDMUND MONTGOMERY.

THE DELUSION OF PRAYER.

EDITOR FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE:

NOT long since, while on my way home from my office in New York, which is a ride of an hour, I overheard two gentlemen in the car seat in front of me relating their beliefs and experiences regarding answers to prayer. One I knew to be a very active church man, the other, though a stranger to me, from his conversation I took to be a fellow churchmember. The two were in perfect accord, and simply vied with each other in the relation of the remarkable answers each had received to prayer. Finally one remarked to the other: "I have not only been astonished by the answers I have received, but by the suddenness with which they came. Actually, many times when I have been unable to go to sleep at night I have just prayed to the Lord that he put me to sleep, and do you believe it, I have often been put to sleep before I had closed my prayer."

This and other similar experiences were related, apparently with the utmost sincerity and belief. At this point I asked if I might say a word, and receiving assent, I said, "Many times when I have been unable to go to sleep I have begun at one hundred and counted backward, and do you believe it, I have often been lost in sleep before I reached one. Now, pray, tell me wherein my prayer and answer differed from yours?" By this time there were many interested listeners, but no one responded to my query. I offered the following explanation, addressing the relator of his prayer experience: "You retired with something agitating your mind to such a degree as to prevent it from coming to that rest which permitted sleep, and when you began to pray, you diverted it from that by which it was excited and taxed to a more simple and habitual line of exercise—in short, brought the mind to an approximate rest, a condition that invited sleep, and it came as the result of a perfectly natural cause, precisely as did my sleep from counting backward."

Now the point I wish to make is that all belief in answers to prayer is a superstition, and no answer ever came to prayer except as a reflex upon the prayer. If one sincerely and earnestly prays for some good and reasonable thing, and thereby brings himself to that degree of confidence or faith that will impel him to put forth his very highest and best efforts for its attainment, he will thus help himself and receive an answer to his prayer.

DANIEL T. AMES.

New York City.

A FREETHINKER, BUT NOT A FREE LOVER.

I AM a subscriber to your Magazine, and an earnest advocate of Free Thought, but not of Free Love, so I heartily commend your course in that unfortunate affair of Mr. Putnam and Miss Collins. How sad it all is! The life and death of these two are a blow to Free Thought beyond a doubt, still a deep lesson may be learned from it. This is an example of how woefully those persons deceive themselves who fancy they can find happiness in a dissolute life, and may this accident reveal to those whose minds are inclined to Free Love the inevitable consequences of such a doctrine. The end is always sad for those who strive to lay the burden of their guilt upon the back of necessity, and in this instance, I sincerely hope it may serve to teach the young mind the virtue of right living, and how that, hand in hand, down the path of sin, rush remorse and final ruin.

Let the agnostic remember well that there is no god to blot out his sins, therefore he should be doubly careful to keep his life as clean as possible. No act is lost. Every good deed performed has its influence upon coming ages, and brings humanity nearer the blessed state.

Bacon has said, "Nuptial love maketh mankind, friendly love perfects it; but wanton love corrupteth and embaseth it." After four hundred years have passed, Mr. Ingersoll reiterates his speech.

Let us as Freethinkers not retrograde, but plant the moral standard high. Let us teach that virtue is the only road which leads to heaven in this life, as surely as vice leads to misery and shame.

Baltimore, Md

R. C. PHYSIOC.

THE ONLY JUST WAY TO TREAT THE SUBJECT.

EDITOR Free Thought Magazine: It was with a great deal of interest that I read your editorial in the January number of the Free Thought Magazine on the sad death of Samuel P. Putnam. Your method of treating a subject so delicate, so apt to be taken in a wrong spirit, was to my mind the only just method, and one which should not offend any conscientious Liberal. One's hand trembles to withdraw the curtain that veils the faults of the dead. But what are Liberals to do? Are they to keep hidden that which will sooner or later be exposed? When a member of the clergy is guilty of some infringement of moral law we immediately publish it, and if his fellow clergymen attempt to conceal his guilt we condemn them as sort of accessories after the fact. Have they not the same right, the same privilege, to condemn us if we attempt to conceal the faults of a fellow Liberal?

One of the methods of fighting "a religion from on high" is to publish the moral as well as intellectual defects of the agents of such a religion—the clergy. But we cannot do this, however, honestly or successfully unless we are free from the very faults and vices which we condemn in them.

Mr. Putnam was a man of intellect, of perseverance and courage and did much for the progress of Free Thought in America. For this he should have the respect of every American Liberal. But we must admit that he lacked the moral refinement necessary for a great leader of a great cause. It is far better to admit it now and publish the facts as you have done than to allow the matter to pass unnoticed until at last we are called upon to refute the distorted statements of some clergyman. I trust that every Liberal in America will see the matter in the same light. It is the only way that is just to all; the only that will bring credit to our cause.

Chicago.

ROBERT N. REEVES.

LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

MRS. M. P. KREKLE, public Free Thought Lecturer:

"I am ever so glad we have one Magazine that at all times stands for cleanliness."

MILES M. DAWSON, New York City:

"Permit me to congratulate you upon your temperate but just treatment of the Putnam-Collins affair."

JOHN VAN DENBURGH, Milwaukee, Wis.

"But in justice to yourself and a cause dear to you, and in which your life labors have been so generously given, I cannot see how you could have done otherwise than to thus express your views on the Putnam-Collins matter, and for one I commend your course and action. Parker's sermon that you refer to I have read, I think, on an average, four times a year since it was delivered."

WILLIAM GOODBOURN, Hull, England:

"Copies of the Free Thought Magazine duly received. It is a splendid work. I like it immensely. You in the New World are far ahead of us. Find enclosed subscription for one year."

D. G. M. TROUT, Decatur, Ind:

"Your exposition of Putnam is just right. Prof. Huxley said: 'If there is any one thing in which a man should be a fanatic it is in telling the truth.' Whitewashing sinners until they are as white as snow is a crime practiced, mostly by preachers, priests and politicians."

SIMON EMERY, Bangor, Me.:

"I believe every word you say in your Putnam-Collins editorial. I am glad, for one, you had the moral courage to tell what you knew to be true, regardless of consequences. I care not what others may think or do, you have done your duty. You have so well pointed out the dangerous rock in the ocean of life that it may influence others to steer clear of it."

DR. JAMES H. CRANE, Beechwood, Ill.:

"Had I been well, you would have heard from me in support of the course you have taken in relation to the Putnam-Collins affair, which I conceive to be the correct one. I have never before been quite so set back and horrified and so near losing confidence in humanity. The family relations must be held sacred and purity of life insisted upon as the essential thing to insure civilization and progress."

H. J. MAGERUM, President Springfield (Mass.) Liberal Club:

"Allow me to thank you for your honest statement concerning Putnam and May Collins. You may lose subscribers by it to your valuable Magazine, but let them go. If they are Free Lovers and look upon marriage and the home as of little value, the world can afford to lose them. Freethinkers should be made of better stuff, in order to make the world better."

D. I. S. CURTIS, Brunswick, Me.:

"I will not attempt to tell you how pleased I was with the manner you treated the Putnam-Collins matter."

T. J. MAC NAMEE, Washington, D. C.:

"If the evidence you have brought forward and presented so ably be true, then Putnam was a Free Lover (which is another name for an adulterer), and a deserter of his own wife and innocent children, whom it was his bounden duty to protect until death. That such a man should have posed as a leader of men brave enough and manly enough to do their own thinking, and should have the sublime impotence to denounce a fellow impostor for doing what he himself was daily practicing, is not particularly surprising, for a man base enough and mean enough to desert his wife, who, through her agony, bore him children, was quite equal to posing as a contemptible hypocrite; indeed, that would be right in his line."

S. W. HILLER, West Philadelphia, Pa.

"I do not see how your honest, straightforward truth about Putnam can do you or the Magazine any harm. You handle the subject with gloves, and do not strain to make your point, but invite corrections and criticism. Had you said nothing more than this, that he was a drunkard and libertine, it does not appear that you would have exaggerated the case. But that would have been harsh and unkind, and a disrespect for the good and noble qualities which

most all humans have in some degree. That motto, "Say nothing but good of the dead," is one that beats against my conception of honesty and truthfulness. Can there be anything more hypocritical than to tell the good qualities of a man and smother all his imperfections. Of the lives of great men that I have read, I have often wondered if they had no faults. My idea is that we should know both sides of dead men's characters."

HUDOR GENONE, New York City:

"I want to congratulate you on the magnificent stand you have taken in relation to the late Mr. Putnam. As to those matters, I believe with Ingersoll, that the family is the unit of happiness. But I also believe that if today Col. Ingersoll's wife desired to leave him, he would be the last to prevent her. Mutual love is the corner stone of the sacrament of marriage. As one of the holy army of Liberals I thank your frequent and noble arraignment of wrong in your editorial comments."

CHARLES L. ABBOTT, Estelline, S. D.:

"Your editorial on Putnam and Collins, in the January Magazine, will command the admiration and respect of all Freethinkers worthy of the name. I am glad to learn of this further proof of your loyalty to the kind of Free Thought which is certain to win in the end."

WILLIAM CUGHAN, Constantia, N. Y.:

"I have been anxiously waiting to hear what you would have to say in relation to the sad and sudden deaths of Samuel P. Putnam and Miss May Collins. And now having read in the January Magazine what you do say, I have no words sufficient to express my gratitude and thanks for the straightforward manner you told the story. I think I never read anything that seemed to impress itself on my mind as being so impartially true as your statement, and I heartily indorse all you say against Free Love. I think it is simply damnable and downright lust."

JAMES FERGUS, Fort Maginnis, MONT.:

"I am in receipt of the Free Thought Magazine containing your editorial on Samuel P. Putnam and Miss May L. Collins. Under all the circumstances it is certainly a very able, carefully written paper, but still, from my standpoint, I think it had better not have been written. Time will tell, and you are in a position to know best. One thing is certain, he did a great deal of good throughout the extreme west. Our plains and mountains, air and scenery appeared to give him new inspiration. On the Fourth of July, last, he was called on to speak at Gilt Edge, a little mining camp among the foot hills of the Judith mountains. His utterances were cheered and applauded by Christians and Freethinkers alike, and although he had no time for preparation, I never heard one more appropriate. I stepped to the

front of the platform and stated that I had heard over sixty speeches on the Fourth of July, but that was the first oration I ever listened to on that day. His memory will be long cherished in Montana."

E. H. KEENS, Hyannis, MASS.:

"I herewith hasten to pen my admiration for your position and your truthfulness on the Putnam-Collins matter. You are right when you say that Free Thought has no use for Free Love. To my mind the teachings of each are as opposite as the zenith and nadir. Just as long as we have disciples in our ranks who are our leaders, and who practice the doctrines of Free Love, we will be susceptible to the charge of teaching free license or libertinism. Free Thought does not mean that we shall act as we like, not, at least, until we are beyond the stage where the animal dominates the man; not until we are, every one of us, men and women in the fullest sense of these terms. Let us understand that Free Thought means emancipation; Free Love dissipation. You have taken the right stand, and you have nothing to fear and all to gain. If any forsake you who were S. P. Putnam's admirers, your and our cause will, in my mind, be better without their support. I wish all men were as true to right as you now are, for then we should soon have an ideal world."

P. A. ZARING, M. D., Tampico, Ind.:

"However tenacious of principle one may be, he cannot, if he be wise, enjoy the anticipation of being sacrificed upon the altar of his convictions. And a man cannot jeopardize his individual interests for a principle without some apprehension. Then, when a man has taken these chances, he has some anxiety to know what will be his fate. To me it seems kindness of those who may indorse such an act to let it be known. Therefore I take the privilege (which I regard a duty as well) of letting you know that I, for one, most heartily approve your exposing Mr. Putnam. I am sorry it was not done sooner. I am sorry the cause of Free Thought could not rid itself of such leadership while he yet lived. For the cause will continue to suffer under this disgrace for years to come.

"O, Liberty! what crimes have been committed in thy name! Attach the word liberty, or freedom, to most any movement, and it will win. This is sometimes right, but just as often wrong. Free Speech, Free Press, Free Labor, Free Thought, are all right. But Free Whisky, Free Gaming and Free Love are certainly wrong."

W. S. TAYLOR, M. D., Alexandria, O.:

"I read with astonishment and chagrin your account of the death of S. P. Putnam and Miss Collins. I am glad to learn the truth, and thank you for publishing it. If you know of any others in our ranks leading the life that this man did, it certainly is your duty to make it known to the world through your journal. The Truth is what we are seeking after."

MARIA PARSONS SCHOFIELD, San Jose, Cal.:

"I want to say I think you did right to insert such an obituary notice of S. P. Putnam in your Magazine as you did, and I believe you have done just what you intended to do—have been 'so fair and honorable in your review of Mr. Putnam's life that his best friends must give you credit for truthfulness and good intentions.' I, too, hope the result may be an elevation of the moral standard of the secularists of this country. Not until we can show by individual and collective examples that our standard is high, may we expect to increase our numbers by desirable acquisitions. I, for one, thank you heartily for the course you have taken in the matter."

WARREN PENWELL, Pana, Ill.:

"I am glad to see the stand you took in the Putnam-Collins affair. We must put marriage and home life above everything else. It is the foundation of Law and Government."

J. H. A. LACHER, Winona, Minn.:

"Your ideal Freethinker is my conception of that individual. I abhor an adulterer, a drunkard and a hypocrite."

A. L. EATON, New York City:

"I am glad you place Putnam where he belongs. I never have had any use for him since I engaged him to lecture in Ottumwa, Ia., about five years ago. I sat up until 2 o'clock a. m. with him and a friend of mine, at his hotel, playing cards, and Putnam was constantly guzzling whisky. He had a number of bottles of whisky with him, and tried to induce us to imbibe with him, but we politely declined."

W. E. JOHNSON, New York City:

"I want to thank you personally for the way you handled that Putnam-Collins matter in your last issue. Whatever of good Mr. Putnam may have accomplished along the lines of intellectual emancipation, his two besetting vices have made the whole Free Thought movement a target for bigots, on account of his official position at the head of the organization. Free Thought papers have very properly called attention vigorously to similar shortcomings in the ranks of the clergy, but its force has been lost by this unfortunate weakness of the Free Thought leader. I believe that I speak the sentiments of thousands when I say that the integrity of the home and the sobriety of the people are indispensable factors in human happiness and human welfare. With men at the head of the Free Thought cause, especially in official positions, who are in themselves guarantees of purity in life and honesty in purpose, a great stone is rolled from the pathway of intelligent men who want to take a more advanced stand for liberty of thought, and who shrink from the very appearance of association with those unclean things—Free Love and whisky. If this stand that you have taken does not result in an increased business to

your Magazine, I shall be sorely disappointed with the Free Thought movement."

MRS. IDA SMITH, Somerville, N. J.:

"Your 'Discordant Voice' in relation to S. P. Putnam I fully indorse. I have been an observer of his character for several years, and I think you have told the truth about him in a kind and generous mannner. Mr. Putnam had his virtues and his faults. His cheerfulness made him numerous friends. Exclusive of his very apparent vices he was above the average Freethinker, and his intellect was, without doubt, of a high order, and as a hustler he was unequaled. Although I am not a student of "Free Love," in my opinion his practices were not in accord with that philosophy, but more in line with free lust. I, with many others, expected a disgraceful end to his career some time, but I did not look for it in death. I hope that Freethinkers will appreciate your motives for telling the truth and that the future leaders of the Free Thought movement will be men and women of spotless character."

H. C. HILES, Burlington, Junction, Mo.:

"I wish to thank you for your article in the last Magazine on that Putnam affair. It is because of such men that Free Thought will never amount to anything.

"I live near two small towns in which we could have lectures quite often, but unfortunately just such men as Putnam are in each, and would want to be at the head of such meetings, and no decent Freethinker will associate with such men. I hope you will increase the number of articles in the Magazine on temperance and morality, as I know that good Christian people object more to our actions than our creed."

PORTRAITS AND SHORT LIFE SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE WORKERS IN THE FREE THOUGHT VINEYARD.

MRS. HATTIE MCBURNEY.

MRS. MCBURNEY was born November 1, 1855, at New Castle Ind., of American parents. She was the second of six children. Her parents were not church members, but held to orthodox views. Her father was Thomas F. Wright, by occupation a farmer. When



MRS. HATTIE M' BURN EY.

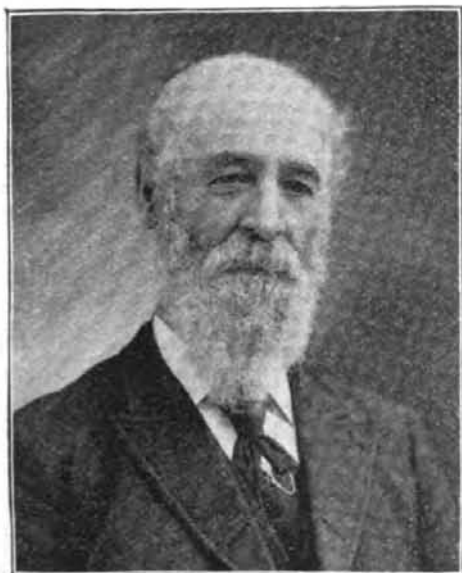
Hattie was twelve years old her father decided to move west. It took the family some six weeks to make the journey overland. It was a great trial for them all to move into the backwoods. To be thus isolated from nearly every human being, and surrounded by ravenous wild beasts can hardly be realized by the reader at this day. Her father, mother and three younger sisters have passed into the unknown; a brother and sister reside on the Pacific coast. In 1875 Hattie married Adam R. McBurney, a well-known business man, and they commenced their married life at Moline, Ill., where they have always resided. They have never been blessed with children. Mrs. McBurney,

up to the time of her marriage, had been an attendant of orthodox churches and Sunday schools, but she says she never could believe the orthodox creed and soon after her marriage she read Col. Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses" and that set her thinking for herself, and her former views soon vanished from her mind as she began to use her reason. The Free Thought Magazine, she says, greatly strengthened her advanced views. By reading this magazine she ascertained that she and her husband were both Freethinkers, although members of the Unitarian Society. Mrs. McBurney is happy and contented in her unbelief. And she says:

"When over my cold and lifeless clay
 The last fond words of love are spoken,
 Let not a word be whispered there
 In sorrow for my unbelief."

JAMES LEWIS.

Mr. Lewis was born in the parish of Diddlebury, Shropshire, England, March 12, 1825. When two years of age he removed with his parents to Knighton, Radnorshire, South Wales. At seven years of age he left home and commenced alone the battle of life. For a short time he was employed by a maltster; not liking that business, he apprenticed himself to a blacksmith. After working some time as a journeyman he conducted for a period of eighteen years a large business for himself, which was attended with so much prosperity that he became very well-to-do, owning eight tenement houses and gardens,



JAMES LEWIS.

also a fruit farm at Hardwick. For six years Mr. Lewis was a director in the Corporated Gas and Coal Company. On retiring from that office he came to America. Before his departure he was presented with a beautiful testimonial by the remaining directors, some of whom were members of parliament and baronets. When he came to this country he was first engaged with the Hartford, New Haven & Springfield railroad company, where he remained fourteen years. In 1862 he removed to Springfield, Mass., where he has resided ever since. After leaving the railroad he engaged in the book trade. With the book trade he has dealt extensively in

pianos, organs and all kinds of musical instruments. He has been a successful business man, but has lost much property through helping others. He is the oldest member of Hampden Lodge of Odd Fellows, having joined the order in 1841. He has for years been an out-spoken Freethinker and has for the last six years obtained annually a club of from fifteen to twenty-five for the Free Thought Magazine. Brother Lewis is highly respected by all who know him. We may add in closing this imperfect sketch of his eventful life that our friend has crossed the ocean eleven times, and though he has reached his three score and ten years he is now looking forward to the time when he shall again visit South Wales and merry England.

LOUIS ROSER.

The subject of this sketch was born in Rhein Bavaria, Germany, September 1, 1836, and came to America in 1851. He was brought up in the Christian religion. All his people are Christians, excepting one brother, whom Louis, by presenting to him sound arguments, has converted to Liberalism. There is not a day in the year but some of his relatives are praying to their God to bring him and his brother



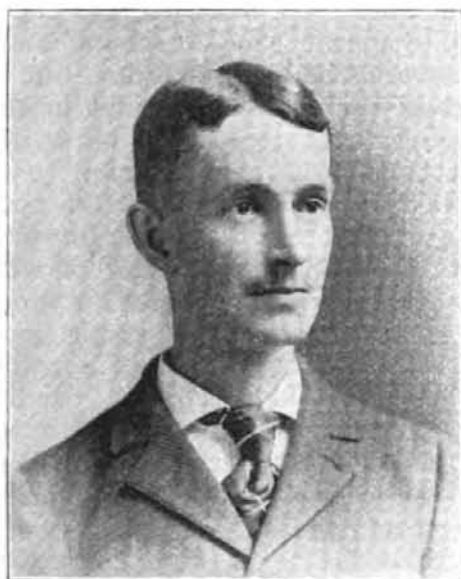
LEWIS ROSER.

back to the fold. But these prayers do not seem to have any effect, for it is about as difficult to get a person who is fully emancipated from Christian superstition back into the church as it is to put a chick back into the shell after it is hatched. Louis was taught never to eat a meal without first asking God's blessing, never to go to sleep without first praying. But he says he never could fully understand how the "good Lord" could allow so many good people to suffer and starve and so many d—d rascals to live in opulence and splendor. Some eight or ten years ago Mr. Roser heard of the Iron Clad Age. He subscribed for that paper, in which he learned of Liberal

books. He purchased and read Paine's "Age of Reason," Ingersoll's works, and other Free Thought literature, and the scales of superstition were wholly removed from his mental eyes; then he purchased a large Free Thought library and commenced to do all in his power to spread the gospel of Free Thought, for he desired others to enjoy the blessings of it, for he says he would not exchange the joy and consolation that he gets from Liberal views for the old orthodox notions for the wealth of this continent. If we had a few thousand more such Liberals in this country, how our cause would prosper!

CLARENCE E. LATHAM.

Mr. Latham was born in Greenfield, County of Saratoga, State of New York, April 21, 1863. His parents were not members of any church. His grandfather, on his mother's side, was for a time a member of the Universalist church, but subsequently became a Spirit-



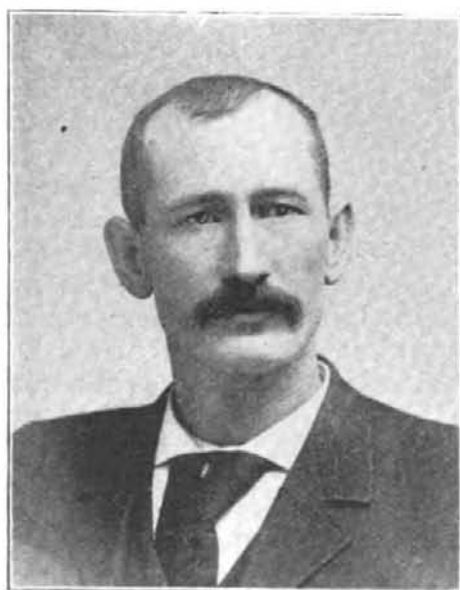
CLARENC E. LATHAM.

ualist. His grandfather on his father's side never united with any church. For a brief period in his youth Clarence attended a Sunday school, but could never accept the orthodox doctrines and dogmas therein taught. Mr. Latham made a thorough examination of the tenets and creeds formulated by the Christians and it convinced him of the truthfulness of what Abraham Lincoln said that, "It would not do to examine the subject of religion too closely, as it was apt to lead to Infidelity." Mr. Latham was for several years a clerk in a store, and for the last eight years has held the position of station agent and telegraph operator at Kings on the Adirondack branch of the Del-

aware & Hudson Canal Co.'s railroad. He is a good business man, reliable and energetic, and held in high esteem by all who know him, and is entitled to be classed among the most uncompromising and out-spoken advocates of secular progress and intellectual freedom. The Free Thought Magazine is greatly in debt to him for a large and constantly increasing circulation in his town and vicinity. It would be well for the cause of Liberalism if there were many more such Freethinkers as is Clarence E. Latham.

JAMES M. REED.

Mr. Reed was born at Youngstown, Ohio, in 1856. His parents were poor and the whole family had to work hard to procure a living. They were strictly honest, but having been so educated, were decidedly orthodox in their religious opinions, and taught their children that Christianity was the only safe road to happiness here or hereafter. They believed that every word of the Bible was written by the hand of God. Young Reed was compelled to attend "sabbath school" every Sunday and taught that he must not only believe the Bible, but all the minister said—that it was a great sin merely to doubt in this matter of religion. What first influenced Mr. Reed to think on the subject of religion was attending a great "revival of religion" as it was called, where the preachers emptied the vials of God's wrath upon the sinner's head, uncovered hell and exhibited the sinner burning in fire and brimstone and held there forever by the hand of what



JAMES M. REED.

the Christians called a good God. Though a young man, Mr. Reed's humanity revolted against such a cruel, devilish doctrine, and he came to the conclusion that the Christians' God, if he would so torment his own children, was much worse than the devil. And he came to the further conclusion if the Bible taught such cruel doctrines no good God ever wrote it or inspired it. His idea is that the Bible was compiled by designing priests for the purpose of keeping the people in subjection to them, and as an instrument to be used to frighten them into the support of the priests and clergy. He does not think there is one minister in a thousand today that honestly believes the Bible.

He thinks they are, as a general thing, more interested in saving their salaries than the souls of the people. So it will be readily seen that Brother Reed has lost his faith in the church and the clergy. But he has great faith in truth and humanity and he is a tireless worker for what he believes will improve man's condition in this present world.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE PUTNAM-COLLINS TRAGEDY—THE FUTURE OF THE FREE THOUGHT MOVEMENT.

WHAT we said in the January issue of this Magazine on the Putnam-Collins tragedy was said after the most considerate reflections on the questions therein discussed, and after a month's re-examination of the whole matter we can think of not a sentence therein that we now desire to change, and very little we desire to add.

The only objection worth consideration that has been made to that article, is this: A number of our friends have said: "Why did you not write the article before Putnam died?" Our answer to this question is this: When the news of the tragedy was flashed over the country and appeared in the public journals, every person who read it, and every editor, went to work to try and solve the mysterious taking-off of these two individuals. Each person and each journal tried to explain how it came about; what the cause was that produced it. We were among the number that tried to find an explanation to this great enigma. After careful consideration of the subject we came to the, to us, positive conclusion that the primary causes were Free Love and whisky. One of the principal objects we had in view in writing the article was, as we have said, to show what caused the tragedy. And we now ask our friends: "How could we have shown what caused the death of these persons before they were dead?"

We further repeat, what we said in that article, that for years we have been saying to all our friends and to nearly every Liberal we met, that we were fearful that Putnam's Free Love practices would finally bring disgrace on our cause, and we claim we had the right to show that our predictions had been more than fulfilled.

And besides we hold that a public man, a person put forward to represent a great cause, should be held strictly responsible for the trust reposed in him, and that his character is public property and whether dead or alive, his true life records should be known by the people he represents—but it should be a strictly true record—no misrepresentations whatever, either for good or evil. One of the ablest lawyers in Chicago, the head of one of the most popular law

firms in this city, said to us a few days ago after most fully indorsing the course we have taken in this matter: "It is the most glaring absurdity and pernicious idea that nothing but a public man's good deeds are to be referred to after his death. His life is public property and his faults as well as his virtues should be laid bare before the world as a lesson for the public—this should be done to teach public men that they cannot hide their crimes from public view by getting out of the world."

There has come to our knowledge since we wrote the article under consideration an important item of information that may relieve the Liberals of some of the odium of this Putnam-Collins matter, and throw it back onto the church. It would seem by the following statement that Putnam acquired his Free Love views and first put them to practice while in good standing in the Christian church. On the day previous to the one that the January Magazine was issued, an ex-minister, whom we thought had gone to the land of the departed, suddenly appeared, to our great surprise, in our office. He was not a shadowy ghost, but a spirit most generously clothed with flesh and blood. We were careful to observe that he was no "materialized" individual got up for the occasion by some spiritual medium, but the same cheerful, intelligent ex-clergyman that we had labored with in years long passed. And, although, as our old-time friend expressed it, he "has gone into his hole and taken the hole in after him," and henceforth is to be known only to the inhabitants of a higher sphere, he seems to remember with clear precision what has heretofore taken place on this terrestrial globe. By some means he had heard of the Boston tragedy. And he said to us in substance as follows:

"I do not want my name mixed up with this matter, but I will say to you that when Putnam was preaching in the pulpit in the west, and I was also preaching as a Christian minister, charges were made that Brother Putnam was too free with one or more of the sisters. Brother Jones, another Christian minister, and myself went as a committee to labor with him. He did not deny the charge of intimacy, but insisted it was all right. We labored with him until midnight to get him to agree that he would abstain in the future from such practices and promise his wife he would be true to her in the future, but he declined to make such pledges and his wife, when so informed, said that if he thus refused she should leave him." We have written to Rev. Mr. Jones in relation to this alleged interview, but

Mr. Jones doubtless dislikes to have anything to say in this matter, and therefore has not replied to our letter.

Now one word in relation to our Free Love friends, for we must admit that we know a few people who advocate what they call "advanced views on marriage," that we hold in high esteem—that is, the individuals, not their views. Moses Harmon, editor of "Lucifer," is one of that number, and he will, in the next issue of this Magazine, give his Free Love creed, as it were—set forth fully what he believes and advocates on the marriage question. Our theory is that the best way to refute erroneous opinions is to give them a hearing. It will be remembered that a year ago we allowed an orthodox minister to speak through our pages for some eleven months—a paper each month, in which he labored to refute the doctrines taught by Col. Ingersoll. So we are going to allow Brother Harmon, whose opinions we think more pernicious than those of our orthodox friends, to give the reasons for "the faith that is in him," as the Christians say, and then we are going to reply to him in the same number, and then he has agreed to publish his article and our reply in "Lucifer."

We believe Free Thought and Free Love are as much unlike as light and darkness. As we said in substance before, Free Thought is the direct road to heaven, and Free Love the sure road to hell here on earth. Therefore the advocates of these respective theories should each have their separate associations. Years ago, when Ezra H. Heywood, the father of Free Love in this country, was alive, the Free Lovers had their separate societies in most of our large cities. He was a strictly honest man, and had the courage of his convictions and did not try to hide his honest opinions under some other name. But times have changed since then. During recent years the Free Lovers have seemed to capture the Free Thought organizations, they have given up their old societies and their proper name, and call themselves "Freethinkers." Under this state of things, thousands of the best Freethinkers in this country refuse to have anything to do with these associations. In this city of Chicago, intelligent Freethinkers can be counted by the hundred among the best business men of the city, but so long as these societies are run by Free Lovers, these people will have nothing to do with these societies. Our Free Thought journals also suffer greatly by this misrepresentation of what Free Thought really is. The public are getting the idea that Free Thought means Free Love and therefore they refuse to subscribe for Free Thought journals. These Free

Lovers who are calling themselves Freethinkers do not subscribe for Free Thought journals. Among them in this city are not five who pay for any one of the Free Thought journals. If they take any paper it is "Lucifer," the organ of the Free Lovers.

We notice that Judge Waite is to take Putnam's place. Judge Waite is an able, honest, scholarly man, whose character has not a blotch upon it, and we hope he will be able to cleanse the old Putnam society of Freeloivism, but we predict the task will be altogether too much for him. We shall do all we can to aid and support him in his efforts to do so, but if he fails the only thing to do will be to let the Free Lovers take the old dilapidated institution and the real Freethinkers of the country, who believe in purity, decency and the marriage institution, come together from all parts of the country and organize a great Freethinkers' association that shall, by its character and high aims and purposes command the respect and admiration of the respectable people of this country. That, in our opinion, is the only sure way out of our present difficulty. We feel sure that every Free Thought journal in the country, when its editors and Free Thought patrons fully investigate this matter, will favor this movement. For our part, we are too old to take any active part in such a new society, but we believe there are hundreds of young men and young women, in every state in the Union, if the matter was brought to their attention, who would cheerfully and gladly enlist in such a movement, and we know of a number of men of wealth and of high moral standing who unitedly would gladly contribute a number of thousands of dollars to assist in such a movement. The organization should be as perfect as any Christian organization—should be run on business principles, and should, by its constitution, be strictly guarded against the bad influences that have wrecked and disgraced the old association. Such an organization would draw to its membership, within one year, after its organization, ten thousand names, at least. We hope to see such a grand institution as a society of this character would be, in full operation regenerating humanity before we take our departure from this mundane sphere. Its motto should be, "Truth, Justice and Purity."

ELLA ELVIRA GIBSON.

ELLA GIBSON, now of Barre, Mass., whose portrait is the frontispiece of this number of this Magazine, is one of the most remarkable women this century has produced. Having been born May 8, 1821, she has lived more than three-fourths of this century, and says she is bound to remain on this globe and see how it seems to live in the twentieth century. Her career in life has been most extraordinary, and has no parallel in history. The first twelve years of her maturity she was a teacher in the public schools of Ringe, N. H., and Winchendon, Ashby and Fitchbury, Mass. In 1852 she took the platform as a public lecturer on various reform questions. At that time it took much courage for a woman to speak in public. Public sentiment was strongly against it. She was one of the very first women in America who spoke from the public rostrum. At that early day she was a radical of the radicals, and she attacked the creeds of the church and antiquated political and religious dogmas with as much vigor and efficacy as ever Col. Ingersoll or Mrs. Stanton has. In fact, as to the rights of women and free thought she was a female John the Baptist crying in the wilderness of prejudice, bigotry and superstition.

Early in life Miss Gibson became a zealous abolitionist, and when Fort Sumter was fired upon by the slave power, all her patriotism and zeal for her country were aroused to the highest pitch. The first year of the war she was engaged in organizing soldiers' ladies' aid societies in Wisconsin, and was prominently connected with the Northwest Sanitary Fair in Chicago. She was continually endeavoring to arrest the ravages of intemperance and immorality among the soldiers by lecturing and circulating her pamphlets. Later on she was connected with the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment Volunteers, in the South known as the "Live Eagle Regiment." As a result of her charitable work for the army, she having years before while lecturing been ordained a Christian minister, the Wisconsin state officials recommended her for the appointment as regimental chaplain, and she was duly elected chaplain of the First Wisconsin regiment, heavy artillery, which was stationed at Fort Lyon, near Alexandria, Va. The duties of the office were performed by her until the close of the war. But she was never mustered into the United States service on account of the following decision made by the president:

Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., Nov. 10, 1864.

To the Secretary of War—

Dear Sir: Miss Ella Elvira Gibson would be appointed chaplain of the First Wisconsin heavy artillery, only that she is a female. The president has not legally anything to do with such a question, but he has no objection to her appointment. A. LINCOLN.

Congress passed a bill March 3, 1869, giving Miss Gibson the full pay and emoluments of a chaplain for the time she served.

Since the war Miss Gibson, although for most of the time an invalid from diseases contracted in the line of her duty as a soldier, has been constantly engaged in behalf of the Free Thought cause. When able to do so, she has lectured, and when confined to her room she has used her pen with great vigor. She has been a constant contributor to nearly all the Liberal journals, and has written a number of most valuable Free Thought books and pamphlets. She was one of the organizers, and a charter and life member, of the National Liberal League. She has been a close and most interested observer of the Free Thought movement, and has greatly rejoiced in its advancement and deplored any thing that seemed to retard its progress. Her claim is that Free Thought is the Gospel of Humanity, and its adherents should maintain the very highest moral standard.

MISS GIBSON ON THE BIBLE.

Years ago Miss Gibson anticipated what Mrs. Stanton and her associates are now doing, showing that the teachings of the Bible degrade woman, by writing and having published a book entitled "The Godly Women of the Bible, by an Ungodly Woman of the Nineteenth Century." The book was published by The Truth Seeker Company. Some claimed that the book was obscene, but if it was, it was because "God's Word" is obscene. In her introduction to this book Miss Gibson says:

These pages have not been penned for a pastime, but for a purpose—to call woman to her duties, to show her responsibilities, to expose her dangers, to reveal her errors, to open her eyes to their origination, viz., the volume called the Word of God, wherein she is maligned, outraged, victimized, enslaved, chattelized, polygamized, scourged, crushed, brutalized and even denied the right of immortality, her very name suppressed, or merged with her husband's, as unworthy of a place in history; her love trampled under foot, her affections scorned, motives questioned, sincerity doubted, her virginity despoiled, wifehood betrayed, and her very motherhood prostituted.

We hardly think it would be safe to get out another edition of this book, since the United States Court, in the *Wise* case, has held that certain portions of the Bible are obscene. (And to digress a little, we remember that the court held, in the *Bennett* case, that if any portion of a book was obscene, the whole book should be considered obscene, and excluded from the mails.)

Miss Gibson is a woman of small property, but every dollar she has she devotes to the cause of Free Thought. It would be well for the Free Thought movement if there were a few hundred more such women as Ella Gibson in this country.

UNDERWOOD'S ENDORSEMENT.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, we are glad to learn, is meeting with great encouragement in the Free Thought lecture field. Next to Ingersoll, he is, without doubt, the ablest Liberal lecturer in this country. After reading our editorial in the *January Magazine*, he writes to us from Boston as follows:

Dear Mr. Green:—I am sure that all Liberals whose good opinion is worth having will commend your efforts to keep the moral standard of Liberalism high and will thank you for insisting upon character and conduct in our representatives such as will not discredit the good cause with which they become identified. Moral interests are above all others (for all others depend upon them), and the Free Thought movement is a moral, as well as an intellectual, movement. Its exponents and advocates should embody in life the principles and precepts which have their basis in man's constitution and relations. A dishonest, immoral man, a man who disregards the common virtues of life, is entitled to no place, no recognition as a Liberal teacher.

In regard to Mr. Putnam, you and other Liberal editors well know how I felt and what I said respecting his conduct years before his tragic death occurred. He should have been made to change his course, or the facts should have been published and he should have been compelled to take the consequences. That is now the opinion I hear expressed by Liberals generally. It is unfortunate that so many people's foresight is much worse than their hindsight.

With best wishes for the success of the *Free Thought Magazine*, I remain,

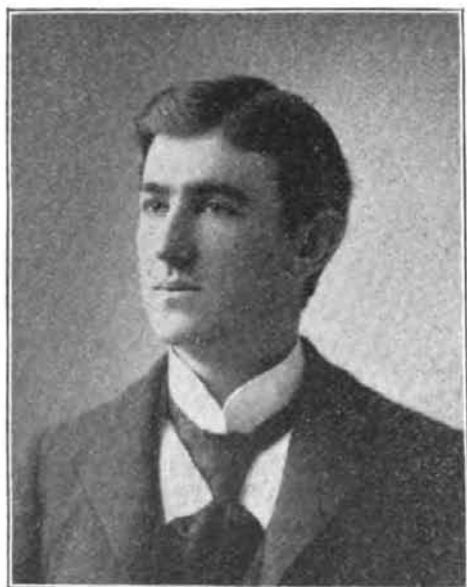
Sincerely yours,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

Boston, Feb. 15, 1897.

PEARL W. GEER.

AMONG the intelligent and promising young men who are engaged in the good work of expounding and advancing Liberal thought is Pearl W. Geer, of Silverton, Ore., whose lectures and writings have made his name quite well known to Freethinkers, especially on the Pacific coast, to which his labors have been chiefly confined.



PEARL W. GEER.

Mr. Geer was born near Salem, Ore., June 29, 1873. He remained with his father on the farm until he was sixteen, when, his father removing to eastern Oregon and starting a store, the young man accompanied him and served as clerk for two years. He then accepted a position as clerk for a mercantile firm at Silverton.

Mr. Geer belonged to a family of Freethinkers and he early became interested in Free Thought. He read the Boston Investigator at an early age, and

he says never knew by experience the terrors of superstition. The first book he ever read was David Copperfield. Later he became interested in works on philosophy and religion, especially in the writings of Herbert Spencer, of whom he is a great admirer. In 1894 he formed the acquaintance of Katie Kelm Smith, and assisted in forming at Silverton a secular Sunday-school, which he helped to conduct while he remained in that place. He prepared a lecture entitled "Why I am a Secularist," which he delivered at Silverton in June, 1895. It was well received. The December following he entered a medical college in Portland, and while in that city gave three lectures before the Portland Secular Church. He then formed the acquaintance of Prof. J. E. Hosmer and his wife, who were in charge of this church. After passing the first year examination at the end of the term in the medical col-

lege, so interested was he in the Liberal movement that he determined to give up everything else for that work. He devoted one summer to lecturing throughout the State. His observations and experience convinced him that what the Liberal cause needed was steady, concentrated educational work. After conferring with Miss Olds and Professor and Mrs. Hosmer, he returned to Silverton, and, with the other parties named, proceeded to carry out the plans which had been projected. A printing outfit was purchased, a paper started, a school formed, and the educational foundations of a university established. Mr. Geer writes, under date of January 23d: "So far we have made a financial success of our enterprise and will erect a university building this year. The people of this town are deeply interested. We are living here on the co-operative plan. We are doing our own work for a living and expect to be further compensated by making the cause a success."

At its last convention Mr. Geer was elected president of the Oregon State Secular Union, his intelligence, his unblemished character and the practical work he had done being his high recommendations for that honorable and responsible position.

CONTRIBUTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED.

Contributions received for the month of December, 1896: Mrs. C. Schofield, \$3.00; M. Bailey, M. D., \$1.00; Chas. Barta, 50 cents; Dr. S. W. Wetmore, \$1.00; J. H. A. Lacher, \$5.00; Maligus Bochmer, \$1.00; Mary J. Biglow, 50 cents; Joseph Bohnett, \$2.00; Phillip L. Bruch, 50 cents; J. H. Crain, M. D., \$1.00; Francis Alger, \$1.50; Isaac R. Adams, \$1.00; Newton Mitchell, \$1.25; S. S. Bryan, \$1.50; Jno. M. Judson, \$4.00; (M. L. S.), 25 cents; Elizabeth Smith Miller, \$1.00; F. A. W. Salmon, \$1.00. Total, \$27.00.

Contributions for the month of January, 1897: Guy C. Irvine, \$46.25; Peter Clark, \$10.00; Jane C. Hitz, \$5.50; A. L. Eaton, \$2.00; C. J. Greenleaf, \$1.00; J. S. Shepard, \$1.00; John Frazier, \$1.00; E. C. Maynard, 50 cents; J. J. Hill, 50 cents; Wm. Buwalda, 50 cents. Total, \$68.25.

BOOK REVIEW.

Angell Prize-Contest Recitations—By Emma Rood Tuttle. J. R. Francis, Chicago, and Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O., publishers. 1896. Pp. 192.

Mrs. Emma R. Tuttle, always active in the field of reform, has done especially excellent work toward the higher education of children of Liberals and Spiritualists through her lectures and lyceum guide books. She has just brought out a new book of value to all, the "Angell Prize-Contest Recitations," designed to advance humane education in all its phases."

These are selected pieces in prose and verse, particularly suited for elocution and recitation purposes, and all the selections touch upon the divine quality of human sympathy in regard to our treatment of the lower animals. The work is appropriately named after George T. Angell, the founder and president of the American Humane Education Society, and editor of "Our Dumb Animals." His portrait adorns the cover, and a short sketch of his life and work in behalf of animals is given, written by Miss Claire Tuttle, daughter of Hudson and Emma Tuttle. Mr. Angell contributes eight short recitations toward the many selections which make up the book. Mrs. Tuttle herself contributes about a dozen original prose and poetic sketches, combining in them fun and pathos, in her own peculiarly happy manner. The other selections are from such well-known writers, as Eugene Sue, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Sam W. Foss, Eben E. Rexford, Abby Judson and Hudson Tuttle, with some less-known names.

Several pages are given in preface, explanatory of the best methods of conducting these prize-contest exhibitions, and the proper arrangement of hand bills, posters, etc., by which to advertise these interesting and instructive affairs, which will be of service in small communities desirous of getting up entertainments for young people in the winter season.

S. A. U.

NEW OCCASIONS.

The February number of New Occasions, Chicago, Frederick Upham Adams, editor, contains the first installment of an important article by Hermann E. Taubeneck, late chairman of the national committee of the People's party, entitled, "The Concentration of Wealth, Its Cause and Result." In this number begins also a remarkable serial story by the editor, entitled "Spirits of '76," in which the shades of Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Franklin return to earth and investigate the present condition of the United States. A historical article by William H. Van Ornum, entitled "Ancient Com-

munal Societies," is full of facts not generally known, and is startling to the thoughtful reader who has not yet examined this subject.

Current events are ably reviewed by the editor, and the magazine closes with chapters 5 to 7 inclusive of "News from Nowhere," the great Utopian novel by William Morris. With the present number the size is increased from 64 to 96 pages, the price remaining at 10 cents a copy, or \$1 a year.

ALL SORTS.

—Do not forget to order a sample copy of the "Torch of Reason," published at Silverton, Ore.

—B. F. Underwood, as might have been expected, is meeting with great success in the lecture field.

—We desire at least ten of our friends to send each a club of ten at 75 cents and their photo for the next issue of the Magazine.

—Friends, if each and all will go to work and give us a large circulation we will give you each month a Magazine you will be proud of.

—If each of our present subscribers would send us a new subscriber at \$1 before this month is out we would be on the road to success. Who can not do that much.

—"The Rev. Mr. Skylark has a five-thousand dollar call." "Whew! From New York?" "No, from the teacher of the infant class, who says he promised to marry her."—Plain Dealer.

—"The Reverend Lyman Abbott says of Jonah and the whale,
That he's looked the fish all over and
he can't indorse the tale."
Times-Herald.

—Each one of our readers will confer a favor by sending us, immediately, a dozen or more names of intelligent persons who might be disposed to subscribe for the Magazine if it were brought to their notice.

—Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott's attack on Jonah shows that he hasn't that brand of faith the old negro preacher had who said: "I'd believe it if the good book said Jonah done swallowed the whale."—Kansas City World.

—We have passed the February number so as to allow our printers to catch up, so that hereafter the Magazine will be mailed promptly on the last days of the previous month or the first day of the month of its issue. All our subscriptions will be set ahead a month, so that each subscriber will get as many numbers as he is entitled to.

—Many valuable articles have been put over to a future number on account of so much matter on the Putnam-Collins tragedy. We now intend to carry out hereafter more fully our new prospectus that was published in the December number.

—When we hear the deafening clanging of the church bells on Sunday morning we realize how happy Robinson Crusoe ought to have been on the island of Juan Fernandez when he sang:
"The sound of the church-going bells
These valleys and rocks never heard."

—Mrs. Gray—"Mr. Soule is going to preach tomorrow. I wouldn't miss hearing for anything."

Mrs. Greene—"I'm awfully sorry I shan't be able to go."

Mrs. Gray (after saying good-by)—
"No wonder she doesn't want to be seen in that shabby old cape again."

Mrs. Greene—"Got a new bonnet or something, I suppose."—Boston Transcript.

—"Penman's Art Journal," edited and published by Prof. D. T. Ames, one of our able contributors, at 202 Broadway, New York City, is the most beautifully printed publication we think that our eyes ever rested upon. It has twenty-four large, illustrated pages, and is published monthly at the low price of \$1 a year, 10 cents a copy. We advise each of our readers to send 10 cents for a sample copy just to learn what engravers and printers are able to do in these years of invention.

—The Chicago Evening Post informs us that Senator Frye, of Maine, has introduced a bill into the Senate, recently, restoring flogging as arbitrary punishment for sailors. Mr. Frye is one of the Christian statesmen who were so active last winter in attempting to get their orthodox God into the United States Constitution. The Senator is not satisfied with having the sailors get hell in the next world, but desires that they get the "cat-o'-nine-tails" in this. How is this for the religion of "Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men"?

—"I see," said the wild-eyed clairvoyant, "an aged lady, attired in a camel's hair shawl. She answers to the name of Beasley. Does anybody recognize her?"

There was silence for a moment and then a gaunt female arose in the middle aisle.

"If it's Jane Beasley's mother you mean," said she, "you're a-layin' it on a little too thick. That shawl of hern wasn't nothin' but a \$2 imitation."

Then the seance went on.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—The "Free Church Record" is one of the most valuable Liberal publications on our exchange list. It is edited and published by Alfred W. Martin, of Tacoma, Wash. It is a bi-monthly magazine, "devoted to the interpretation and advancement of Universal Religion." What Mr. Martin calls "religion" would be better understood by many of our readers if he called it "morality." Some of the ablest writers and thinkers in this country contribute to its pages. We would advise each of our readers to send 10 cents for a sample copy.

—George Jacob Holyoake sends us the following private letter, which we take the liberty to publish:

Brighton, England, Feb. 12, 1897.

My Dear Green:

I think you have discharged your duty, or rather the service (for it was not more your duty than that of others), of vindicating the character of the Free Thought movement. You have done that in terms so considerate and dispassionate that I congratulate you.

You make your Free Thought Magazine more interesting every year.

G. J. HOLYOAKE.

—Mr. E. Hill, of Yonkers, N. Y., we learn from the "Voice," the prohibition organ, proposes to counteract the evils of the inauguration ball by having an inauguration prayer meeting. That would be a good thing. Let it be opened with prayer by President-elect McKinley, followed by exhortations by Brother Hanna and Brother Jones on the virtue of truth telling, and after Sister Lease has sung the doxology let the meeting be closed by Brother Grover Cleveland in an exhortation on the sin of duck

hunting and fishing on Sunday. Brother Chauncey Depew should be called upon to pronounce the benediction.

—The Buffalo Courier informs the public that Rev. William H. Main has "had a call" to leave his present pastorate in that city and go to Syracuse, where his opportunities will be greater, as "the Central Church of Syracuse stands very high in the State. Incidentally he will enjoy the advantage of a large increase in salary."

It is a little strange that, in most every instance where the Lord calls one of his ministers to go to "a new field of labor," "incidentally" there is "a large increase in salary." "Incidentally" is a good way to express it.

—"Brethren," observed the Rev. Mr. Goodman, turning up his coat collar and rubbing his hands together to warm them, "I don't blame you that so many of you are preparing to leave. The building is uncomfortably cold. Several of the panes in the window directly behind me have been broken out by the boys of the neighborhood, and under the circumstances I shall not preach the missionary sermon I had prepared for this morning. The collection for the benefit of the heathen, therefore, for obvious reasons will not be taken up. We will sing one stanza of—

"'From Greenland's icy mountains,' and be dismissed."

—Under the title of "Prayer," Hudor Genone sends us the following:

"When you pray, pray generally; whatever you do, don't particularize. Then you run a good chance of getting your prayer answered, especially if you are careful to co-operate with the Almighty. I say generalize rather than particularize in the same spirit that I always order chops from our butcher over the telephone. My wife tells me to order mutton chops, because mutton is cheap, but Nan (that's my daughter) wants them lamb, because lamb is 'nicer.' But I follow neither; I always order chops—just chops—because I know if I make the order 'mutton' it will be an excuse for toughness, or if lamb for putting up the price. Rely upon it, I know the Almighty as well as I know butchers."

—New York, Jan. 27.—[Special.] Three days have passed since the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, pastor of Plymouth Church and one of the leading clergymen of the country, held up the story of Jonah and the whale to the ridicule of his congregation. He told the story in such fashion that loud guffaws shook the edifice. He said that it was not fact but parable, and, though he ended by expressing sorrow that anything he said should have caused laughter, most of those who heard the sermon believed that he had intentionally tried to make the story ridiculous. Storms have been brewing since then both inside and out of the famous church.

It will be remembered that Jonah was thrown overboard to quiet a storm, and now Dr. Abbott has got up a great storm in the church, and the clergy propose to throw him overboard to quiet the ecclesiastical storm. The fools are not all dead yet.

—Rev. Dr. Remensnyder seems to understand the requirements of sound orthodox theology, and contends that the great Bible fish story must be maintained at all hazards. He says:

If we reject Jonah, what about the parting of the Red sea, the fall of manna in the wilderness, the sun standing still, the fall of Jericho when Joshua blew his horn? Not only this, but what shall we do with the miracles recorded of our Lord, and, indeed, what becomes of that crowning miracle of miracles, most momentous and incredible of them all—the death and glorious resurrection of Christ? How is the story of Jonah more difficult to believe than any or all of the others? We must accept or reject them as a whole. [Including the Garden of Eden story, with the serpent tempting Eve story, with the serpent the great bulk of the human race to hell as a consequence of Eve's curiosity.]

—One of our most intelligent friends sends us the following letter:

To the Editor of Free Thought Magazine:

Mr. Daniel K. Tenney's "Theological Idiosyncrasies," in the January Free Thought Magazine, is an able, excellent

and interesting article. But it seems to me that the writer has not wholly eradicated those idiosyncrasies from his own make-up. On page eleven he says: "The immortality of the soul is an assured scientific fact." In this sentence there is an assumption and an assertion, each of which bear ear-marks of "theological idiosyncrasies." Neither of them can stand alone. Both call for proofs—proofs—to minds from which "theological idiosyncrasies" have been entirely eliminated.

Is there such a thing as a soul? What is it? What are the proofs of its existence? The assumption is not granted.

If there is a soul by what scientific facts is its immortality assured? Mr. Tenney may know. Ring him up by telephone and tell him that the scientific facts are called for.

HELLO THERE.

—Miss Carrie Harrison and Mrs. Colby invited the friends of Helen H. Gardener and Mrs. Ellen A. Richardson, of Boston, to meet them one evening last week at the Tribune home. A large number of scientific and literary people were present, and those from abroad were Miss Quinn, of the Carlisle Indian Scholl; Miss Adelia Gates, of New York, the noted flower artist, and Mrs. Lucinda H. Stone, of Michigan. This is the second time that Helen Gardener has greeted her friends here and they are always as charmed with her personality as they have been impressed with her strong, earnest books. One who could not be present writes: "I regard Helen Gardener's work as almost the most important reformatory effort which the last decade has seen." Mrs. Ellen A. Richardson, who is a woman of fine presence and commanding nature, has recently become very prominent in connection with the Home Congress, which she conducted in Boston during six weeks last autumn. Many of the scientists present at the reception had given her of their best along their special lines, and so had contributed to make this congress a marked success. Mrs. Stone was regarded with especial interest and greeted with the reverence that her long life of good work for women deserves.—The Woman's Tribune.

—Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 27.—John Wanamaker is going to build a church to celebrate his escape from fire. In the conflagration which destroyed a big business block yesterday morning his store was damaged to the extent of about \$100,000, but many times it was threatened with total destruction, and was saved only by tremendous work by the local department and his own store brigade. Mr. Wanamaker is an official of the Bethany Presbyterian Church, and is superintendent of its Bible class. At its regular weekly meeting tonight he spoke feelingly of his "Providential escape" from yesterday's disaster, and said that he and his wife had resolved that their thankfulness should take some substantial form. Accordingly, he had decided to buy a plot of ground in the southwestern section of the city and erect thereon a place of worship, to be dedicated to the Presbyterian church of this city.

It is a curious kind of a God that will protect a millionaire's property from fire and allow hundreds of poor people to starve and freeze to death on the same night, January 25, 1897. Probably this orthodox God took special pains to save John Wanamaker's property, knowing he would erect for him a Presbyterian Church.

—We learn on good authority that the cause of anti-vivisection is making unusual progress. During the last month a large number of new and influential friends have been gained; attempts at legislation are to be made at once in the District of Columbia, and six or seven states; a number of new anti-vivisection societies are to be formed on a substantial and permanent basis; a renewed activity in all directions is reported. Above all, the leading newspapers of the great cities are publishing long and important articles, many of them illustrated, against vivisection, and the situation in general, perhaps, has never been as bright as it is at this moment. For the first time in the history of the movement in this country, a definite law absolutely pro-

hibiting the stupid, cowardly crime of vivisection, has ceased to be an impossibility.

—Brother Moody is right, these learned theologians are leading mankind into infidelity and we are glad of it. As Moody says, if you deny the Jonah story, you must deny the resurrection story. Yes, for it is as easy to believe a whale swallowed Jonah as that a dead man came to life, and only a Christian could believe either story. Here is what Moody says:

"I believe there are a good many scholars in these days, as there were when Paul lived, 'who professing themselves to be wise, have become fools'; but I don't think they are those who hold to the inspiration and infallibility of the whole Bible. I have said that ministers of the gospel who are cutting up the Bible in this way, denying Moses today and Isaiah tomorrow and Daniel the next day and Jonah the next, are doing the devil's work; and I stand by what I have said. I don't say they are devils; I don't say they are bad men; they may be good men, but that makes the results of their work all the worse. Do they think they will recommend the Bible to the finite and fallen reason of men by taking the supernatural out of it? They are doing just the opposite to that. They are emptying their churches and driving the young men of this generation into infidelity."

—The Open Court Publishing Company of Chicago is entitled to great credit for bringing out so many valuable scientific and Liberal publications.

—The New York Sun, of February 9th, contains the following very important and suggestive article on Dr. Lyman Abbott's theological attitude:

"We have received many more letters discussing and defending the attitude of Dr. Lyman Abbott toward supernatural religion, but it is not necessary that we should publish them, since they merely repeat arguments to which we have already given a place in The Sun.

"They all miss the point, which is that if there is not supernatural authority for Christianity, it becomes simply a system of moral philosophy, regarding whose soundness disagreement is justifiable and inevitable. If it is not believed in as coming from God by supernatural revelation, but is treated as simply human in its origin, it will be criticised on its merits alone, as the Jews, for instance, criticised it, and as it was criticised by the Romans. The Romans opposed the Christian system and tried to destroy it as essentially inimical to the state and the established social order. They viewed the Christians and dealt with them as we now regard and treat Anarchists. If, then, the supernatural origin and character of Jesus are denied, his teachings will be examined in a light radically different from that in which their discussion has proceeded hitherto. They will cease to be the foundation of a religion imposing an obligation of belief as essential to obedience to God, and become debatable propositions made by a human teacher of philosophy, and therefore properly and necessarily examinable to determine their intrinsic value.

"This would make a complete revolution in the spirit of Christendom. Christianity as a religious system would be wholly subverted. Instead of a religion deriving its authority from a supernatural source, we should have only a religious philosophy limited by the inability of the human intellect to go beyond this world of sense and fact. Jesus would be relegated to the plane of Buddha and Mohammed, and the Biblical stories of supernatural occurrences would take their place along with the tales of Greek and Roman, Assyrian and Egyptian mythology. Nothing would be left for man except the guidance of human reason alone. The foundation upon which the church and Christian theology are built would be swept away absolutely.

It is this destruction in which Dr. Abbott and his defenders are now engaged. If the Biblical story of Jonah and the whale is to be regarded as purely a parable, an allegory, whose actual occurrence was impossible and therefore unbelievable, Christianity must descend from its exaltation as a religion of

Divine authority, and drop to the level of a system of religious philosophy or speculation, of human authorship. If the story of Jonah is merely *allegorical*, a fable, every other Biblical tale, from the creation of Adam and Eve up to the supernatural birth and resurrection of Jesus, is likewise allegorical, for they conflict equally with the possibilities under merely natural law. In other words, the arguments of Dr. Abbott and his defenders shatter the whole fabric of religion built by faith, and put the Scriptural reports of supernatural occurrences in the same category with the tales of mythology.

"This is a conclusion which the theologians of the school of Dr. Abbott try to avoid, with a timidity which may be natural in view of their ecclesiastical relations, for it takes away the reason for their existence, but they cannot escape from it without intellectual stultification. They know that they have given up the whole authority of their theological system by making it a fabric of human speculation purely; but they dare not take the laity into their full confidence. Infidels though they be themselves, they tremble, and not unreasonably, at the consequences which would be involved in the destruction of the popular belief in the supernaturalism of the Bible.

"Meantime, archaeology is joining with philosophy in subjecting the Scriptures to scientific criticism, and the results of the investigations and examinations are accepted as indisputable, even in theological seminaries of orthodoxy, not merely by such men as Dr. Briggs, but also by professors whose heresy has not been brought under ecclesiastical condemnation.

"Our correspondents who discuss the case of Dr. Abbott have no conception of the tremendous revolution in sentiment of which it is a symptom. All the infidelity of past periods has been of no consequence as compared with the present infidelity, of which, for the moment, he has made himself an example. It is an infidelity which strikes at the supernatural basis upon which Christianity rests, and therefore relegates the religion of Christendom to the position of mere mythology and fallible human philosophy."



"New occasions teach new duties, Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast
of Truth." LOWELL

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"Ædœology, though quite new, has already become famous. Whole pages in many of the largest daily papers, and several pages in leading journals have been devoted to it. It is most highly recommended by the press, eminent physicians, ministers and prominent people of all callings. It is the most authoritative and valuable book on pre-natal influence ever published. It should be carefully read by every thinking man and woman: We strongly recommend it."—*Medical Brief.*

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A SYMPOSIUM—APPEAL FOR FREE DISCUSSION.
COMPILED BY OTTO WETTSTEIN.

DRAPER.—“What was written by Esdras, near the willow-fringed rivers of Babylon more than twenty-three centuries ago, still holds good—‘As for truth, it endureth and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth forevermore.’”

Milton.—“Give me the liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.”

Dr. Priestly.—“Should free inquiry lead to the destruction of Christianity itself, it ought not to, cannot on that account, be discontinued; for we can only wish for the prevalence of Christianity on the supposition of its being true; and if it fall before the influence of free inquiry, it can only be in consequence of its not being true.”

Bishop Thirwall.—“To maintain that there is no such a thing as disinterested, honest unbelief is an arbitrary assumption, incapable of proof and apparently contradicted by large experience.”

Bishop Butler.—“Reason can and ought to judge, not only of the meaning, but also of the morality and evidence of Revelation. * * * Let reason be kept to, and if any part of the scriptural account of the redemption of the world by Christ can be shown to be really contrary to it, let the scripture, in the name of God, be given up.”

Joseph Medill.—“Experience and common sense long ago established the doctrine that ‘Truth is mighty and will prevail.’ Whatever theological system is not competent to stand the hard knocks of criticism is not fit to survive. Criticism cannot destroy, it must establish, truth. The survival of the fittest is as much a law of moral ideas as of physical being; and healthy competition is as beneficial in one domain of human effort as in another. This is making nothing, moreover, of the fact, which history abundantly attests, that persecution in the long run is more injurious to those who practice than to those

who endure it. Emerson has written of the whip of the persecutor as a 'rope of sand.' 'Every blow inflicted,' he says, 'is a tongue of flame.' Truer and nobler words than these have seldom been written."

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.—"Though Harriet Martineau was an atheist, she was a true and noble woman, her life was filled with loving deeds, and if helpfulness and love brought one nearer to God, then was Harriet Martineau one of that number."

Rev. H. A. Delano.—"Civilization that shall ignore brotherhood, that shall not see a brother of Jesus Christ in the most dissolute man that walks the earth, and endeavor, for his sake, to lift him up, will fail in its mission."

Oliver Wendell Holmes.—"Is it not true that Truth gets well if she is run over by a locomotive, while Error dies of lockjaw if she scratches her finger? I never heard of a mathematician being alarmed for the safety of a demonstrated proposition, and I think that the dread of discussion generally implies feebleness of inward conviction."

"The hour is coming when men's holy church
Shall melt away in ever widening walls,
And be for all mankind; and in its place
A mightier church shall come, whose covenant word
Shall be the deeds of love. Not credo then;
Amo shall be the password through its gates;
Man shall not ask his brother any more:
Believeth thou? but, Loveth thou?"

—Unknown.

Lord Chesterfield.—"If we know a man's religion we still inquire as to his morals; but if we know his morals, the question as to his religion seldom arises."

Rev. Phillips Brooks.—"God will only punish men for wickedness, not for holding opinions. That is the truth which cuts into the knot of sophistry and ends that great error that error itself is guilt. The church should be more intolerant of selfishness, cant and hypocrisy, and less indignant with original opinions. The minister should be the pattern of intolerance of all that is immoral and the model of tolerance of what is honest doubt and honest belief."

Richard Baxter.—"They that believe, they know not why, take a fancy or a dream for their faith; God requires you to believe no more than you have sufficient reason to bear you out in believing."

George Sand.—“I appreciate and respect your faith, but I cannot share it with you. In the future, my friend, make up your mind to respect those who love the truth, even if they seek it in a light which you consider deceptive.”

Huxley.—“Science is teaching the world that the ultimate court of appeal is observation and experiment, and not authority. She is teaching it the value of evidence; she is creating a firm and living faith in the existence of immutable laws, moral and physical, perfect obedience to which is the highest possible aim of a human being.”

Lord Macaulay.—“The opposition always creates the glory of a country. The greatest men of a nation are those which it puts to death. Socrates created the glory of Athens, who deemed that she could not live with him. Spinoza is the greatest of modern Jews, and the synagogue expelled him with ignominy. Jesus was the glory of the people of Israel, who crucified him.”

Westminster Review.—“The whole progress of civilization has depended upon the conscious or unconscious adoption of the Utilitarian creed. Wherever it has been able to triumph over the other principle, there we find education, activity, enlightenment and progress.”

Emma Martin.—“Wrapped in the darkness of superstition and, consequently, of ignorance, it is not difficult to persuade a people that it is for their interest and happiness, present and future, that the voice of the skeptical reasoner should not be heard in the land; and passive obedience and unreasoning faith become elevated to the rank of virtues.”

Herbert Spencer.—“If it be a duty to respect other men’s claims, so also is it a duty to maintain our own. That which is sacred in their persons is sacred in ours also.”

Horace Mann.—“We want no men who will change like the vanes of our steeples with the course of the popular wind; but we want men, who, like mountains, will change the course of the wind.”

“God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
 In public duty and in private thinking;
 For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
 Their loud professions and their little deeds—
 Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
 Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.”

—J. G. Holland.

Felix Adler.—“If you tell me that the morality of the common people depends upon religion, I deny it. Give me the millions of dollars spent in churches in this country, and I will cure half of the country’s ills; I will give the people pure surroundings.”

Dr. Thomas.—“While we should rejoice in rational and well-accredited truth from God in things above our understanding, we should never try to believe everything in the name of religion that is plainly contradictory, or in its nature so unreasonable as to defy reason. God does not put upon a rational mind any such a task; and if men do it in the name of God or religion, they should be resisted in the name of reason and in the name of the God of reason. To attempt to believe, to say that we believe, what we cannot believe, leads not to faith, but to delusion and weakness, and the loss of both reason and faith. The time has come for plain words. Reason, common sense, must assert its rights and hold its place against madness and superstition, even though they come in the name of God or religion. And Christians ought to be the first to make this claim and to stand by it.
 * * * We must permit nothing—not even God himself, were such a thought possible—to come between us and good sense.”

Henry Ward Beecher.—“It is discouraging to see so many men religious without morality, and so many moral without being religious.”

Romans, xii., 9.—“Let your love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil.”

Thomas Jefferson.—“Fix Reason firmly in her seat, and call to her tribunal every fact, every opinion. Question with boldness even the existence of a God, because, if there be one, he must more approve of the homage of Reason than that of blind-folded Fear. Do not be frightened from this inquiry by any fear of its consequences. If you decide in a belief that there is no God, you will find incitements to virtue in the comfort and pleasantness you feel in its exercise, and the love of others which it will procure you. If you find reason to

believe there is a God, the consciousness that you are acting under his eye, and that he approves you, will be a vast additional incitement.
 * * * In fine, I repeat, you must lay aside all prejudices on both sides, and neither believe nor reject anything, because any other person or description of persons have rejected or believed it. Your own reason is the oracle given you by heaven, and you are answerable not for the rightness, but for the uprightness of the decision."—(Letter to his nephew.)

Rev. Myron Adams.—"The time has come for personal convictions in place of priestly teachings."

L. B. Farrar.—"Morals have no legitimate basis in any obligation of service to any god, nor in any well-grounded hope or fear to be realized after this life by us; but they have their basis and sanction in the inter-relations of all sentient beings. Moral obligation is broader than the human race and extends to all beings to whom our conduct can give pleasure or pain."

"I was not born at variance with God,
 'Corrupt and unregenerate.' The fall
 Of Adam left no blemish on my soul,
 That came (unasked) from the Creator's hand
 A thing of spotless beauty. I was born
 Loving the light, and reaching after truth—
 Fond of dear Life, yet cordial friend of Death,
 The king of Peace, not Terrors. I believe
 Whatever comes to me is for the best.
 I need no 'newer birth' to make me trust;
 No interceder with the Power Supreme,
 Who formed me full of worship and of love—
 And having formed me so, to damn me then
 Would damn Himself, and be no longer God!"

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Dr. Adam Clarke.—"The doctrine that cannot stand the test of rational investigation cannot be true."

Daniel Webster.—"It—freedom of speech—is a home-bred right, a fire-side privilege. It has ever been enjoyed in every house, cottage and cabin in the nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is undoubted as the right of breathing the air, and walking the earth. Belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty; and it is the last duty which those whose representative I am shall

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find me to abandon. This high constitutional privilege I shall defend and exercise within this house, and in all places; in time of war, in time of peace, and at all times. Living I will assert it; dying I will assert it; and should I leave no other legacy to my children, by the blessing of God, I will leave them the inheritance of free principles, and the example of a manly, independent and constitutional defense of them."

Count Cavour.—"Neither ecumenical councils, nor general conventions and musical revivals can help or disguise the fact that the educated classes of Europe and America are—well, it is hard to say what they are; except that they are not believers in the doctrines of the church which they tolerate and —faute de mieux—support."

Gen. Grant.—"Now I believe to be a good time to begin the work of strengthening the foundations of the structure commenced by our patriotic forefathers a hundred years ago. Let us all labor to aid all needful guarantees for the security of free thought, free speech, a free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiment, and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color or religion. Encourage free schools, and resolve that not a dollar appropriated for their support shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian schools. Resolve that neither the state nor nation shall support institutions of learning other than sufficient to afford every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good common school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan or atheistical dogmas. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church and the private school supported entirely by private contributions. Keep the state and church forever separate. With these safeguards the battle which created the army of the Tennessee will not have been fought in vain."

New York Independent.—"There is a good enough basis for all morality we need to teach in our public schools, without direct reference to the Bible."

James Russell Lowell.—"It seems to me that the bane of our country is a profession of faith either with no basis of real belief, or with no proper examination of the grounds on which the creed is supposed to rest."

Ella Batelle Dietrick.—"The only infidel is the coward who is unfaithful to his or her power of understanding. The only heresy is denial of the right to speak and hear new thoughts—to speak and hear regardless of hierarchal privilege or permit."

* * * "Yet wherefore cry
 To Heaven? 'Tis the trick of craven souls
 To vex the Gods with importunity,
 Entreating boons the base petitioner
 But from himself should seek. The Gods love them
 That even against the Gods, should there be need,
 Dare stand erect and to themselves be true."

—David Atwood Wasson.

Popular Science Monthly.—"The word has gone forth; morality must stand on a basis of natural law, or it cannot stand at all. * * * There is no uncertainty as to the fundamental principles of morals; but we have weakly allowed ourselves to think that the authority of moral teaching is bound up with certain traditional doctrines. That is the cardinal error which earnest men should strive with all their power to banish."

Prof. Swing.—"The man is to be pitied who asks the temple of religion to teach him not to cheat or slander or destroy his fellow man. All these virtues he could learn at the feet of an Atheist. * * * No one can object to any such acceptance of aid from the church, Protestant, Catholic or Pagan, but one may well pity the mind which cannot see that integrity does not repose upon Christianity or religion for its base; it reposes upon that reason, that intelligence, that outspread human life upon which religion itself reposes. Mr. Bradlaugh was not a believer in a God or a religion, and yet should that man have told a falsehood, the public would have been as much shocked as though the falsehood had been told by a clergyman or an archbishop. No high-toned Atheist will soil his lips with a lie. This horror of falsehood, come whence it may, teaches us that society itself is founded upon righteousness, and that religion, instead of being the sole cause of honor, is only a sentiment of love flaming up toward the creator of man and his world. * * * Even to the Atheist the young man can repair to learn the true greatness of the profession of the law and the infamy of falsehood. * * * Some of the modern reforms throw away half of their momentum by teaching our young men that the church, Christ and God command them to reform—ask them to throw aside forever the ruinous cup, and to break away from every harmful vice. Powerful as this command is, it omits that vast stream of eloquence which pours forth from the ethics of the world. Does Jesus of Nazereth urge the life of temperance? So does Atheism join in the entreaty and forbids any youth to soil his life and his mind in any form of pollution. The church,

indeed, speaks; but its voice is weak when compared with the solemn tones of all nations and times—the voice of the entire race of rational beings. * * * John Stuart Mill was honest and noble, but the church could have added nothing to the honor of Mill, or of Harriet Martineau. That was spotless; all the temple could have done was to make the world under their feet the house of God and death the gateway to a richer existence.”

Herbert Spencer.—“Not as adventitious therefore will the wise man regard the faith which is in him. The highest truth that he sees he will fearlessly utter; knowing that, let what may come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world—knowing that if he can effect the change he aims at—well; if not—well also; though not so well.

Robert G. Ingersoll.—“Are we not all children of the same Mother? Are we not all compelled to think, whether we wish to or not? Can you help thinking as you do? When you look out upon the woods, the fields—when you look at the solemn splendors of the night—these things produce certain thoughts in your mind, and they produce them necessarily. No man can think as he desires. No man controls the action of his brain, any more than he controls the action of his heart. The blood pursues its old accustomed ways in spite of you. The eyes see if you open them, in spite of you. The ears hear if they are unstopped, without asking your permission. And the brain thinks, in spite of you. Should you express that thought? Certainly you should, if others express theirs. You have exactly the same right. He who takes it from you is a robber.”

Dr. Paul Carus of the Open Court.—“Inquire into truth, and the truth will guide you.

“Accept the truth and live it, for the truth is always good.

“If the truth appears evil to you or saddening, know that you have either misunderstood it, or that you have not as yet fully made it your own. The truth must become the very essence of your being, it must be your own soul and your immortal self. Errors are a comfort to the erring only, not to the truth loving, and to him alone whose mind hankers after error does truth appear stern.

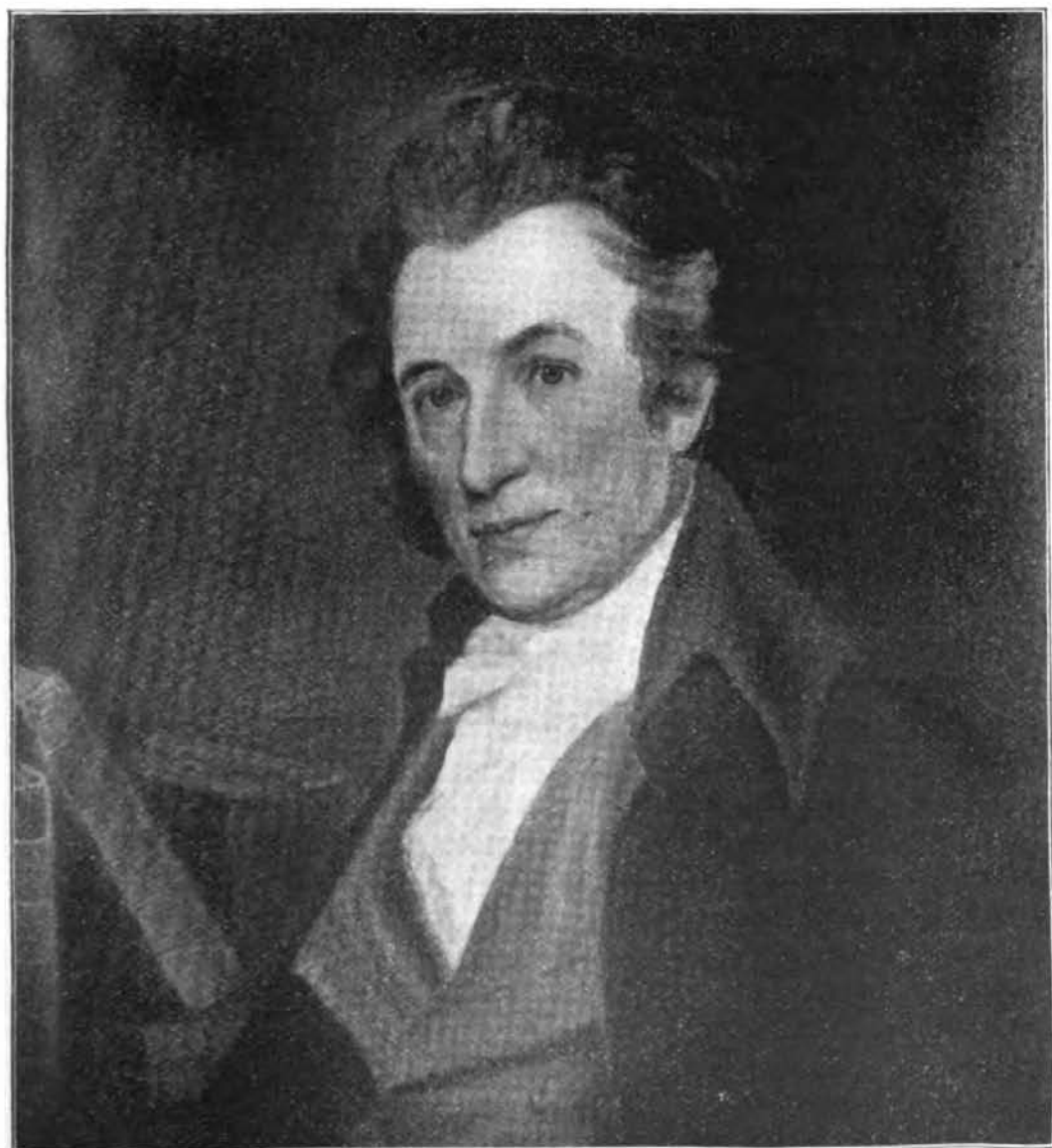
“Surrender the errors that seem a comfort to you. To give up errors is no loss, but a gain. But to learn the truth, even though it appear sad to you at first, that is real gain.

“There is no consolation in errors; genuine consolation can be found in truth only.

“Trust in the truth, for there is no other savior.”

HISTORY OF THE PORTRAIT OF THOMAS PAINE
IN INDEPENDENCE HALL.

BY JAMES B. ELLIOTT.



THIS portrait was photographed by Mr. Tuscott direct from the portrait now hanging in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. This explanation is necessary for the reason that there are many purporting

to be copies of that portrait sold; most of them are after Romney. The present portrait of Thomas Paine was painted by the celebrated portrait painter, Bass Otis, from the portrait by Jarvas, loaned for the purpose by the Society of Free Inquirers from their library in the city of New York in 1858, and cost \$150, paid by subscription by a number of the admirers of Thomas Paine's works as an author and soldier during the Revolution, a man whose pen and purse were both used effectually for the benefit of the discouraged soldiers of Washington's army during "the times that tried men's souls." No doubt it seemed to these patriotic admirers that the Hall of Independence, with Paine's portrait omitted, was like a ship without a rudder, or a garrison without guns, or a Catholic Church without a cross or its Savior.

On a small presentation frame on the back of the portrait is this note. "Shakespeare has said that the evil that men do lives after them, while the good is often interred with their bones." It is hard to estimate at the present day the amount of educated ignorance with which the donors had to combat, or the mountains of prejudice that had to be overcome before the portrait of him who had done so much for independence was permitted to be hung among those with whom he had counceled and fought in the dark days of 1776.

The portrait was first offered to Councils in 1859 by Mr. Forester L. Taylor, of Philadelphia, who, knowing the ignorance and prejudice that prevailed in regard to Thomas Paine's works, had compiled and printed, at his own cost, and given to each member of the council and the Mayor of the city the testimonials of the leading historians, writers and statesmen of the United States in reference to the work of Thomas Paine, so that they might act and vote intelligibly on the subject. How completely most of the members ignored the facts, and how much prejudice remained in their minds, may be judged by the fifteen votes for the rejection of the portrait in 1859. Although disappointed, Mr. Taylor was not discouraged, but, persistent of purpose, he renewed his efforts, and with the aid of favorable articles in the press, and assisted by Col. Frank Etting, another warm admirer of Paine, it was at last through his efforts that the portrait was placed in the Hall of Independence in the year 1875—nearly one hundred years after the Independence was acknowledged by the world, and when the nation was making arrangements to celebrate its Centennial anniversary.

But few people living today can realize how much those who cham-

pioneered Paine's works had to contend with, even thirty-five years ago. Paine's name was not mentioned, nor his work referred to during the Centennial address delivered in 1876 by the popular orator of Revolutionary events, Henry Armit Brown. Much, but not all, of the educated ignorance is passing away since the publication of Moncure D. Conway's life of the real Thomas Paine. There are still a few scholars left who continue to state old and popular scandals about Paine without taking trouble to verify them. But the war has ended among educated people. Those earnest, patriotic, honest men who desired and tried to have justice done to a deserving but neglected patriot have their reward in the consciousness of duty well performed, and those who took delight in tabooing "Tom Paine," and sought to court popularity by blackening his character and depreciating his works, have passed on "unhonored and unsung" and have become nameless dust, while Paine's popularity is increasing. I determined many years ago to tell the story briefly while the material was accessible by referring to and quoting the speeches made for and against the reception of Paine's portrait in the Hall of Independence direct from the Journals of Councils and the papers of the day, and I have taken pleasure in this task, which I here perform for the benefit of those who may at some future day take up the thread where I have left off.

Here is what the "Select Council" of Philadelphia had to say on December 8, 1859, in relation to putting the likeness up in Independence Hall:

Mr. Norman, a member of the Council, offered the following:

Resolved, That the thanks of the city are due, and are hereby presented to Mr. Forester Taylor and others, for their gift to the city of an admirably executed portrait of Thomas Paine, author of "Common Sense," and "Crisis," and other important papers having an effective bearing upon the Revolution, and the portrait be presented to the Hall of Independence.

Mr. Drayton said: From earliest childhood I have been taught to reprobate the name of Tom Paine. While conceding his intellectual greatness, his immorals were such as to exclude his portrait a place among the great and good men of the Revolution. Tom Paine was not a great man. In his history of Washington, Mr. Irving has not mentioned the name of Paine, while in no history of the United States is any tribute paid to his greatness. Mr. Drayton said he was sorry to oppose the measure, but felt bound to speak as he had done. He was sorry that an occasion occurred to require it.

Mr. Norman had a little more to say. He personally did not know the gentleman presenting the picture. He gave it not because he was an infidel, but because he wrote for the cause of Independence and believed that religious questions had no place there. No man had a cleaner record during the Revolution than Thomas Paine, and for this and his patriotism, at least his memory should be venerated. Because Washington Irving ignored his merit, that was no reason why the chamber should do so. If we reject the portrait of Paine because he was an infidel, Mr. Norman should move for the removal of five or six other portraits that are already there on the same grounds. Among them the portrait of Jefferson, whose heterodoxy is not questioned by any one. It would be a piece of cruel ingratitude.

Mr. Neal was sorry that the names of Jefferson, Ethan Allen and Franklin had been dragged into the question. There was no evidence that either of these men had written against the Bible, or aimed at the subversion of religion. If city councils should grant the request to give the portrait a niche in the temple of fame, they would undoubtedly please the disciples of Paine. They will then be able to point to their leader, honored with the company of the exalted personages, male and female, that adorn the walls of Independence Hall. This will give a new impulse to the principles of Paine, and his works will be sought for and read with avidity. But what are the motives of these men who are anxiously petitioning to have this man's portrait thus honored? Do they wish to honor him for his Revolutionary services? This is the pretence. What is the reason that his contemporaries—those who knew him well, were well acquainted with his writings and his services—did not honor him. He died fifty years ago in obscurity; and now, fifty years afterward, his deistical disciples drag him before the public to give prominence to his principles and his virtues. "E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires." He was famous for his writings during the Revolutionary struggle, and won the confidence of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Monroe and other leaders of that day. But how come they afterwards to treat him with contempt, despise and leave him to die in contempt, "unhonored and unsung"? After one struggle was over here he went to France to assist in the bloody revolution there, and in that seething pot of rage and fury he produced a book called the "Age of Reason." The French, whilst their passions raged uncontrolled by morality or religion, thought there was no God but Reason, and Paine undertook to teach the world that doctrine. When he returned the second time to America his

book had preceded him and his associates became acquainted with his principles and forsook him, they being Christians. Here is the cause of his being treated with neglect and contempt. But let us see what he says in the "Age of Reason." "Whenever we read of the obscene stories, the voluptuous debaucheries, the cruel and torturous executions, and unrelenting vindictiveness with which more than half the Bible is filled, it would be more consistent that we would call it the word of a Demon than the word of God. It is a history of wickedness that has served to corrupt and brutalize mankind, and for my own part, I sincerely detest it as I detest anything that is cruel." "Again it is not the existence or the non-existence of the person that I trouble myself about, it is the fable of Jesus Christ as told in the New Testament, and the wild, visionary doctrine raised thereon which I contend. The story taken as it is told is blasphemously obscene." Thomas Paine was a famous political writer in the days of the Revolution. His writings brought him to the notice of Washington and Jefferson and other characters of that day. He was flattered and received honorable appointments. He was then at the height of his fame. If he had not fallen from that height his portrait would have been handed down with his contemporaries, but those distinguished men were Christians, and as soon as Paine attacked their religion and sought to steal from them their greatest treasure, they shunned him; he sank into obscurity, from which he was never rescued, and if their portraits could speak to us they would exclaim: "We beg of you, do not disgrace us by forcing this man into our company."

Mr. Davis said he was not prepared to vote at present. He desired to refresh his memory upon the career of Thomas Paine as a patriot, and he believed his religion or lack of it was not a matter in which in this age of common schools and diffused intelligence the Common Council need interfere. If Paine had been a patriot and rendered valuable services to his country, that was sufficient. The interest of Christianity cannot be prejudiced by the exhibition of his portrait in Independence Hall, and he moved to postpone until next week.—Carried.

SELECT COUNCIL, December 15, 1859.

The portrait of Thomas Paine still remained in the chamber and was placed in position upon the arms of the chair opposite the desk of the President. It was stared at previous to the assembling of Councils by a good many persons, some of whom wished to kick a

hole in it, while not one expressed a willingness to see it suspended beside those of Washington and others in Independence Hall.

The portrait was again offered to the chamber, and the propriety of receiving it advocated by Mr. Norman as before. Mr. Norman read many extracts, showing Paine to have been a patriot. That he was an infidel in belief, Mr. Norman admitted, but wished his portrait honored because he was a patriot. Mr. Norman read documents to show that John Adams, Thos. Jefferson, Ethan Allen and Franklin held religious views similar to Thomas Paine.

Mr. Benton, a member of the Council, thought that a man who had certainly made great sacrifices for the country—who had lived upon the rations of a common soldier while writing for liberty—who was always poor and self-denying—should be placed in Independence Hall with all his faults nevertheless clinging to him. Mr. Benton moved to strike out all after the word "Resolved" and insert the following: "That in view only of that portion of his history, and of so much of his career as associates him with the useful men of the Revolutionary war, the gift of his portrait be and is hereby accepted by the city."

The portrait was declined by the following vote:

Yeas—Benton, Loughlin, Norman; three. Nays—Bartlette, Bradford, Bringham, Cuyler, Davis, Drayton, Enos Ford, McIntyre, Neal, Peters, Smedley, Thompson, Wetherill, Corman, President of Council; fifteen. Present, but not voting—Lemon, Simon Leidy, candidate for Mayor; Snyder and Budelman, of blankets and tobacco memory.

On the final vote rejecting the Paine portrait the Sunday Dispatch published the following editorial comments, entitled:

DODGERS OF THE QUESTION

The motives of the majority who thus determined that the portrait of the author of "Common Sense"—the author who wrote the words, since become memorable, "These are the times that try men's souls," was not fit to be placed alongside of those of his co-workers in the revolutionary struggle, were pretendedly governed by religious feelings.

As the course of life and antecedents, and the character of the moral personages who voted with the majority are well known, we invite a particular inspection of them by our readers, name by name.

They need only do so to increase the indignation which must exist against the gross hypocrisy of every one of the fifteen. There is no one among them who is either a Christian in action or by profes-

sion. They have not the miserable excuse of their bigotry to help them out. Their course was directed by the most unworthy motives, and in hope of making their preference of respect for religion available of their political purposes. The whole fifteen stand before the community in the attitude of rank hypocrites, while the dodgers add to their claims whatever credit they should enjoy for their want of moral courage.

It is gratifying to know that in spite of bigotry and superstition this grand likeness of Thomas Paine has now its proper place among the noble patriots of the Revolution whose likenesses adorn the walls of Independence Hall.

A FREE LOVER'S CREED.

BY MOSES HARMAN.

IN the March number of this Magazine the editor promises that in the next issue "Moses Harman, editor of 'Lucifer,' will give his Free Love creed, as it were—set forth fully what he believes and advocates on the marriage question."

As fully as possible in the space allowed, I will try to make good this promise.

My creed is short. Instead of "Thirty-nine" articles, it has but three:

I believe in Freedom—the negation of all slaveries.

I believe in Love—the negation of all hate.

I believe in Wisdom, Knowledge utilized—the negation of all ignorance.

I put Freedom first, because, until freedom prepares the way, neither Love nor Wisdom can have room to live and grow.

In these three—Freedom, Love, Wisdom—we have a creed much better adapted to working out the problems of life than is the trinity of our childhood—"Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

If belief in this trinity, and if a life regulated in accord therewith, constitute one a "Free Lover," then I do not object to the cognomen. Whether Free Lover is a title of honor or dishonor will depend upon what is in the mind of the speaker. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Names count for but little, and are apt to be misleading. For this reason I do not label or tag myself, and I object to being tagged by others. Freethinker, Rationalist, Libertarian, are good and expressive, but each has its limitations in the minds of most peo-

ple. Free Thought, to my mind, includes and necessitates free action—free, non-invasive action. The thought that has not the courage of its convictions—that fears to practicalize and live what it believes to be right—is not Free Thought. It is thought under bondage to fear.

Yes, I believe in Freedom—equal freedom. I want no freedom for myself that all others may not equally enjoy. Freedom that is not equal is not freedom. It is, or may easily become, invasion, and invasion is the denial or the death of freedom. The Spencerian formula: "Each has the right to do as he pleases, so long as he does not invade the equal right of others," tells what freedom means. It is equivalent to saying that liberty, wedded to responsibility for one's acts, is the true and only basis of good conduct, or of morality.

But to particularize:

I believe in Freedom to choose and to refuse in matters of food, of drink, of clothing, of books, of paintings, of amusements, or recreations, and—most important of all—I believe in freedom to choose and refuse in matters pertaining to companionships with the other sex. Freedom to choose our food and drink relates mainly to the life of the individual, but the choice of sex-companionship relates mainly to the life of the race, and is therefore incomparably the more important, inasmuch as the whole includes all the component units. The main effort of nature, in the plant and the animal, is to "keep the ball of life rolling"—to preserve the race or species from dying out, with less regard as to what becomes of individual units. Hence amative desire, or sex-love, is more imperious—less under control of calculating prudence, than is any other inherited desire or passion—and rightly so.

Freedom of choice—to be freedom—must be unlimited as to time. To be able to choose the kind or quality of one's food or drink but once in a lifetime would not be freedom. It would be the negation, the suicide of freedom. And so also in sex-companionships.

The right to make mistakes and to profit by them is vitally necessary to human happiness and progress, and pre-eminently is this true in the most important of all human relationships—that which grows out of the differentiation called sex, since this relationship concerns not only the happiness, the unfoldment, of each individual, but—for weal or foe, for success or failure, for uplifting or for degeneracy, it is this relationship that reproduces the race—the larger selfhood.

I believe in Love; because love is the uniting, the combining, the organizing, the creative force of the universe. It is also the refining,

the purifying, the uplifting, the glorifying, the happifying force of the universe. Whoever or whatever debases or kills love, debases or kills life; for life is evolved and preserved through love. Without love life is a desert—not worth having.

I believe in Wisdom—knowledge utilized—because without wisdom to guide, both freedom and love may fail to bring lasting happiness. I believe in wisdom; it is the result of the exercise of love in freedom—love profiting by its mistakes; hence wisdom is the child of love in freedom.

It is because I believe in this trinity that I do not believe in marriage. These three are humanity's saviors and marriage crucifies them all. Marriage destroys freedom and compels slavery. Marriage kills love and incarnates hate. Marriage is the inveterate foe of wisdom and incarnates ignorance.

"Free Love" is tautological, since there can be no love where freedom is not. If love survives marriage it is not because of, but in spite of, marriage. Bond love is a misnomer, an impossibility.

The attempt to bind love kills it, or changes it to jealousy and hate. Love, freedom, wisdom, constitute life's zenith, its sunshine; marriage, jealousy, hate, mean life's nadir, its darkness.

"Ignorance is the only darkness," says Shakspeare, and marriage promotes and compels ignorance, lest its victims learn how to gain their freedom.

I accept and heartily indorse Mr. Green's motto for the proposed new Free Thought organization, "Truth, Justice and Purity," and because I indorse that noble trinity I am an opponent of marriage and an advocate of love in freedom.

I oppose marriage because marriage opposes truth. Marriage is the hot-bed, the prolific breeding ground of deception, hypocrisy, falsehood. By its anti-natural requirements it compels men, and especially women, to dissemble and hide their real thoughts, their real characters, and after the fateful knot is tied the necessity for living a lie is often augmented manyfold. Whether they love or not, the married pair must still profess that they are true to each other and to their marriage vows; and this perpetual profession helps, of itself, to bring the disillusioning. But the disillusioning does not release from the necessity of deception, but rather increases it. The retroactive effect of this habitual deception is fatal to health and to noble development of the wedded pair themselves, and by inexorable causation the children born of such unions are hereditary liars and hypocrites.

What wonder that there is so little of candor, of truth and of honesty in business, in politics, in religion, in love, and in all the relations of life?

I oppose marriage because it opposes justice. Marriage is unjust to woman—depriving her of her right of ownership and control of her person, of her children, her name, her time and her labor. Marriage is unjust to children—depriving them of their right to be born well through natural selection; depriving them of the right to be born of love—of love on all three planes, the physical, the intellectual and the psychic; and compelling them to be born of indifference or of disgust, on one or more of these planes; depriving them of their right to be reared in an atmosphere of concord and love, instead of an atmosphere of inharmony and hate. Unjust to woman and man alike, in that it deprives both of their natural right to correct their mistakes whenever they recognize them to be such; condemning them to a hell on earth until one or the other, in sheer desperation, shall commit what the marriage law calls a crime sufficiently heinous to release them—after passing through the added hell of the divorce court.

What wonder that the world is filled with hate, with greed, with strife, with wars—of households and of nations—when we remember how and where human beings are made, and reared?

I oppose marriage because it opposes Purity. Purity in sex-companionship is inseparable from love. Marriage does not recognize love as essential to purity, else it would demand the annulment of the marriage bond whenever there is a failure of love. Marriage unites "for better or worse," and marriage secures the worse by killing love. Marriage is ownership, especially the ownership of woman by man; marriage is force, authority, law, and love instinctively rebels against all force, all law, except its own.

Hence marriage fosters and compels impurity, prostitution, within its own pale—the worst of all prostitutions, since it is in marriage, mainly, that children are born. Marriage promotes impurity—prostitution—outside its own pale. Marriage is the prolific source of unmarried prostitution. The brothel is the legitimate outgrowth and complement of modern marriage.

I oppose marriage for much the same reason that I opposed its twin relic of barbarism, African slavery—because I believe it to be the "sum of all villainies," and I say of the laws made to enforce it, as Garrison said of the Constitution of the United States—they are a "covenant with death and a league with hell," figuratively speaking.

Many other indictments, equally damning might be made against this time-dishonored institution, but I have room only to say that I oppose marriage because I regard it the heaviest load that humanity has now to carry in its toilsome march from the lowlands of barbarism to the highlands of true civilization.

It will doubtless be objected that evolution has been at work, and marriage is now only a "contract," to those who wish to make it such. Never was a greater mistake. The law dictionaries and the encyclopedias tell quite a different story. They tell us that "its complete isolation from all other contracts is constantly recognized by the courts." "In marriage every right and duty is fixed by law." And the law of marriage is based on the old Roman and the Canon law, both of which put the wife in the power of the husband—sink her individuality in that of the husband.

That marriage is less brutal than it once was is because man has risen faster than his institutions, and in spite of his institutions. Hence most husbands are better than the marriage laws authorize or allow them to be. But the same may be said of the old slave owners.

As Burke said of government, so we may say of marriage: "Talk not of its abuse; the thing, the thing itself, is the abuse." To abolish the abuses of marriage, then, is to abolish marriage.

"But what will you give us instead of marriage?" it will doubtless be asked. This is like asking what will you give us when you take away disease or superstition. The answer is, when disease is gone, health will remain; when superstition is gone, nature and reason will remain; when marriage is gone, Truth, Justice and Purity will remain. Honor, candor, honesty, fidelity will remain. Fewer children will be born, because none will be born except such as are wanted, and they will be welcomed and cared for by mutual affection. The true, rational family will take the place of the narrowly selfish despotism now called by that name. Each member of the voluntary groups will drop to his place like stones in an arch when artificial props are removed. Government by authority will cease, because no longer needed.

Love, friendship, liberty, equality, fraternity, peace and happiness will take the place of hate, despotism, war and misery.

As to monogamy—a very different thing from marriage—under the reign of love, freedom and wisdom, there will be an opportunity for intelligent comparison, and if monogamy proves itself the fittest it will survive; otherwise it will give way to something better. What

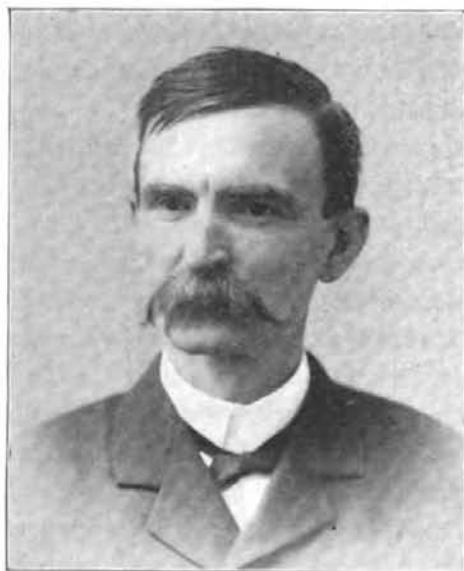
that something would or could be cannot be told until a fair comparison is possible.

The readers of the Magazine who may care to know what ground Lucifer's editor takes on the relation of the late tragedy at Boston to the marriage question will be supplied gratis with copies of that paper by writing to 1394 West Congress street, Chicago.

FACTS VERSUS THEORIES.

BY CHARLES KENT TENNEY.

MAN'S conception of himself and his ultimate destiny is based upon assumptions, not certainties; upon his wishes and desires, rather than known facts; upon his belief that he is the grand final object of creation, rather than that he is a part of it depending upon it and its laws for his existence, and upon this assumption of his overshadowing importance he builds air castles as to his future destiny, many of them, magnificent and grand in thought and answering a useful purpose perhaps in stimulating him to better and to nobler acts towards his fellow-men.



C. K. TENNEY.

It is the assumption of the premises upon which his arguments and theories are based to which we except, not his conclusions from the premises assumed.

There is no question but that law reigns in the universe and that law is supreme and that all things are governed by law. All will agree to this proposition, as it is self-evident. We maintain, however, that man is governed by law and that all laws are perfect in themselves.

There can be no such thing as an imperfect law. Science is based on their uniformity and perfection. Their operation may sometimes meet resistance in the operation of other laws, but this does not indicate the imperfection of either. Their seeming conflict is the result of conditions rather than conflict. The conditions being restored.

there is no conflict. These are certain fundamental principles that cannot be gainsaid. We have no right to assume facts which we do not know exist. The statement of a claim without evidence or reason to support it leads to any result our fancy may desire from the facts assumed. It is therefore an assumption to say that laws are created when our reason teaches that they are a part of the universe and always have been, and operate only when conditions which other laws have produced will permit. From known facts and reason it is self-evident that the universe and all within it had no beginning; hence there was no creation of it or its laws. New combinations of materials which are here may be and are made, and in that sense only can there be a creation. The laws which do this are here. They are not subject to any higher power, for they are the higher power. We therefore can see no good reason why we should assume a central power higher than the power creating—a power to create the creating power—and to tickle our fancies designate this power as God, whether personal or impersonal. This line of argument followed out would lead to no end, for if we had the right to assume the existence of a power which creates the power, some power must have created the higher power, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Is it not then much more reasonable to suppose that these powers or forces have always existed, and therefore were never created, and need but conditions to call them into operation?

The difficulty in the way of fair discussions of subjects of this character lies in the fact that man considers himself the highest manifestation of nature; that only a higher power, perfect in all things, excels him, and that this earth was made expressly for his abiding place and that it has little other use; that he was created only for the purpose of being perfected, that he might become a part of the higher power; that he himself is next to the higher power and that this is but the temporary abiding place in which to grow perfect, and after having reached that state, a state no one can describe or imagine, he will enter into and become a part of that higher power or God. It is, of course, man's so-called soul that is to do this; that imaginary, unknown quantity so persistently insisted on; that which is independent of mind or matter or force; that indescribable something which does not control the body or its functions, and over which the body exercises no authority; that imprisoned, shackled, fettered thing, without aim or object or known purpose, as far as the body knows—that thing which we know not of and which knows

not of us, and yet nature's perfect laws would torment and torture for the evil acts of the body, or retard its progress in its onward march to perfection. These are perhaps but natural assumptions, when we take into consideration the fact that man is the highest manifestation known to himself, nature being the thing itself, and not a manifestation. It is, however, based on his wishes and desires, rather than on reason or facts susceptible of demonstration. He thinks of himself only individually, and not as a part of the whole, and dislikes to believe that he will lose his individualism, forgetting that there is no part of him, or law operating on him, that has not always existed, and while he knows nothing of the past, in which all that goes to make him up has always existed, he borrows no trouble as to his previous existence; why, then, should he in respect to the future? He cannot escape whatever it may be, but he may rest assured that the same kind nature which has hitherto cared for him will work him no harm in the time to come. In view of man's conceit as to his importance and place in the universe, it seems strange that Mother Earth got along so well during the countless ages that passed before his advent here, and we are inclined to believe it would continue to roll on during the countless ages to come were he entirely obliterated from its surface. Have we the right to assume that man is nature's highest manifestation? As measured by himself, he unquestionably is. It is an axiom, however, that a part cannot be greater than or equal to the whole. Was not the creation of the earth from the infinite atoms of which it is composed and from which alone man comes, and upon which he is a mere parasite, and which is the abiding place of all laws governing him and all laws pertaining to earth, a greater manifestation? Is the parasite upon the plant a greater manifestation than the plant itself? Is the child a greater manifestation than the parent? The creation of man, just as the creation of all life here, as well as its existence, is the act of earth itself assisted by laws operating in the universe and upon the earth. It is the earth that gives him birth. All there is of him is here. All that he has ever accomplished and all that he may ever expect to accomplish has been and will be alone done from materials and forces here upon this earth. It is the earth and its forces which guide and direct man in his orbit. Escape them he cannot. Man uses nature's gifts and laws as far as they are known to him, but Mother Earth uses all these gifts and laws in the making, existence and perfection of man, and but for the act of earth using these materials and the

application of natural law to them, there could be no such thing as man. From existing conditions, assisted by forces, it from its own materials creates the cells from which all so-called life springs, and its operation is no more remarkable or different in man than in any other forms of life.

The claim is made that man is not perfect. This is perhaps true, except in the sense that nature is always perfect, but it is also true that there is no such thing as perfect happiness. Man's very nature is antagonistic to this view. His every desire has been and must always be to improve and increase his degree of happiness. Who is to be the judge of what this is, except each individual man? Man is happy or contented, according to his surroundings and conditions. The most ignorant may be as happy and contented as the most learned—perhaps more so, as he has no knowledge of the desires and ambitions of the more learned. No man has ever yet lived, or perhaps ever will, who is entirely satisfied with himself and who does not and will not thirst for more. His desires, ambitions and happiness seem to be more in the anticipation than in the reality. If he ever did arrive at a state where there was nothing more to strive for, he would grow tired of his condition, if he realized it, or he would become a mere negation, and that is not happiness. Man's condition, as measured by our present standard, may become improved. It is not a question of good or evil laws, for there are no such things as evil laws. Man becomes wicked or depraved by reason of natural law, operating upon self-imposed conditions, although he may sometimes become so by reason of natural conditions which affect his happiness and peace of mind. When evil effects produced by natural laws affect his happiness and peace of mind, his tranquillity may be restored by the kindly acts of man himself. As, for example, when the ice formed in the river breaks up, and, floating down the stream, catches upon some protruding obstacle and itself forms another obstacle for others to catch upon, and in time forms a jam and prevents the free passage of its waters and causes it to overflow its banks and brings ruin and destruction to man's possessions, or when atmospheric conditions cause warm and cold air currents to come suddenly together and produce the cyclone which destroys our cities, villages and farms, it is not the result of evil law, but of obstacles placed in the way of the free operation of natural law, all good in themselves if left to their free operation, and while it is not in the power of man to prevent these obstacles which have brought the dire destruction, yet it is in

his power to so aid the sufferer in the hour of his trouble as to practically restore the sufferer to peaceful and tranquil mind, and not let him bear the entire burden alone. It is not the law which is bad, but the conditions which called it into operation. It is the conditions which surround man that make him good or bad—conditions generally imposed by man himself, and which, when from natural causes, could be relieved by man himself. As these conditions are changed for the better by man himself or relieved as they can be by man, he will improve.

Natural law which placed man here on earth also created and placed here that upon which he might subsist by honest toil. Selfishness, the root of all evil in man, too frequently places obstacles in the way of natural law in its intentions, and as man must live, evil is the result. Not because man is bad, but because he obeys the laws of self-preservation.

Man can change these conditions. They are inheritances from his early existence, when all was self. The process may be slow, but time will eradicate evil. This so-called evil, then, is not due to law, but to man himself. It is the result of his violation of law, and man must stand the consequences of his own acts. Good and evil are of man's creation, and evil may be eradicated by man himself.

Happiness and despair are only relative terms. They apply only to man's feelings or state of mind. That state of mind depends upon surrounding conditions. Thus what would please one man and cause him to enjoy great happiness perhaps might not affect another at all, and none in the same degree. Man enjoys things only as he sees them himself. What may be happiness for one might be the reverse for another.

The duty of man, then, is to surround his neighbor with those things which will afford him the greatest happiness and in which there is no evil. Thus may despair be eliminated and every man have his full measure of joy in those things which are most to his liking.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

A PRAYER FINAL.

BY CARL BURELL.



CARL BURELL.

If there be God or Gods or Fate
Or Power overruling all,
Or Supreme Love, or Supreme
Hate,
Or Person or Impersonal,
Or any one or anything,
Or unit or composite whole,
Or endless space, or perfect Ring,
Or Form, or Being, or a Soul,
To whom the human Soul can
pray
In times of joy or times of pain,
In any form or any way
That it may ask and not in vain
Of that Great Being, Form or
Soul
(Who ruleth nothing or rules
all),

I ask for nothing or the whole
In this which is "My Prayer Final."

I ask, nor fear nor God nor Man,
For myself, only what shall make
My life to fulfill Justice's plan—
I ask for Truth's and Justice's sake—
For good or ill, or joy or woe,
Which ever best shall mold my life
To live, to act, to speak, to know
The Truth and Right in daily strife.

For those I love I ask the same,
Their life is more to me than mine,
No worthless wealth or empty fame,
I ask for power supreme—divine—

That they may do what's just and right,
 Be true, each to himself—his soul—
 Nor yield to any power or might
 That would make life less than a whole.

If love of Justice, Truth and Right
 Means anything, counts anything,
 If honor is a force—a might
 To which the hard-pressed soul may cling,
 If love and trust in fellow-born
 Is more than lust and greed for pelf,
 Since selfish things it makes me scorn
 And hate my sordid, selfish self;

Then for the sake of what is more
 Than what the brute can feel or know,
 For Love's own sake I now implore
 Of Him "from whom all blessings flow,"
 The highest good of One I love,
 (I ask it unconditional),
 Of God, if there be God above,
 In this which is "My Prayer Final."

East Pembroke, N. H.

REV. GEORGE BRAYTON PENNY.

BY MILA TUPPER MAYNARD.

GEORGE BRAYTON PENNY was born on a farm in central Illinois, May 28, 1866. His parents were earnest persons of Baptist faith, and in early life the son entered into the spirit of the devout atmosphere of his home with little question regarding the theological foundation. After some business experience and a few terms of teaching, Mr. Penny was able to attend Cornell University, at which institution he took a course covering three years, dropping out after the first year long enough to earn the money to continue. The intellectual and moral atmosphere of this university was an elixir of life to the dormant ambitions and aspirations of the youth. The old doctrines had lost their hold and the new dynamics for earnest purpose remained to be attained. Here he found religious conceptions grown into harmony with the latest advances of science and philosophy, while spiritual ardor was heightened thereby.

He was one of the founders of the Fortnightly Club in the university, whose object was the discussion of all phases of religious thought, aiming to have each expounded by its adherents.

After leaving the university he entered business life in Chicago under favorable conditions, and proved most successful in that career. However, he longed for a life that would call forth the deeper interests within him and give opportunity for a higher helpfulness.

Confiding his discontent to friends in the ministry he was advised to enter religious work, which he did, at first without relinquishing his business. Almost immediately, however, he was called

to the pastorate of the Unitarian church in Geneva, Ill., where he was ordained May, 1892. This church represented the broadest outlook of the advance wing of the Unitarian denomination. A later pastorate in an Ohio church brought him in contact with a conservative type of denominationalism, which strengthened his natural interest in the free church movement. During the last two years he has been engaged in missionary work in central Illinois along the lines of the Liberal Religious Congress, and without relinquishing this was installed last May as minister of the People's Church, Freeport, Ill. The spirit of this church, as ex-



REV. GEO. B. PENNY.

pressed in its bond of union, is "The desire to know the truth, to live the right, and to help humanity in all worthy ways."

Mr. Penny's life as a minister has been brightened by his young wife, who consented to share the risks of the new venture a few weeks subsequent to his call to Geneva, and who has been a helpful factor in his subsequent success. There are now two children in their home. In many ways Mr. Penny is typical of the younger generation of thinking men. A generation which likes to take the newer theological outlook for granted—accepting the glorious freedom for constructive activities and leaving behind negations, pressing on with unstinted tolerance, into the great moral and social movements which call for the consecrated heart and mind of today.

Santa Monica, Cal.

THE PLAY OF THE PLANETS.

BY JAMES A. GREENHILL.

AT the present time, April 1st, the planets Venus, Mars and Jupiter are very finely situated in the evening sky to attract the attention of the student in physical astronomy, and it will be interesting to watch their motions for several months to come. Jupiter is in Leo, retrograding, and his bright, shining face may be seen in the east in the early evening.



JAMES A. GREENHILL.

Mars is in Gemini, his motion is direct, and he will continue an eastward course, and on September 11 next year will appear to be in the same place he is in today. He will keep on going east and on November 11, next year, will pass close above Eta Cancrī. He will still keep on going east till the 10th of December, when he will seemingly stop for a few nights, and then commence to retrograde, and will keep on going west till the 26th of February, nearly two years hence. In the meantime, by watching him from night to night, on the evening of April 7 we will see him close to Epsilon Geminorum, and on May 10 he will have gone east so as to form a straight line with the Twins, Pollux in the middle, nearly as close

to Mars as to Castor. And by the 25th of May we will see him close to the star Eta Cancrī, while all the time it will be seen he is getting nearer to Jupiter, and on the 25th of July they will be seen in conjunction, Jupiter being above Mars a distance equal to one-fourth the diameter of our moon. They will then be visible in the west in the early evening, two and a half hours behind the sun, and will be a beautiful sight, being so close together, they will be seen side by side in the same field in the telescope. Now let us turn our attention to the Giant.

At present Jupiter can be seen in the early evening a little south of east, and below Regulus. (Regulus is a star of the first magnitude Alpha in Leo, and will be in the plane of the Equinoxial 2,165 years hence, at the time of the Autumnal Equinox, so that the sun and star will be together at the equinox. The sun reaches the star this year on August 20, but though the star is in the Ecliptic, the Equinoxial plane will not reach it till 2,165 years from the present time.

This change comes in connection with what is known as the Procession of the Equinoxes (see vol. XIII *Free Thought Magazine*, page 579.) On the 25th of December last, the planet reached his stationary point. At that time he was $11\frac{1}{2}$ deg. east of Regulus. On April 26 he will reach to the west point in his retrograde motion. He will then be $3\frac{1}{2}$ deg. southeast from Regulus, and 28 deg. east from Mars, where he will apparently stand still for several nights, and then move east again, and as above stated, Mars will overtake him on July 25, and as the god of war drives the faster chariot, he will pass the Giant, and they will not be close together again till October 26 two years after next October. They will then be close behind the sun, so as to be just visible on the western horizon after sunset. And



GREENHILL'S OBSERVATION BUILDING.

thus they continue on in their courses from year to year, without either variableness or shadow of erraticalness, and from the fact that their movements are perfection, their places can be told to any length of time in the past or future, proving astronomy to be a science, knowledge susceptible of demonstration, no guess work about it, nothing to quarrel about, therefore requiring no priesthood but common sense, and some knowledge of mathematics.

Venus may be seen in the west in the evening, one-third the distance from the horizon to the zenith. It is the brightest of the heavenly bodies next to the moon, and on the first week in June its phase as seen in the telescope will be similar to our moon when between $3\frac{1}{2}$ and 4 days old. It will then be at its greatest brilliancy,

same as it was March 21, with this difference: In March it was evening star, in June it will be morning star. It will be at inferior conjunction April 28. When at its greatest brilliancy it reflects light sufficient to cast a shadow, and if any one wishes to satisfy himself of the truth of the above, let him on the first week in June, an hour before sunrise, enter a room having a window on the east side, see that there is no outside obstruction to the direct ray upon the planet, and if there be other windows in the room, they ought to be at least partly darkened, and if the morning be clear, he will see the light from the planet through the window on the floor; and by passing across, the shadow will be clearly seen.

At the time of greatest brilliancy, the planet is visible in the blue vault to the naked eye in the bright sunlight, its exact place being known. But to make such phenomena instructive to the student, it is necessary to know the times of its change to be able to follow it intelligently, either with or without assistance from the telescope. Every eight years the brightness is a maximum. Information of all such phenomena can be found in the "Nautical Almanac."

Clinton, Ia.

THE CRITIC JUSTLY CRITICISED.

BY DR. H. H. MORRISON.

EDITOR Free Thought Magazine: Allow me a few words in regard to Mr. Mac Namee's article, found on pages 98 and 99, March number of the Free Thought Magazine. Mr. M. makes a vigorous and heated protest against Mr. Snow, personally, on account of his published article, found on pages 773 and 774, December number, 1896. Mr. Mac Namee characterizes Mr. Snow's article as "low, vile and scurrilous." I reread Mr. Snow's article, and while there are some words not in the best taste, yet I fail to see just cause for Mr. M. to allow himself to become so heated as to make use of such epithets towards Mr. S. as he did. Mr. S. used nine words which would be considered, perhaps, inelegant, whilst Mr. M. uses thirty-one words which are not pleasing nor just.

Epithets are not convincing. They are not arguments. Mr. M.'s article made the impression on my mind that he was actuated more by the spirit of Christian bigotry and intolerance than by that broad humanitarian spirit and philosophical culture so greatly needed in this age of boasted enlightenment and reform. I fear that Mr. M. is floundering in the bogs of mythical superstition, or he would not have become hysterical over "the adorable Mother." The accredited superiority of Christ's general character I do not dispute, and his ethical principles are accepted, but the history of his procreation I do not accept as true, nor can I see why Mary should be considered "adorable," any more than any other girl who would be guilty of the

same mistake. Manifestly, Mr. M. was influenced by the old intolerant spirit which characterized the Dark Ages.

To characterize a person for no worse crime than the writing of the article ascribed to him, as "mean, contemptible, pestiferous, wild, idiotic vaporings of natural-born fools, senseless, vilest, cowardly," I think was a mistake and should be apologized for.

Why should we mince words when writing about an impossible superstition—palmed off upon the unsuspecting masses of the so-called Christian nations, with enough of truth and beauty in connection with the falsehood to catch the ear of the people, to gain their confidence and support, to excite their admiration; yet containing enough incongruity to stimulate division in thought and feelings, to set the people by the ears, disputing over doctrines growing out of the declared dogmatisms of the church, until their ignorant passions become aroused into a frenzy of cruel intolerance, resulting—as it did—in the barbarous slaughter of millions of human beings. Let us stand up for all true ethical principles, whether of Christian, Parsee, Buddhistic or Confucian origin, and as resolutely condemn all isms whose influence will be—or has been—to exalt a class to the detriment of the great common people. I would suggest to Mr. M. that the story as related in Matthew i: 18-20; and Luke i: 26-28; first line especially, then 35th verse, is either true or false. If true, it should have been established beyond the possibility of a doubt. If false, as all enlightened Freethinkers believe it is, they need not hesitate to say so.

I would suggest, Mr. Editor, that you utterly refuse to publish any article using scurrilous language, or offensive personalities. Respectful kindness to all will accomplish more for good to those who read the Magazine.

Green Castle, Ind.

A COUNTERBLAST AGAINST TOBACCO.

BY JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

"There shall no unclean thing enter the kingdom of heaven."—Bible.

"Tobacco is an Indian weed,
And from the devil came the seed;
It dreans your purse and burns your clothes,
And makes a chimney of your nose."

—Old Rhyme.

THE KINGDOM of heaven being understood to mean all that is best, or the realm of harmony, it follows that dirt and disorder can there have no place. Without reference to the supposed supernatural New Jerusalem or paradise of the immortals, the celestial city of the Gods and their chosen saints, mundane man may make for himself a paradise within by the exclusion and elimination of all that work-

eth and maketh a lie. As alcoholics and narcotics are, like alchemy and theology, a delusion and a snare, they should be cast out together as bad rubbish.

"You reformers are going too fast," is the cry that is raised against every effort to advance right and destroy wrong in human conduct. Can a fireman go too fast to a conflagration? Should an assassin



JOHN P. GUILD.

go at all to do murder? Can a physician heal too quickly? or can hell be frozen over too soon? Everything is too fast that works mischief; everything is too slow that makes for a happiness permanent and unalloyed. Alcoholics and narcotics have no place in living bodies. Alcohol is a product of death, and tobacco is a paralyzer of life. The users of either are suicides, and the sellers are accessories to the crime. To overstate is harmful, but alcoholic drinks and tobacco preparations are beyond every mark of usefulness, unless to slay parasites. The only apology that can be offered for either is their office as fool-killers, and if they

would stop at that, wise men need not trouble; but the trouble is that killing one fool by such means causes half a dozen wise people to suffer. Tobacco is a nuisance in decent company. It is a robber of the purse, an impoverisher of the soil, a corrupter of good manners, a defiler of the house of reason, a destroyer of the body, a wrecker of the mind. If Sir Walter Raleigh ever did anything that warranted his decapitation, it was the introduction of the "Indian weed" in England, and the one, if no other, merit of James I., was the writing of his "Counterblast Against Tobacco."

The argument against intemperance in alcoholics is an argument against intemperance in tobacco using. Temperance is best defined as the moderate use of a good thing, and the disuse of a bad thing. It is better not to use needless things than it is to misuse them. No true temperance man asks for moderation in relieving the world from the curse of rum. As well call for moderation in theft, adultery and murder as for moderation in intoxication with either whisky or tobacco. It is only in the intoxication (poisoning) produced by spirituous liquors and narcotic drugs, that the users seek satisfaction of a false craving. Those who are acquainted with it and desire its removal are not afraid of "going beyond the pictures in

spelling out the misery of intemperance in these things and declaring open hostility and engaging in a fight to a finish." Brush cannot paint its horrors, pen cannot write its terrors, tongue cannot tell its wretchedness, harp cannot wail its woe, tears cannot weep its agony, and funeral palls cannot cover its damnation. None but those who have felt it at home can know the dismal depth of the infernal chalice; and those who have drunk its bitter dregs have the utmost longing that it may once, soon and forever, be banished from the universe. And tobacco belongs in the same category of evil things as intoxicating liquors, the unessential difference being only that one is solid, the others are fluid. In this case, eating and snuffing the devil may be a little less evil in each instance than drinking his broth; but worse in the sum total, as there are more tobacco fumers and spitters than rum guzzlers and such critters. The mental and moral, or rather immoral, effects of tobacco are to disjoint the reason and benumb the feelings. Tobacco makes a man both a brute and a blockhead. It besmears the skylight of spirituality and darkens the outlook toward loveliness. Instead of climbing above the mists the tobacco man clouds the stars with smoke.

The apologist for the costly, disgusting and degrading tobacco habit asks for the application of the science of political economy to the practice, and suggests the use of two-cent cigars, when seventy-five-cent ones and those of intermediate price cannot be afforded, for the sake of the United States revenue! And what is political economy? Is it political economy to spill a pail of milk on the ground so that the cat may lick up a spoonful? Is it political economy to be a cheap fool when you cannot be a dear one? Is it political economy to buy tobacco and beg for bread? Is it political economy to waste the wealth of individuals and the country? Is it political economy to discuss national finance and complain of hard times when you are burning and chewing money? Is it political economy to plant a land with bane when a neighboring nation starves for lack of bread? Is it political economy to wreck a ship that the shore men may save the spars? Is it political economy to put one cent in the contribution box "to send the gospel to the heathen," and send them a penny tract of moral suasion temperance along with a cargo of Medford rum? Is it political economy for a temperance advocate to lay down a smoking cigar while he condemns prohibition and boasts that in his wisdom he would keep a saloon if he could make a dollar more by it than at other business? Is it political economy to license Beelzebub to play hell for the sake of giving policemen, lawyers, judges, jailers and hangmen a job? If these things are political economy, then is that theology political economy which planted the forbidden tree, murdered heaven's prince, and "sends one to heaven and ten to hell, all for God's glory?" If any of this is political economy, then is political economy a fraud.

The anti-tobacconists are innocently asked why they begrudge a five-cent cigar to a poor man who is struggling to get a loaf

of bread for his starving family. Well, no one has more reason than that same starving family when the five cents burned away for nothing would buy the sustaining loaf. It is said in so-called holy writ, "He that provideth not for his own house is worse than an infidel;" but what is he who robs his own table to consume it for pleasure? "But," it is contended, "it solaces him and makes him contented." Is it man's chief end to be contented? Contented with what? Contented with squalor instead of being ambitious for abundance? Then dump all the tobacco in hell and let the devils have their fill of contentment, while "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever." The apostle said, "Godliness with contentment is great gain," and "having food and raiment therewithal be content." But our tobacco preachers would make out that tobacco was the one thing needful, a fine-cut Old Virginia substitute for faith in Providence, and that life was to be passed in nicotine bliss so long as a pipeful can be bought or begged. One time in a prayer-meeting of the Washington City Christian Association, a tramp asked for supper and bed, and the secretary said, "Pray for him, brothers, none but God can help him." For suggesting that some of the brothers smoke one less cigar and care for him that night, the writer was forbidden to speak again, and a sneaking Oxford graduate looking for a job to "save souls" wanted to know if I was to be understood that he ought to deny himself a comfort in order to confer a benefit on a stranger. Telling him that that was the backwoods gospel of the Nazarene, who said "give and ask not again," he owned that he had been taught Christianity in a new light. Poh! It is better for a man to get up and dust than it is to sit idly by the stove finding fault with the whole female persuasion and blowing tobacco smoke in his wife's face while she is rehashing the remains of last night's supper for his breakfast. Five cents may well be begrudged for tobacco to those who are enjoying usual comforts without productive exertion, by those who labor with all their power to do good and for want of payment go to bed supperless. There are and have been many such; some of them have been canonized as saints, and some are listed to be canonized for being "damned infidels" who have no rights that tobacco Christians are bound to respect. An untutored father may begrudge his child a few cheap school books, or even a clean "pocket kerchief to wipe his dirty nose," but have a fit of the blues if his tobacco pouch runs dry. Let the church-going, temperance-spouting, salvation-shouting Christian tobacco lights prove their love to God and man by giving up their Indian weed and German beer and such like pseudo comforts for the real happiness of a smiling home, a prosperous country and an agreeable temper.

Religion asks the sacrifice of all that may oppose it, but there is many a "shining saint" who will take chances with the "goats" before he will forego his pipe. A spit-box is incongruous in the "congregation of the Lord," and is a "dead give-away" on the professed worshipers of the "pure and the holy." If tobacco-chewers ever

get to heaven they won't find any cuspidors and the angels will have to watch out with their weather eye for their white robes. Free-thinkers profess to believe in common sense. A free thought should be a true thought. But where is the sense of smothering thought in tobacco smoke and stopping between puffs to gibe at the cost of stationery and postage stamps a smokeless thinker uses in writing to the Investigator and Free Thought Magazine? Tobacco seems to have the tendency to make its users critical about everybody's business and supersensitively captious at being criticised themselves. All tobacco users are not drinking, quarrelsome and generally selfish men, but about all drinkers use tobacco, and tobacco-using produces that thirst which makes a craving for drink. The boy smokes because seeing a man smoke he thinks it is manly, just as, because poets have done some foolish things, would-be poets act like apes, thinking it makes or proves them Byrons and Shakespeares. The farmer uses tobacco to kill parasites on his cattle, and it may be recommended as an insecticide for humbugs, big-bugs, and all other bugs, if they would only use enough of it at once to kill 'em quick. The meanest thing about tobacco is that it ruins a man's brains long before it kills him, and the man who was a fool before using it doesn't damage much after. Women, who formerly were much addicted to the use of the pipe and the snuff-box, are now mostly rid of both. This fact may be scored as a symptom of human improvement and strong ground for the optimist's hope.

It is cried, "If you take away our tobacco, what will you give in its place? If I cure your corns, what do you want in their place? Bunions? Let those who ask for a substitute for tobacco furnish it. Let those who keep tobacco shops keep news stands; a newspaper is better than a nuisance. If we take away petty larceny, what shall we give in its place? Horsestealing or highway robbery? Is it a good argument against all laws that because a man doesn't do one kind of mean thing he will do another sort? If you prevent a man from stealing your chickens, must you tell him where he can steal your neighbor's wife? A Jonadab temperance tobacco dealer will request sober families to go to the temperance reform club to lend it respectability. Do respectable families, wives and daughters assemble in a cigar store to make the business respectable? Are such resorts as tobacconists' shops good and capable reform mills to grind old drunkards over into gentlemen? There are pleasanter and more profitable places of entertainment than gin mills and smoke dens in lecture and concert halls and libraries and reading rooms; but if one sees an opening for something else that is healthful and inspiring, no well-wisher for mankind will oppose its occupancy. If a tobacconist, knowing just what is wanted, should convert his smokehouse into a temperance, anti-tobacco, mutual improvement, Free Thought club room, there is no doubt but that his patrons would be as polished and honorable as can be met with elsewhere. The temperance lecturer's advice when asked what should be done with the corn, "Raise more

hogs and less hell," may be supplemented with, "Raise less smoke and more schools." If all our so-called "Liberals," "Freethinkers," "Rationalists," "Truthseekers," or whatever they style themselves, will live up to their boast of braininess, love of humanity and freedom from "superstition," will leave their tobacco and beer and its concomitants to the Christians and Turks, and turn over the cost for education, we can soon see such an institute of intelligence, a Bruno university, as will put the sectarian schools in the shade and silence the guns of those who stole learning from the "Infidels" and brag that Christians own and manage all the colleges. Until then let us draw no invidious comparisons.

Tyngsboro, Mass.

JOHN VAN DENBURGH.

WE have known Mr. Van Denburgh for a number of years as a very worthy, earnest friend of mental emancipation, and as a special friend of this Magazine, and our active agent for the city of Milwaukee, and we are pleased to publish below his short, but interesting, life sketch.

LIFE SKETCH.

I hesitate to comply with your request to write or furnish a sketch of my life, as only incidents in the lives of people of distinction can be of interest to the outside world. And most assuredly



JOHN VAN DENBURGH.

that does not apply to my case. The most eventful incident occurring in my life was being born. At that time, being born right was not considered of so much import as now. That I was not born better was no fault of mine. And more, it was not in my power to improve on the conditions incident.

The next, progressive in its conditions, was that of infantile prattle, and all the unpleasant events attending. But as all the sons and daughters of men have had the same experience, I need not rehearse in detail.

I will call the next the butterfly age. An intense desire to catch butterflies. But just at the critical moment, when the hand is about to hold the coveted prize, it is not there. And I might add that many wiser and better than myself in the vain and delusive hope of catching some fancied

prize, chase the phantom through life.

And then the romping, bouncing boy age—knowing when and where to find the first ripe apples, and careful that they should not prematurely fall and waste. Then and now, I can hardly accuse myself of breaking a single commandment.

Then incipient manhood, and not supposed to be endowed with gifts

to make assurance doubly sure that my wits were sufficient to compete successfully in the struggle for existence, so the battle had to be fought out with my hands. And when wooing the fates, most always failed to catch that sweet, placid smile the poets tell so much about. And when I chided them with neglect, it was not an infrequent occurrence that I was recompensed with a derisive frown. But why murmur or repine, there has been more sunshine than clouds?

But to come down to the practical. All the education received in my youth was obtained in the so-called common schools, and that of a limited quantity.

Being born a Freethinker, I could not help it. But from the crude, undeveloped state, my thoughts have been strengthened and enlarged from a perusal of the writings of Wm. Ellery Channing, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and others. But my best and greatest educator was the New York Tribune. From the first issue until the death of its illustrious founder, Horace Greeley, I read the semi-weekly edition. It was my encyclopedia, my library. But when Greeley was no longer there it lost its charm.

Now, in my eighty-first year, many, many thoughts press for utterance, but I will not intrude them here.

Only ask the editor to add this, my design and motto, for a Free Thought Banner:

Paint on the blue the rising SUN, FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT;
write beneath the word, TRUTH in Glowing Capitals.

EVOLUTION AND THE FALL OF MAN.

BY DR. S. W. WETMORE.

(From the Buffalo Courier.)

TO the Editor of the Courier: An article with the above caption appears on the editorial page of your issue of November 4th, declaring that "The Evolutionists, in their theory of man's development from a lower order of creatures, have never considered seriously the Bible tradition of man's fall from a state of innocence to a state of sin as having anything in common with the idea of Evolution."



DR. S. W. WETMORE.

John Fiske's ideas of character and President Hyde's acknowledgment of the stages and influence of Evolution were also given.

As a student of Nature, and a protege of Darwin, Agassiz, Fiske, Haeckel, Spencer, Tyn-dall, Huxley, and other great thinkers, I ask in all sincerity and candor, what there is in the Mosaic story of the creation of the garden of Eden, or the fall of man, that could rationally influence the "Evolution of Mankind"? Evolutionists (non-ecclesiastical as a body ignore the Biblical traditions to which

you refer, and do not hesitate to class them with fables as unreasonable as Aesop's and others.

The science of Evolution is established upon facts, not fancies; truth, not fiction, and is characterized by a "Continuous, progressive change, according to certain laws, and by means of resident forces." (Prof. Le Conte.)

What evidence have we in nature that would corroborate the story of the "Fall of Man"? If man ever fell it was upstairs, not down. Ah! yes; he has been falling in that direction and has been climbing to the heights of intelligence for at least 400,000 years, for we know that this globe has been inhabited by human beings certainly that length of time (the Mosaic story to the contrary, notwithstanding).

In consequence of this "continuous, progressive change," this

constant, persistent improvement in the power of reason, "man has raised himself to his place as the noblest of God's creatures." This is the evolutionary process in the mind of man which you fail to see in John Fiske's essays on consciousness.

You refer to the brutes as having no moral consciousness, and particularly to the dog, not knowing right from wrong, or good from bad, morally.

You also say, "If man sprang from a lower order, he was in his first ages of humanity innocent." Why don't you say ignorant?

Moral obligations are attributes due to intelligence, reason, and education and can be made as efficient in the dog, the horse, and even the elephant, in proportion to their ability of comprehension as that of man.

How do you account for the action and conduct of the great Newfoundland dog that saved a child from drowning a few days since? The child was alone and accidentally fell into the river. The dog saw it at a distance, and ran to the spot, plunged into the water, and swam out with the little one. The act was observed by some workmen at a distance, and it was afterward ascertained that the child was a stranger to the dog, and the dog to the child; and furthermore, the dog was never known to have done the like before. What better evidence do you want of a conscience in a dog? Did he not evince a knowledge of right from wrong, good from bad; and did he not reason like a human being in proportion to his intelligence? I will refer you to a similar case of intelligence and moral obligation of a dog reported in the "Commercial" of last evening as having occurred in Newburg, N. Y., yesterday. In this instance, a "Mr. Irvin, while climbing over a wall, fell on the tines of a pitchfork which severed the femoral artery. He lay on the ground and his large hound dragged him some distance toward the house. Irvin bled to death, and when found an hour later, the faithful dog was guarding with his head on his master's body."

Hundreds of like cases might be cited, not only of the dog, but of the horse, the elephant, and many other animals. It is the education that makes mankind useful, and the same may be said of the lower animals.

Ignorance is the greatest sin and superstition, the greatest barrier with which humanity has to contend, and in proportion to the constant progressive evolution of mind, so is the intelligence, happiness and usefulness of man.

Some people, however, are willfully ignorant; others are indifferent, inadvertent, lethargic, and lack the mental vis a tergo to investigate anything beyond the necessities of life.

Again, others have warped intellects, due to early dogmatic discipline proving that "as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined."

In consequence of these barriers the evolution of mind has been slow of growth, and yet, when we take into consideration the immensity of time that elapsed after the birth of brain before thought

became active, we can but wonder at its rapid progress and achievements.

Prof. Gunning in his "History of Our Planet" says: "There were 380,000,000 of years without consciousness; 40,000,000 more of life without brains." If it took our globe 420,000,000 of years to get ready for brains, it is not surprising that the evolving forces have been slow in developing brains like Plato's, Plutarch's, Aristotle's and Shakespeare's.

The Darwinian theory, "that man sprung from a lower order," does not admit of cavil or doubt in the minds of scientists.

The first appearance of brain was in the vertebrata type, during the Devonian subdivision of the Paleozoic period.

Fletcher in his "Rudiments of Physiology" says: "The brain of man passes through the types of those of every type in the creation. It represents, accordingly, before the second month of utero gestation, that of an invertebrated animal; at the second month, that of an osseous fish; at the third, that of a turtle; at the fourth, that of a bird; at the fifth, that of one of the rodentia; at the sixth, that of one of the ruminantia; at the seventh, that of one of the digitigrada; at the eighth, that of one of the quadrumana; till at length at the ninth, it compasses the brain of man."

If all this be true, and there is not the slightest doubt in the minds of metaphysicians, is it at all surprising that the complex brain of man has carried all along through the winding stairs from savagery to civilization many traits, and still clings to some of the characters of the lower orders?

The complexity of the human brain is due to its great number of convolutions, gyrations and sulci, increasing the amount of gray matter—the thinking part of man—and the greater the complexity, the greater is the power of thought and reason.

Evolution of brain necessitates an evolution of mind. The accomplished brain of man becomes the great store-house of knowledge; the great magnet and grand center of radiating thought, which in its flight has no equal; in its velocity no competitor; is quicker than lightning and swifter than light.

In proof that the evolving forces of thought have not been idle during the last 5,000 years, let us compare the morals of today, admitting that our prisons, lock-ups and reformatories are filled with ignorant and superstitious people, the most of whom are entered upon the records as Christians, with those of the days of Moses, Solomon, Abraham and David.

Just imagine the *dramatis personae* when "Moses looked this way and that way and seeing no man he slew the Egyptian and hid him in the sand."—Ex., ii., 12. What must have been the emotions depicted on the countenance of the assassin, that of "innocence," ignorance, or a lack of moral conscience?

He was the man of God, who was chosen of all others, and commissioned to write the Pentateuch. Unfortunately, or, perhaps, for-

unately, his production was accidentally burned, but was rewritten by Ezra; just as the three Sibylline books which were destroyed in the great fire of Jupiter Capitolinus, were rewritten by priests, who thought they were sufficiently familiar with them to rewrite without inspirations. They eventually became the Bible of the Romans.

This was an evolution backwards.

The immorality depicted in the Old Testament as a whole is too revolting for our refined and cultivated 19th century.

I have no disposition to point to their morals or adorn the tales of murder, rapine, treachery, theft, or concubinage. It might have been *auto da fe* with them, but its influence has ever degraded humanity.

Certainly we have reason to believe that our moral obligations as practiced and depicted in the grandest and most glorious religion that ever existed, the "Golden Rule," and Jesus is said to have taught it—has brought about the highest degree of civilization and refinement; the purest and most noble men and women.

Our present state of mental and moral integrity and happiness as a nation, is due to that constant, continuous, progressive change, i. e., "Evolution of Mind."

THE REVOLUTIONIST AND HIS PRETENDED FOLLOWERS.

BY CYRUS W. COOLRIDGE.

THERE was once a man (so we read in an ancient book, but whether he was a historical person or a fictitious character is a question which does not concern us)—there was once a man who was not a slave to conventionalism and conservatism. He thought for himself and expressed his views in very emphatic language. He denounced the hypocrisies and the heartlessness of his contemporaries. He had very little respect for the conventional religion of his time. He condemned very severely those whose religion consisted in observing meaningless forms and ceremonies. He wanted men to be not "professors" of religion, but doers of good deeds. He wanted to humanize the individual; he wanted to kill the spirit of selfishness and to make men think of the sufferings and sorrows of their fellow-men. He wanted men to be charitable, but he wanted them to be quiet about it and not to boast of their charities. He did not tell them to establish Simon ben Halevi hospitals or Abraham ben Eleazer colleges. He said: "When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have the glory of men."

He believed in man more than in customs and institutions. He did not employ spies to arrest and punish Sabbath breakers. On the

contrary, he was a Sabbath breaker himself. He said that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. He believed in the existence of God, but he was of the opinion that man's duties and obligations to his fellow-men are of more importance than are his duties to God. He said: "If thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

He was not a preacher in a rich and fashionable church. He instructed the multitude, he preached sermons, but he never said: "Now, dearly beloved brethren, let us take up a collection." He was poor and he mingled with the poor. He did not cater to the rich; he did not quote texts in justification of their robberies. He drove the money-changers out of the temple and, on another occasion, he said that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.

He was a believer in progress; he was a revolutionist. He did not believe in crying "Peace!" He did not tell his hearers that their country and their institutions were the best on the face of the earth; he did not advise them to have confidence in their rulers and to support their government. On the contrary, he said that his mission was to bring the sword. He evidently understood that without a struggle progress is impossible, and that in order to get better conditions men must fight for their ideas. He did not tell children that they must obey their parents and ask no questions. He believed that when children have opinions which may benefit mankind, they need not stop to consider the opinions of their parents. He did not look upon a war of ideas as an evil to be shunned. He did not advise any one to acquiesce for the sake of peace.

He was absolutely honest and unbribable. When the spirit of evil offered him the kingdoms of the world as a bribe, he said: "Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

And what has become of that extraordinary man? He was put to death. And why? Because it is customary for people to stone their prophets. The man was crucified, but his name became immortal. His adherents have increased very rapidly, and today his followers are counted by the millions. They are very enthusiastic; they extol to heaven the name of their master, and they preach his gospel all over the world. But outside of this what are they doing? Are they practicing the precepts of their master? As followers of the great revolutionist, if they have not as yet succeeded in establishing just conditions, they surely must be aggressive revolutionists, still fighting for right and justice. But as a matter of fact, they are not doing anything of the kind. The majority of them are very "respectable" people and the opposite of what their master was. They hate poverty, they love comfort and they strive to get as much of the good things of the world as they possibly can. Their master told them not to judge, not to resist

evil, and to love their enemies, but let any one try to take anything which they consider their own, and he is arrested, judged and sent to prison. As to loving their enemies, not very many of them love even their friends.

Oyster Bay, N. Y.

LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

T. J. Bowles, M. D., Muncie, Ind.:

"I still receive and read with great pleasure and profit your high-toned, dignified, and ably conducted Magazine, and I feel a deep sense of regret when I reflect that its pages, filled with sparkling gems of moral diamonds, and views of intellectual gold, are not and cannot be read and enjoyed by millions of American freemen."

A. Johnson, San Francisco, Cal.:

"I get very tired at times talking for your Magazine and Brother Shaw's. I have not got one subscriber for him. He deserves to succeed and they all say so. Many Liberals spend enough money for their own personal gratification to pay for all the Free Thought journals. By the way, I have not received the 'Blue Grass Blade' for two weeks. I hope the Christians have not shut Brother Moore up again. Mrs. Henry is doing grand good work for the cause."

Fred D. Sparks, Zanesville, Ind.:

"I have tried hard to procure subscribers for the Free Thought Magazine, but so many people are afraid of their shadows, positively afraid to read or think for themselves. As a matter of fact, no literature that I have ever come in contact with agrees so well with my ideas as that I find in your Magazine. I am a shoemaker and believe strictly in the old adage that 'the shoemaker should stick to his last,' but my surroundings make it quite difficult for me to do so, since my orthodox friends will insist that I must accept as true the story of the parentage of Jesus on his father's side, also the fish, rib and high water season of the flood. I could never believe these stories, even in my Sunday school days."

A. Taylor, Cowichan Lake, Canada:

"That leading article of D. K. Tenney in the January Magazine was good—all pure gold, also of a high moral tone. I decided it would be a good number to use for missionary purposes, therefore I desire a few more copies. My field, when I desire to do missionary work, is Leo, Cook Co., Ireland, the place where I was raised. I believe I have opened the intellectual eyes of some people there with Free Thought literature. I intend to continue the work in the future. When the literature is too destructive and materialistic, it will not do. I don't use such, but articles like Mr. Tenney's 'Theological Idiosyncrasies' is just the kind to do good."

Frida Fuldner, Milwaukee, Wis.:

"Your way of working for the emancipation from the slavery of superstition is simply grand! So humane that the orthodox believer must respect your methods and opinions, however different from his own, and thus we gain converts. The value of your publication as a means of agitation rests, in my opinion, in its gentle way of persuasion, and the clear, simple statements of facts given, while errors and willful misrepresentations even are dealt with, and corrected to convince, never to hurt. I wish the Free Thought Magazine could be made to enter every home of thinking people who care to cultivate their minds."

Frederic Dahstrom, Alton, Ill.:

"I am glad Col. Ingersoll is again in the field. In the orthodox mind the colonel and Free Thought are inseparable. Many of them seem to have no knowledge of the existence of Free Thought apart from him. For me it is a red letter day when he visits St. Louis, and I never miss an opportunity to hear him. One remarkable thing I have noticed in particular is the enthusiasm he arouses in young men. There is less of bigotry in the minds of orthodox young men, and more fair admissions can be gained from them than from their elders."

Marcus L. Dodge, Chula Vista, Cal.:

"I have a neighbor, a very good Liberal, with whom I am in the habit of exchanging any kind of literature we may have. When, however, I offered the Free Thought Magazine he objected on the ground that his daughter thirteen years old 'read everything she could get her hands on' and he did not care to have her read anything of that sort until she was old enough to judge for herself, but he makes no objection to her going to an orthodox Sunday school, where she will have instilled into her mind those stories which he utterly disbelieves. Soon, probably, these crafty zealots will have her landed in the bosom of the orthodox church, and then when her mind is crammed full of orthodox superstition she cannot be prevailed upon to read Liberal literature."

Samuel Fordyce, Mead, Ind.:

"I lost the use of my right hand for a long time, but have now recovered it, and am in good health and vigor, and have improved in cussedness, the Christians think. Enclosed find five dollars. Set my subscription ahead two years and you are welcome to the balance. Long may you live to keep the Magazine floating over superstition. It was always good and is constantly improving. I am aware you, as well as myself, are growing old, though I guess I lead you some, as I was seventy-nine the first day of March."

W. W. Morris, Newark, N. J.:

"I send enclosed a check for five dollars to aid the Magazine. I wish I could send you five hundred dollars instead of this paltry sum,

but you must remember I am a poor man with four motherless children depending upon me for a living. My oldest is twenty-one years of age, afflicted with epilepsy. (Brother Morris need make no excuse for his "paltry sum." If a few hundred Liberals in much better circumstances would do as well the Magazine would be on the high road to success.—Editor.)

J. C. Bishop, Rockford, W. Va.:

"There are several school teachers here and other persons of education who have told me they would like to read the Free Thought Magazine, but as they are getting their living through public patronage they have to be very sly about what they read and what they talk and about the mail matter they receive which can be examined by the post master. Some dare not say a word that is anti-orthodox, but as for myself, I am known by many as an 'Ingersoll pupil,' thinking as they do that Ingersoll is the only prominent agnostic in the world. But as I am a farmer I dare read and circulate Free Thought literature. I have succeeded in getting several young persons to read Free Thought works and therefore it is publicly announced that I am trying to lead the young people to hell as well as my own children. But we are gaining converts to agnosticism everywhere, and when there is no money in preaching there will be an end to orthodox superstition."

CONTRIBUTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED.

Contributions received for the month of February, 1897.

\$10.00—Marcus S. Dodge.

\$5.00 each—W. W. Morris, D. A. Blodgett.

\$3.00—Samuel Fordyce.

\$2.00 each—Dr. Edward Montgomery, Warren Pennell, Ella E. Gibson, Chas. Barta, R. H. Dwyer.

\$1.50—Frederick Dahlstrom.

\$1.00 each—S. N. Bolton, H. A. Tenney, Nelson Crane, Dr. I. S. Curtis, J. J. Latham, C. F. Swartz, R. Ashworth, John Fay, L. M. Stevens, O. H. Warner, John Wallace, John Waltham, Carl Burell.

50 cents each—M. L. Studebaker, Henry Bird, Peter Stewart, W. R. Lloyd; J. J. King, Hammond Ind.; A. J. Moser, G. D. Wolfe.

25 cents—Mary M. Stroup. Total, \$51.75.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

AN ADVANCE FREE THOUGHT MOVEMENT.

THE doctrine of a future endless hell and the danger of people going there has been the great obstacle in the way of the Christian Church making progress, or engaging, to any great extent, in practical reforms, relating to this present world. For, admitting the doctrine to be true, that every unconverted person is sure of eternal suffering in the fires of hell, how could any lover of humanity, for an instant, think of engaging in any other work than that of saving souls? According to that doctrine, all the pain and suffering of this world for a thousand years would be as one drop of water to the ocean, compared with the eternal suffering of one soul throughout eternity. That doctrine of unending misery for a very large portion of the human race, taught by the early Christian Church, was the cause of the "dark ages" that existed for nearly a thousand years. Previous to the inculcation of that doctrine the world was progressing in light and knowledge. There was scientific advancement, there were practical reforms inaugurated to ameliorate the condition of humanity here on this earth; but when this doctrine of future endless punishment for the "impenitent" was once established, all work for the present life was abandoned, and the only question worth considering was: "How shall humanity be saved from the fires of hell?" And as this doctrine of an endless hell is plainly taught in the Bible, and as the Bible is said to be the word of God, there was no way to destroy this great obstacle to progress here on this earth, but to obliterate from the human mind the belief in the infallibility of "God's Word." That has been the great work of "Infidels," since the days of Voltaire and Paine. It has been the most important work reformers have ever engaged in, for no great improvement was possible so long as the doctrine of an infallible Bible, that taught eternal punishment, was believed in.

In this country the anti-slavery leaders accomplished very much in the way of destroying superstitious reverence for the Bible, and now the leaders of the woman movement are nobly continuing the good work, and the task seems to be in a fair way of soon being

accomplished, as the best scholars in our colleges and universities and the ablest ministers in the pulpit, such distinguished clergymen as Dr. Briggs, Dr. Abbott and Rev. Dr. Savage have taken up the work.

Heretofore Freethinkers have been so much engaged in overthrowing the superstitious dogmas of the church that they have found but little time and opportunity to engage in minor reforms, and the charge has constantly been made against them that they are merely destroyers—that they are constantly tearing down, but never building up; and the charge has been, to a certain extent, true, for the greatest hindrance to reform, the Christian Church, had to be removed before great practical reforms could be accomplished. But that work is now so far advanced, and is being so well carried forward, even within the church, that Freethinkers should commence the work of building up, and thus show the world that their principal object in tearing down is to give place for something better. That in place of the Christian religion—a religion of vengeance—they propose to plant the religion of Humanity—a religion of Love, Mercy and Justice.

The Free Thought Magazine we desire to make the special organ of this advanced movement of Freethinkers—the establishment, everywhere, of the church of good deeds in place of the old church—the church of creeds. This Magazine is a small publication, issued only once a month, and therefore cannot publish many long reform articles, but we propose to do all we can in that line through its pages. We do not contend that the work of destroying superstition is entirely accomplished; there are thousands, doubtless, of sincere, honest fools yet living, who still believe that the whale swallowed Jonah; that the sun stood still at the command of Joshua; that Balaam's ass spoke; that Jesus made wine out of water, and the hundreds of other unreasonable stories to be found in the Bible, but it will not do to wait for all these superstitious idiots to be enlightened before we commence the important work of saving humanity here on this globe.

Hereafter we propose to publish, as the leading article of each number of this Magazine, some able article of a scientific, theological, or philosophical character that shall be worth much more than the price of the number of the Magazine in which it appears. For instance, articles of the character of those that appeared as the leading articles of the January, and March Magazines and the leading article of this number. The first or leading article of each month will be,

as a general thing, a long article, and as before indicated, will be the most valuable article we can procure. But we shall publish but one long article in each number, as we desire to make the Magazine more democratic—that is, allow many persons to express their best and most mature thoughts through its pages. The writers for this Magazine must learn to condense their ideas into short articles if they desire them to appear in these pages. Most of the long articles hereafter sent us will be returned to the writers or go into our waste basket, however good they may be.

And we desire the contributors of this Magazine hereafter to give us, as a general thing, papers on practical reform questions, something that shall have a tendency to improve the condition of the human family here on this earth. This is a large field to labor in and each contributor, to be interesting, should write upon that theme or subject which he or she is best qualified to properly elucidate. The following are some of the questions that we deem most important: "The Entire Separation of Church and State," "The Subject of Temperance," "The Equal Rights of Women with Men," "The Proper Treatment of Our Criminals," "The Humane Treatment of Our Dumb Animals," which includes "Anti-Vivisection"; "The Rearing and Education of Children."

Articles upon these reform questions should not exceed one or two pages in length, and should be written with great care, so as to express as much as possible in the fewest words. We would like to make this Magazine so valuable that no real lover of humanity can afford to do without it. Friends, everywhere, we ask for your cordial assistance in this good work of saving humanity from the hells of this present life.

CYRUS W. COOLRIDGE.

WE publish, as the frontispiece of this number of the Magazine the likeness of Cyrus W. Coolridge. Mr. Coolridge is still a young man unknown to fame, but he is a man of thought and of deep convictions, and is strictly honest intellectually. He is a decided radical on many questions. He believes in and practices total abstinence from strong drink and tobacco, and is trying to live in every respect in accordance with the laws of nature. We fear, judging from his writings, that he is somewhat of an extremist on some vital questions, including marriage and government, but in such a sincere and truth loving young man as he is we can overlook some seeming defects, remembering there is no one, from some other man's standpoint, who is perfect. From our first acquaintance with Mr. Coolridge we have entertained the highest respect for him, and we are pleased to lay before our readers the following life sketch from his pen.

EDITOR.

Editor Free Thought Magazine: To write a sketch of one's life is no easy task. It is well enough to exhibit one's merits and virtues, but who cares to parade before the public his faults and shortcomings, even if he is conscious of them? It is true that some men do not spare themselves, but let some one else speak of their faults, and they are greatly indignant. As it is impossible for a writer to be impartial in the treatment of his own life, I will in my case present mere facts and let you draw your own conclusions.

I was born in a little Russian town, in the government of Minsk, a little over thirty years ago. My parents, who are still living in Russia, are both Jews. My father was in his young days very orthodox, but at the time when I left Russia he became somewhat of a skeptic. He has a very bright mind, and as a wit he has very few equals. If he had the advantage of a European education and of better environment, he would have made his mark in the world. As it is, his abilities are wasted. My mother is a good woman and she loves her children intensely, but in intellectual development she belongs to the middle ages. A few words in regard to the life of the orthodox Russian Jews may not be amiss. The typical Russian Jew is a peculiar being. He knows nothing of modern life, nothing of modern literature, science and invention. He even does not speak the language of his country. His studies are confined to the Bible, Talmud and rabbinical literature. He may sometimes take a look at a secular book, but he regards it, even at its best, as a waste of time. Many of them consider it a real sin to study anything but theology, and when the pressure of time induces them to give their children

a Russian education, they apologize to Jehovah for doing so. The orthodox Russian Jew is a dreamer. He dreams of the coming of the Messiah and of the restoration of the Hebrew kingdom in Palestine. He has great faith in Jehovah and is confident that God will not forsake his "chosen" people. Such a man may, in your estimation, be an anomaly, but you should not forget that the conditions make the man. The Russian Jew is not responsible for being what he is. Give him different conditions, and he will be a different man.

I was somewhat of a precocious child. I have always been fond of books and I began to write compositions as soon as I could write. As is usual with Jewish children, I was sent to a Hebrew teacher very early (I believe it was before I was five years old) and it did not take very long before I became familiar with the Old Testament in the original Hebrew. I commenced studying the Talmud before I was nine years old, and I learned many pages by heart, all of which have now faded from my memory. The Talmud is not an easy study even for elderly men, and to stuff the minds of young children with it is really an outrage, but such are the Jewish ways. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

My father was a well-to-do merchant, and my mother's fond wish was that I should become a Rabbi. Alas! my poor mother's dream became a soap-bubble. Her "darling" is not a Rabbi and is very far from becoming one. It came to pass that my father lost his money, and as he had a large family, it was evident that the Bible and the Talmud could not procure bread and butter. Then I was sent to a Russian school, where I remained two years. About that time (I was then fourteen years old) I became skeptical as to the existence of God, and although for some time I retained a vague hope for immortality, I troubled myself very little about the salvation of my soul. Later I studied geometry, algebra and Latin. I wanted to become a druggist, but the lack of money and my hatred for the oppressive, tyrannical form of the Russian government made me drop my studies. I resolved to seek my fortune and freedom in the land of Washington, and accordingly in the summer of 1882 I found myself in New York. I spent several days in "Castle Garden," not knowing what to do. I had no money, no knowledge of the English language, and no physical strength. But I was willing to do anything, and when a Westchester county farmer came to "Castle Garden" in search of a workingman, I gladly accepted his invitation. The work on the farm was above my strength, and I suffered terribly, but I conquered and in the course of time became a "good workingman." Five years ago I moved to Oyster Bay, Long Island, where I am still living and working on a farm.

As a busy workingman, I had no time to study the English language, and I "picked up" my knowledge of English by hearing and reading. I am not familiar with the rules of the English grammar—in fact, I never came across an English grammar, but I am told that my English is grammatically correct, or nearly so.

My first attempt as a writer was made in the fall of 1887, when the Truth Seeker published a letter of mine, which was originally sent to a Methodist clergyman. Since that time I contributed to the Truth Seeker, the Free Thought Magazine, the Boston Investigator, Lucifer, Humanity and several other publications.

It is hardly necessary to state that Cyrus W. Coolridge is an adopted name. To the best of my knowledge, there are no Coolridges in Russia. Truly yours,

CYRUS W. COOLRIDGE.

MOSES HARMAN ON MARRIAGE.

AFTER we published our editorial on the Putnam-Collins tragedy in the January Magazine complaints came to us from a number of quarters that we had misrepresented the Free Love doctrine, and Moses Harman requested that he might have a hearing on the subject through the pages of this Magazine. Knowing Mr. Harman to be the editor and publisher of "Lucifer," the organ of the Free Lovers in this country, and one of the ablest disciples of Freeloivism, and withal an honest, conscientious man, who has the courage to put his Free Love theories to practice in his own family, we decided it would be but justice to the Free Lovers, seeing that we had criticised their opinions, to allow Mr. Harman, as their representative, to give their version of what Free Love is in our pages. Besides, we hold, as a cardinal doctrine, that no class of believers should be condemned until they themselves have a fair opportunity to present their doctrines from their own standpoint, and by their ablest representative. This is the theory of true Liberalism in contradistinction to Orthodoxy. We care not how odious an opinion may seem to be at first sight, its advocates should be granted a fair, honorable hearing before they are condemned for advocating them.

Mr. Harman's article, under the title "A Free Lover's Creed," appears on another page of this number of the Magazine, and we request each of our readers to peruse it carefully, as it is probably the very best that can be said in behalf of the Free Love theory.

We promised Mr. Harman that we would reply to his article in the same number of the Magazine in which it appeared, but since reading it we hardly think any reply is necessary. As Brother Moore, of the Blue Grass Blade, often says, it seems 'most impossible to get a Free Lover to set forth plainly what his views are on the marriage

question. We notice that Brother Harman has that defect, but after all, we think the intelligent readers of the Magazine can pretty plainly see through his eloquently presented sophisms and get to Mr. Harman's real opinions, that seem to be about this: That there should be no marriage laws whatever, that men and women should be allowed to cohabit together, miscellaneously, as their judgment, feelings and inclinations may dictate. That men should be at liberty at any time to choose who shall be the mother of their children, and that women should freely choose the father of the children they desire to have. That there should be no restraint whatever as to parentage in the business of rearing children. After you go down through Brother Harman's panegyrics on Liberty and Fraternity and his denunciations of marriage Slavery, we are sure you will perceive his ideas as to marriage are about what we have above indicated. Of course Brother Harman, knowing that he was writing his article for a publication read by people who take no stock in his Free Love views, has dressed them up in as attractive a garb as possible. But when he writes for his own journal, "Lucifer," he is not so careful. In his issue of February 24th on the 2d page, one "Carrie L— of Oregon" asks for a little information as to the meaning of something stated in "Motherhood of Freedom," a book recently written and published by Mr. Harman. To this inquiry Mr. Harman replies editorially:

"The idea elucidated in 'Motherhood in Freedom' is that a woman should be free to choose the best conditions available when she wishes to become a mother. This includes her right to choose a man other than her husband, if she considers that other man better fitted mentally and physically for fatherhood.

"Such choice is necessarily conditional on the willingness of the man she prefers. For instance, a woman may live with and love a man who is consumptive or scrofulous, and thereby unfitted for fatherhood. She may be physically able to bear, and both may intensely desire a child. Now, conventional morality would say that she must bear a child by her husband or remain childless as long as he shall live."

It will be noticed that Brother Harman is a little more specific here than in his article. As the saying is, he "lets the cat out of the bag" in writing to Sister Carrie. Let us look at this theory for a moment. Brother Harman, of course, holds to equal rights for both men and women. Therefore, if a man's wife is physically broken down on account of bearing and raising children and possibly taking in washing or doing other labor in support of a lazy husband, and he decides that he needs another child, he shall be permitted to call on

one of the neighboring women who is in good health, without consulting her husband or any one else, to mother his child. On the other hand a husband, by exposure to the inclemency of the weather, in his legitimate occupation, has caught a severe cold that settles on his lungs, which results in consumption, and thereafter his wife concludes that it is best to increase the number of her offspring, and in this matter, to guard against her husband's consumptive germs, she calls upon her neighbor Brown, requesting him to officiate. When the inhabitants of a whole neighborhood, or of a whole State, practice that kind of "moral philosophy," what kind of civilization will we have? We will admit it would do away with the kind of prostitution that now infests our large towns and cities, in the same manner it would destroy our rum shops to allow everybody to sell liquor without a license or permit.

As Mr. Harman has stated his views of marriage, we will close this article by presenting our views.

We hold that marriage is the most important and the most sacred contract that human beings can enter into—that it is the most sacred, not because of the Adam and Eve myth story in the mythical garden of Eden, but because it is founded upon the everlasting laws of nature, and has been proved by experience to have produced the greatest amount of happiness of any institution of the world.

We so highly prize this institution that in place of destroying it, as Brother Harman and his Free Love friends are trying to do, we would have the government protect and guard it and improve it in every possible way by legislation and otherwise.

We believe that in all our schools there should be teachers well qualified to teach the students those things that would prepare them for good husbands and good wives, good fathers and good mothers. That, in fact, everything should be done that is possible to do to fit young people for this most important institution.

Young people should be taught to look upon marriage as a life-long institution and to bend all their energies after marriage to make their companion prosperous, joyful, happy and contented. In other words, as before stated, in place of trying to destroy the marriage institution we should do all in our power to improve it.

The above are our ideas of marriage, not clothed in such beautiful and persuasive language as are Brother Harman's views, but we are willing to submit them, side by side with those of our Free Love friend, and ask the reader to decide which, in his or her opinion, when put to practice, will produce the most complete civilization, and be productive of the greatest happiness?

ALL SORTS.

—Do not fail to read with care the advertisement on second page of cover.

—We propose to make the May Magazine one of the most valuable we have ever published.

—We never read *The (London) Free Thinker* but we wonder why that paper has not a very large circulation in America. It deserves it.

—Reader, please send us immediately a dozen or more names of persons who you think would subscribe for this Magazine if it was brought to their notice.

—Henry M. Taber's valuable articles that have appeared in this Magazine during the last six years will soon be put into book form, and will be for sale at this office.

—The readers' special attention is called to "A Symposium Appeal for Free Discussion," in this number. It is a most valuable collection from the best minds of this century.

—A very small boy was recently present at a balloon ascension. As the gigantic machine sailed up into the clouds with its human freight, the small boy pulled his mother's dress excitedly, and exclaimed, "What will God say when he sees that a-coming?"

—"Mamma," asked a small maiden, just before Christmas, "does Santa Claus know my name, where I live, what I want, and where my stocking's hung?" "Yes, dear, I guess he does." "My!" was the reply. "He's almost as cute as God, isn't he?"

—We congratulate the Truth Seeker on its greatly improved appearance since it abandoned its, to many, ob-

jectionable cartoons, and substituted in their place the likenesses of distinguished Free Thinkers. We believe the change will increase the circulation and usefulness of that journal.

—B. F. Underwood's lecture tour in the East was very successful. Everywhere he spoke he had large houses and appreciative hearers, and the secular journals in some localities made quite extended reports of his lectures. We learn he is soon to make a tour through the West, and the friends of that section should give him liberal patronage. His address is 2653 Evanston Ave., Chicago.

—The class of hypocrites that we despise more than any other class that we now think of, are these pious Christians who are constantly howling to have the saloons closed on Sunday, but make little or no objection to having them open the other six days of the week. If the saloons are a good thing they ought to be open every day in the week; if a bad thing, which we believe them to be, they should be open no day in the week.

—The reader will notice that we advertise for sale a very large variety of liberal, reformatory and scientific books in this number of the Magazine. We hope our friends, everywhere, will patronize us liberally, as it will help them, help the cause, and help us. If each of our subscribers would order one dollar's worth of books during the next thirty days, it would ensure the success of the Magazine for this year. Those who may desire to purchase books in the future should retain this number, as we cannot afford so much space for advertising in every number.

—Lucifer, the Free Love organ, seldom contains anything of a mirth-provoking character, but when we read therein Lillie D. White's chastisement of Brother Harmon, for suggesting that no woman should have so many children that she could not afford to pay for Lucifer, we could not suppress a little laughter. Sister White seemed to charge Brother Harmon, in this matter, with mercenary motives.

—E. P. C., of Hartford, Conn., sends us the following item:

The descriptions of the "new woman," given by various writers, make her always a rude, self-assertive manish kind of a *lusus naturae*, and remind me of the French Academicians, who when getting up their dictionary, submitted to Couvier this definition of a crab: "A crab is a red fish that walks backwards." "That is correct," replied the great naturalist, "excepting, that it is not red, is not a fish, and does not walk backwards."

—Brother H. L. Hastings, the editor of "The Christian," says in his paper under the title of "Where Are the Men?":

I preached in a church in the state of New York one Sunday morning. The place would accommodate eight or ten hundred people. There were some two hundred present, and about three-fourths of them were women. Where were the men? Some were at home, smoking cigars and reading Sunday newspapers; others were riding bicycles, or doing what they listed. The ministers were preaching to the sisters, and the men were leaving the religion for them to attend to.

—Some religious papers express regrets that a company of the Salvation Army burned Colonel Ingersoll in effigy. Of course they do; but what have these orthodox journals got to say about a God they believe intends to burn his soul forever in hell? Those ignorant and brutal Salvationists doubt-

less felt that, inasmuch as God will burn the Colonel's soul in hell, they might as well burn his lifeless effigy on earth. Whatever wrong there was in the barbarous act is due to the very religion advocated by these papers. Their regrets at the action of the Salvationists reflect some credit upon them from the standpoint of humanity, but it is at the expense of their religion.—The (London) Free Thinker.

—The organization of Secular Churches in the West, is, in our opinion, the most important movement that Liberals have inaugurated for many years. The Torch of Reason, of March 11th, contains a very able editorial on the subject, and also an interesting explanatory letter, relating to secular churches, by Mr. James R. Allen, of Cincinnati, Ohio. And we are pleased to learn from Mr. Allen's letter that a secular church is being organized in Cincinnati. The Torch of Reason, of Silverton, Ore., seems to be taking the lead in this movement, and all who desire to learn how the good work is progressing should subscribe for that journal. It is a most valuable paper, and only one dollar a year.

—Mr. Irving related in Boston that once, traveling in Scotland, near Balmoral, he met an old Scotch woman with whom he spoke of the Queen. "The Queen's a good woman," he said. "I suppose she's gude enough, but there are things I canna bear." "What do you mean?" asked Mr. Irving. "Well, I think there are things which even the Queen has no recht to do. For one thing, she goes rowing on the lake on Soonday; and it's not a Chrestian thing to do!" "But you know the Bible tells us—" "I knaw," she interrupted angrily. "I've read the Bible since I was so high, an' knaw ev'ry word in't."

I know about the Sunday fising and a' the other things the good Lord did; but I want ye to know, too, that I don't think any the more, e'en of him, for a-doin' it!"—Exchange.

—In the March Magazine, at the bottom of page 116, we said: "We have written to Rev. Mr. Jones in relation to his alleged interview, but Mr. Jones, doubtless, dislikes to have anything to say in this matter, and therefore has not replied to us." A few days after the March number was in type we received a private letter from Mr. Jones, in which he said, among other things: "I have been trying to rack my brains to remember who called with me on Mr. Putnam, but for the life of me I cannot recall him, but the facts were essentially as indicated. I have known Mr. Putnam's story for at least twenty years, and know that he brought shame, pain and great need upon a lovely wife and two beautiful children, whom he abandoned under circumstances very discreditable to him."

—The Free Thought cause is much in need of a good weekly journal in the West. J. E. Hosmer, with the aid of P. W. Geer, has established one at Silverton, Ore. Mr. Hosmer is an able writer; Mr. Geer, his business manager, is a most energetic young man, and working together they are sure of making their paper, the Torch of Reason, a great success, if they can have the united support of the Western Liberals. We urge our friends, especially of the West, to aid these young men in their laudable endeavor. We have the Investigator in Boston, the Truth Seeker in New York, the Blue Grass Blade in the South, the Independent Pulpit in the Southwest, and we need a good Liberal weekly journal on the Pacific Coast. The Torch of Reason bids fair to fill

this want. We will send the Torch of Reason and this Magazine to any new subscriber to this Magazine for one dollar and fifty cents.

—Isaac A. Pool, February 23, 1897, his seventy-first birthday, sends us the following verse for the Magazine:

Beyond "three score and ten" this moment reaps—
 • Where sin for half those years must fight.
 It matters not if "spirit" sinks, and sleeps
 In fields of everlasting night;
 Or, ever mounting, through the cosmos keeps,
 Involved in consciousness and light,
 Some ceaseless journey o'er the awful deeps—
 A wild eternity of flight.

I know my Self no more exults nor weeps,
 Obeying ever, changeless Right.
 This flash of time builds not, nor downward sweeps
 "Eternal" hells nor "mansions bright"! Shows no "white throne" along the mountain steep,
 Nor blinds my eyes to endless sight.
 I scorn "the church" that through the ages creeps,
 And never stands in garments white.

—Prof. John Prescott Guild, whose essay on "Tobacco" and portrait appears in this issue of the Free Thought Magazine, desires engagements to lecture (single or course) anywhere in the Union or Dominion of Canada, but at present will be confined to the East. His subjects are, among others: "How to Deal with an Infidel," "Bible Quick Boards," "Human Nature," "Criterion of Character," "Cosmian Philosophy," "American Principle," "Mission of Music," "Christ of the Ages," "Universalism," "Atheism," "Imperial Hallucination" (temperance), "Logic," "Bruno and Paine," "Caesar's and God's," "Woman's Place in History," "Labor and Learning."5 Prof. Guild's writings

have been well known to the readers of the liberal journals for the past ten or fifteen years, as credentialed by the Brotherhood of Moralists, and well entitled to the patronage of all liberals as author or speaker. Do not let him be idle, neither ask him to work for fun, fame or glory. His address is Tyngsboro, Mass.

New York, March 12.—(Special.)—A social sensation has been caused in Newark, N. J., by the confession of the Rev. E. J. Oldknow Millington of the Fairmount Baptist Church, who, early this morning, told the deacons of his church that he eloped from Newark on Monday of last week with Mrs. Dorothy Dickerson, wife of a Chicago man.

The confession was wrung from the minister, and is complete in all its details. He admitted that for more than a year they had been awaiting a favorable opportunity to leave the town forever.

Millington and Mrs. Dickerson returned to Newark on Wednesday night. The woman made as complete a confession on Thursday evening as Millington did this morning.

The Rev. Mr. Millington said that after he and Mrs. Dickerson left this city they went to Montreal, where they registered as E. E. Harold and wife at a boarding-house at No. 48 Victoria street.

Mrs. Dickerson had been one of the enthusiastic workers of the church.

We publish the above to show that the "servants of the Lord," be they ministers or "enthusiastic workers of the church," are as fallible as the unconverted, and, according to their Bible, if they repent at the last hour there will be more joy for them in heaven than over people who have always lived virtuous lives. So that by this atonement scheme they are the gainers in the end.

—Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, at the Columbia last night, was witty and irreverent, but the irreverence wasn't minded and the wit was all appreciated. Colonel Ingersoll never faced a

better audience from his standpoint, than the one to which he spoke last night. The "better" is used advisedly, and is a word which finds its place in the Ingersollian vocabulary when things religious are under consideration.

The theater held the concentrated essence of all the admiration which has Ingersoll as its idol and Chicago its home. Fashion was there, and people from the humbler walks of life were not absent. From the stage, where the eye had leave to roam from the top of the highest gallery to the row where on other nights the orchestra would have been found, not one seat could be found that had not an occupant.

Colonel Ingersoll kept his hearers waiting until murmurs of impatience came rolling down from the gallery. It was 8:25 before he stepped from the wings and, his bald head gleaming in the light, began to edge his way through the platform crowd—for chairs and people filled the entire space—toward the speaker's stand.

The cheer that went up then was typical of many that afterward interrupted his utterances. In the two hours of applause and merriment that followed the one trod on the steps of the other.—Chicago Chronicle, of March 8.

—One Sunday morning a poor man, dressed in his Sunday best, having trudged all the way from Boston, entered the church at Newburyport and took a seat near the pulpit, says the New York Recorder. Presently the service began and the preacher had not been speaking long before the visitor from Boston began to show signs of excitement. As the sermon proceeded his body swayed backward and forward, his eyes glittered strangely and at length he fell in a fit on the floor. Two deacons of the church carried him outside, laid him down on the church

green, unfastened his collar and dashed water upon him, while he writhed and rolled on the earth.

At last the man recovered his senses and was asked what ailed him. "Oh, such powerful preaching!" said he. "I had heard before of men going into fits under Whitfield's preaching, but I never supposed it would double me up so."

"But," said one of the deacons, "that was not Mr. Whitfield preaching, but only a nearby minister substituting for him this morning."

At this point the Boston man became mad clear through.

"What!" he said. "Have I walked fifty miles, spoiled my best suit of clothes and had fits and never heard Mr. Whitfield after all? Well, I'll be goldarned if that isn't the worst sell I ever had!"

—Mr. J. B. Elliott writes from Philadelphia that lotteries were first instituted in this country for the purpose of raising money to build steeples on churches, and afterwards to build churches. He gives as one of the first instances of that kind the raising, by lottery, of money to build the steeple on Rev. Dr. Duche's church. (Dr. Duche, says Mr. E., was the Christian patriot who was the first chaplain in Congress, and afterwards wrote a letter to Gen. Washington, advising him to surrender his army to the British.) Mr. Elliott asserts that the church had lotteries legalized for its own benefit, and gives the following extract from a Philadelphia journal, as an evidence of his claim:

"J. C. H." asks for information "about the lottery and the prizes, if any, by which the money was raised for the steeple on Christ Church." The first steeple on this church was built in 1754. The vestry had attempted a subscription, but it was a failure, and

when they resorted to a lottery it was with the plea that the improvement would be an ornament to the city, and hence it came to be known as "the Philadelphia steeple lottery." There were two of these schemes, from which £2,025 was netted, the Rev. Jacob Duche being the treasurer, and the price of the tickets, which were 4,500 in number, was probably about four shillings apiece. In considering these facts, however, it should be borne in mind that lotteries, while sometimes condemned then by moralists, were time and again authorized by law. The Dickinson College, for example, was built in part with the proceeds of a lottery, and so were scores of other public improvements, while it was not uncommon, seventy years after the Christ Church lottery, to build churches and raise money for religious purposes with the wheel of fortune.

—Hon. W. F. Aldrich, who has recently been elected to Congress from Aldrich, Ala., has been for a number of years a subscriber and liberal financial supporter of this Magazine. Mrs. Aldrich, like her husband, is an outspoken, intelligent Free Thinker, and a friend of Humanity. The Washington Post, of March 1st, has this to say of Mrs. Aldrich:

Mrs. W. F. Aldrich, wife of Representative W. F. Aldrich, of the Fourth Alabama District, is a woman of rare accomplishments. Her husband's advancement in the fields, both of business and politics, is in no small measure due to her sanguine spirit and wise helpfulness; for Mrs. Aldrich is known as of the kind of women whose lives are given to earnest purposes and who inspire men to unflagging zeal and endeavor. Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich have a beautiful home in the mining town of Aldrich, Ala. Since their marriage, ten years ago, her excellent appreciation of the susceptibility to artistic improvement of the place and of the possibilities of improvement of the people of the vicinity has given her a secure and high place in their esteem.

Rajah Lodge, the Aldrich home, is as famed in the country round about for

hospitality as it is for the beauty and luxury of its appointments and environments. Unlike any other mining town in the South, no liquor is sold at Aldrich, and police are not needed there. It is as happy a community as can be found. Its children, animals, and birds are protected and fostered, nothing being neglected by the Aldriches to administer to their proper freedom and innocent pleasures.

Mr. Aldrich has devoted much of his life to the development of the rich coal and iron ore deposits of the mineral district of Alabama, and has been one of the foremost factors in the marvelous progress of that State in mining and manufacturing. Not until recently has he taken any leading part in politics. It was his wife who urged the idea that in order to accomplish needed reforms for the community and commonwealth the surest way was through the ballot box and by legislation, and so she persuaded her husband to stand for Congress, to which he was elected after a difficult and thrilling canvass. With a facile pen and her characteristic energy and devotion to pure purpose, Mrs. Aldrich has devoted the years of her womanhood to popular lines of reformation, such as ameliorating the harsh conditions of prisoners, the prevention of cruelty to children and animals, and to the development of "mental healing," psychical investigation and religious research.

—The most startling view of the story of Jonah and the whale was found to be held by the Rev. Dr. J. E. Roberts, pastor of All Souls Unitarian church. He laughed when asked to express his opinion and said:

"The whale and Jonah combination gets around about so often. This time the advance agent was Dr. Abbott. He stepped before the curtain to announce that the marine aggregation would appear no more. A thousand ministers instantly billed the ancient attraction, and it has been running ever since.

"The only thing remarkable about this periodic morsel of inspiration is that any intelligent man takes it seriously. It must be that we have inspired men with us still, for none but inspired men can believe the unbelievable. If the captain of that vessel ordered Jonah to be thrown overboard, then the captain should have been indicted for manslaughter. If there was an understanding between the captain and the whale, then both should have been indicted for conspiracy. If the whale swallowed Jonah, and worked on him for three days with a view to converting him—into whale—then there is a strong probability that all of Jonah that ever got out of Nineveh was a few pants buttons and a couple of suspender buckles.

"The deacons of the church could not have recognized him. Jonah would have needed the whale with him to swear to his identity. Perhaps Jonah foresaw this and took the whale along. At any rate the people of that town ever afterward had great respect for the whale. They knew that part of him was preacher. The railroads gave a clerical permit to each of them. And when the whale and Jonah were gathered to their fathers the people did not know whether to build the monument to the whale or to the man. So they compromised and made it half man and half whale.

"There is, however, another interpretation which may be preferred by some Bible readers. It is that after the whale had swallowed the preacher and found him so dry that he was insoluble by any of the gastric juices then on tap, and, after three days' grinding, still impervious to the gastronomic mill, the whale requested him to resign. Jonah, it seems, had been feeling for some time that he could labor more effectively in a wider field. And besides he did not like the internal commotion of the present congregation. Receiving just at that time a call from a church at Nineveh, he accepted at once without even waiting to pray for guidance.—Kansas City Star.

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Saturday Evening Herald: It is very well for one to have convictions, but if afflicted with such peculiar ones as the leading character in this story it is just as well to keep them from the public. The scientific experiment, whose result is given and whose nature is left to be inferred, is one which belongs to the medical profession alone, and its introduction into a book written presumably for the masses is unwarrantable. It offends good taste and delicacy, while at the same time it cannot possibly be of the least benefit to any one. It strikes boldly at the marriage relation, and if brought into practice would turn the world upside down.

Chicago Evening Journal: Better take it gently but firmly in a pair of very long and very strong tongs and lay it on a good furnace fire.

Church Union: This is assuredly a very remarkable book. The author's motive in writing it cannot easily be mistaken, nor ought we to wish that it had not been published when we rightly weigh this motive and catch the true meaning of the unique narrative. Evidently the author does not approve of the "scientific experiment" which is very chastely alluded to. . . . It is a daring production, and taken as a whole conveys many a lesson that pleads for a better fatherhood than is common in these days of man made laws and unequal standards of domestic purity—lessons that are weighty enough to justify some very plain speaking.

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MAY, 1897.

THE MYTHOLOGY OF ST. PATRICK.

BY J. C. HANNON.

AS this is the season of the year when the Catholic clergy are stimulating the Irish imagination, with the wonderful snake stories of St. Patrick; when political agitators are intoxicating the humble peasantry with the meaningless platitudes of patriotism; it may be interesting to an independent observer to know who and what St. Patrick really was.

Like Beelzebub, Santa Claus and others of their class, St. Patrick has served a commercial purpose of filling the coffers of the Roman Church with the hard-earned pennies of the Irish peasantry, but modern scientific criticism was too much for his eminence; he has taken a long



J. C. HANNON.

vacation, he has joined the mystic circle of William Tell, Rip Van Winkle and Robinson Crusoe, and even the infallible Church of Rome will never recall his verdant eminence from the shady region of mythology. Mythology is the mother of religion. Religion is to many grown persons what nursery rhymes are to children. It is the inherited sentiment behind which our savage ancestors disguised their love of the ideal. This is especially true of the Irish people with reference to the mythology of St. Patrick.

What St. George and the dragon are to the English people, St. Patrick and the serpents are to the Irish. The legends of St. George and the dragon are quite as interesting and fully as reliable as those of St. Patrick and the serpents, but centuries of persecution have intensified the veneration of the Irish people for their patron saint, while the esteem of the English people for St. George and the dragon

is confined to its monetary value when stamped on the face of a British gold sovereign.

Irish historians have invariably written for a cause or a faction, to support a theory, to glorify a hero, or to canonize a saint. Much that passes as Irish history is but crude legendary fiction, bearing upon its face the indelible stamp of priestly authority. Its compilation is but the insane muttering of effeminate monks, whose historical knowledge was confined to the musty archives of medieval monasteries and whose historical records are about as reliable as the exaggerated notions of a Fiji Islander, an African Hottentot or an American savage.

But thanks to modern science we are not obliged to accept the dictum of Rome as infallible information today. The ruins of castles, abbeys and round towers of Erin, many of them buried in the loam of centuries, speak in silent, though eloquent, language of a civilization that prevailed throughout Ireland when many of the nations of modern Europe were lost in the darkness of barbarism. It is a remarkable fact (and it seems like the very irony of fate), that, when the early natives of Britain were living in caves and hollow trees, when they subsisted on acorns and wore the skins of wild beasts for ball dresses, the scholars and sages of Erin were calculating eclipses and teaching their children geography with brass globes. When almost every tribe and nation throughout continental Europe had succumbed to the conquering legions of pagan Rome, Ireland, isolated and alone, withstood the invasion of the Caesars, and no nation in modern Europe can show so clear a title to well-earned nationality.

"Father Prout," the author of "The Bells of Shandon," referring to Ireland's past civilization, says:

In the midnight ages,
Her bards and sages,
Compiled the pages, of Greece and Rome;
Fair learning's lustre
In radiance blessed her,
As science smiled on our island home.

War's shining arms,
For her sons had charms,
And well they wielded the axe and spear;
Crestfallen foemen
Fled wild before them,
Whose echoes rang on the battle cheer.

The golden age of Ireland's history dates from the fourth to the twelfth century, and her primitive greatness shone like a star of the first magnitude, until the lust and the ambition of her chiefs prostituted her native genius and wrecked her national dignity in the stagnant pool of Roman Catholicism.

In the fifth century Pope Celestine appointed Palladius a Catholic missionary to Ireland, but as her civilization confounded the conception of Palladius he returned without effecting a single conversion to the Church of Rome.

The Catholic authorities in the efforts to shield St. Patrick from limbo of mythology have tried to identify Patrick with Palladius, but the records of contemporaneous history and the researches of modern scholars have shown that no Roman Catholic missionary by the name of Patrick ever existed in Ireland.

The name of Patrick is of British origin. It is a military title signifying Mars, or the God of War. This title was assumed by several of the British chiefs, and was subsequently adopted by several leaders of the Irish clans, who owed no more allegiance to the Church of Rome than General Booth, of the Salvation Army, does today. The best authenticated records of Irish history show that the early disciples of Patrick were Celtic Jews, who embraced the primitive doctrines of Christianity, yet maintained an independent cosmogony, in which Patrick figured as Moses.

His supernatural fire kindled on the top of an Irish mountain, corresponds with the burning bush of the Jewish patriarch.

The daughter of Logaire, the Irish Pharaoh, discovered the infant Patrick by a fountain, where she went to bathe. She adopted and provided him with a wet-nurse, who proved to be his own aunt. Now it don't require a large amount of gray matter to see that this is a mere copy of Moses in the bull rushes.

There are 64 biographies of Patrick in existence. They contradict each other like the books of the Old and New Testament. There is one particular upon which they are all substantially agreed, and that is, that Patrick lived to the age of Moses, 120 years, and no one knows of his burial place, even to the present day.

This is the identical language used by the Jewish writers in describing the death and the burial of Moses. The Irish chronology is replete with an independent theory of creation, a garden of Eden, and the fall of man. The Irish built their own ark. They launched it from the Irish coast. Finian, the Irish Noah, landed his cargo on the top of an Irish mountain, where he subsequently lived to the age of Methusela, 969 years.

The three-leaved shamrock is the symbol of the rude Irish trinity, in which Patrick, Finian and Columbo figure as the triple God-head, while Bridget plays the important role of the Madonna or Virgin. This miniature Christianity enumerated their twelve apostles, who wore a breast plate of twelve squares, like the Jewish priests.

They observed the Jewish Sabbath and fast-days, and performed the rite of circumcision, and generally the whole system of the Jewish religion. On one occasion Pope Boniface assumed to dictate their ecclesiastical affairs, but they firmly reminded him that his papal jurisdiction did not extend beyond the limits of the "Roman Empire." These

primitive Christians likewise had their literal hell and purgatory situated in the caverns of Lough Derg, where the obstinate pagans might have an ocular demonstration of their future state. This cavern is owned today by an English Protestant landlord, who realizes a handsome income by exhibiting the supposed relics of Patrick and thousands of credulous pilgrims from all parts of Ireland annually flock to this shrine, where Patrick is said to have spoken face to face with Jesus, who gave him his staff, his "Book of the Gospels," and his personal commission to preach the true faith among the Celtic pagans of Erin.

The relics of St. Patrick are as numerous throughout Ireland, as mosquitoes are in New Jersey. There are said to be at least fourteen authentic heads of St. Patrick in existence; nearly every church in Ireland has some portion of his anatomy, from his tooth which dropped into the river Shannon, down to the second joint of his little toe, and, judging by the number of his bones exhibited in the various churches of the world, he must have had as many arms and legs as a centipede, and as many ribs as a Delaware shad or an Irish herring.

Bones and relics are the stock in trade of papal Christianity. They are to the infallible church what a cabinet is to a juggler or a three-card monte outfit is to an itinerant fakir at a county fair. Every church in Europe and America are the repository of sacred relics. These festering remains of unburied dead people are held in the highest esteem by the Catholic world. Nugent, the historian, speaks of one collection in a small village in the Duchy of Mecklenberg, that would fill a good sized museum. Among other things noted in this collection are a quantity of flax, used by the Virgin Mary, out of which she wove the swaddling clothes of Jesus. A bundle of hay, from the stable of Bethlehem, on which Christ was born. The bowl in which Jesus washed the feet of his disciples. The seamless garment of Joseph, the torn coat of Lazarus, and the marriage certificate of the Virgin Mary. The handkerchief of St. Veronica, given to Christ on his way to execution. The left ear of Balaam's inspired mule. The head of a fish, taken from the net of St. Peter. A sample of the wine distilled by Jesus at the feast of Cana. The shoulder blade of Ignatius Loyala, the founder of the Jesuits. The hair of St. Jerome's mustache, and the first joint of his thumb. The scissors with which Delilah cut off Samson's hair. The rope with which Judas hung himself; also a portion of his bowels, that gushed out when he burst asunder. Whether he burst asunder before or after he hung himself is not stated. The apron worn by the butcher who killed the fatted calf on the return of the prodigal son. The stone used by David with which to kill Goliath. A portion of the tree upon which Absalom hung by the hair. One of the most precious relics has been stolen, and it is nothing less than a bunch of feathers from the Angel Gabriel's wing; but as wild geese are plentiful in this neighborhood, this precious relic will no doubt be restored. Now these bones and relics, like the mythology of Patrick, are an index of fraud and imposition. The miraculous gammon doled out to the Irish

peasantry at this season was injected into the primitive Christianity of Erin after it was brought into the current of Roman Catholicism. The character of Patrick and Moses were blended together and magnified in order to meet the insatiable credulity of the Irish peasantry. The character of Moses and Patrick might easily change places by a mere change of labels. The rod of Moses is identical with the staff Jesus given to Patrick by Christ. His book of the gospels is a counterfeit of the tables of stone given to Moses on Mount Sinai. There are numerous accounts of how Patrick, like Moses, prevailed over the forces of nature. He divided the waters of a river and caused the dry land to ascend to the surface so that he and his followers might cross on dry land afoot. This is a counterfeit of the Jewish story of the Israelites and the Red Sea. He fed 1,400 people on three small sheep, and then restored the sheep to life after they had been eaten. This beats the story of the loaves and fishes recorded in the New Testament. He turned water into honey, stones into cheese; he plowed up live fishes in vegetable gardens. He caused a stone pillar to swim like a cork. He sank a ship by making the sign of the cross. He caused a teakettle to boil over blocks of solid ice. He raised the dead, restored the aged to perpetual youth. He produced snow in summer, vegetation in winter, he banished the snakes from Ireland, and performed a variety of other tricks that have attested the supernatural character of every religious fakir in ancient or modern mythology. The author of these crude legends was a Roman Catholic monk by the name of Jocelin, who flourished in the latter part of the twelfth century in France. As the art of printing was unknown in the Christian world at that time, and the scholastic knowledge of Europe was confined to the monasteries and cathedrals, this ecclesiastical "Munchausen" never suspected that his forgeries would be discovered. The Pope of Rome, as well as the Archbishop of Paris, indorsed these forgeries, and they were given the widest possible circulation, and millions of credulous Irish peasants, incapable of suspicion, have for centuries paid the voluntary tribute of profound veneration to a man of straw. The works of Jocelin are very rare by virtue of the fact that the Catholic authorities have concealed their existence. Had the infallible church only destroyed some of her records, in the same bonfire with the immortal Bruno, they would not be bobbing up to torment her like the ghost of Banquo at the feast of Macbeth. The Celtic story of Patrick and the snakes has been expunged from all modern histories, and it can only be found in Jocelin's "Life of St. Patrick," which is a very rare production.

The snake stories of St. Patrick belong to the Egyptian family of myths, like the rod of Moses and Aaron, which swallowed those of the Egyptian necromancers, and hereby hangs a (tail) tale. One of the legends of Josephus relates that Moses banished the snakes from a region in Africa, because Geledes, the grandson of Pharaoh, was bitten by one of their number. Moses then prophesied that wherever this

prince or his posterity should reign snakes could not exist. The story then goes on to say that the Geledians, having subsequently taken possession of Ireland, the snakes immediately vanished. Here we have the testimony of Josephus to show that no snakes existed in Ireland up till the time of Moses, which was two thousand five hundred years before the supposed date of Patrick. These snake stories are very suggestive of certain states of mental derangement known as delirium tremens. This condition is not unknown among the clergy, whose personal fondness for their native toddy may have convinced them that St. Patrick was not the only prelate who had acquired the familiar habit of seeing snakes.

An Irish priest, while visiting one of his clerical brethren, proposed to drink to the memory of their patron saint. "Well," said the host, "what will it be? Will we take raw liquor; will it be Irish grog, or shall I make you some toddy?" "Well," said "Father Tam," "if it's all the same to your reverence, we will take the raw liquor first, then we can finish the grog while you are making the toddy. There has been a great deal of speculation among scientists why the soil and climate of Ireland are naturally destructive to the serpent tribe.

Dr. Drummond, a celebrated Irish naturalist, has tested the matter in a variety of ways, and he concludes that snakes will not live in Ireland for the same reason that moles will not live in Africa, humming-birds in Europe, or crows in South America. It is a peculiar eccentricity of nature, that many species of animals, birds and reptiles exist only within the narrow limits of individual mountains, islands or lakes. The red bird of paradise, says Alfred Wallace, cannot exist outside of its native island, which is less than one mile in diameter. Two volcanic peaks of South America, each have a distinct species of birds confined to their wooded craters, just below the limits of perpetual snow. They cannot be bred nor crossed outside of their native peaks. There are thousands of birds, animals, reptiles and insects that cannot live in Ireland, and it would be as reasonable to say that St. George banished the crocodile from Britain as that St. Patrick banished the snakes from Ireland. Snakes are indigenous only in tropical or semi-tropical countries, and Ireland is neither one nor the other, and were it not for the influence of the gulf stream, the climate would be much colder than it is today. The serpent, as a symbol of immortality, is a very ancient figure in fetish worship. The Israelites, in their journey through the wilderness, worshiped the brazen serpent raised by Moses on the pole. It is not difficult to surmise that the early natives of Ireland were Celtic Jews or serpent worshipers. Some of the ancient mounds of Ireland are identical with those found in Central America, and various parts of Europe. The mound builders were undoubtedly serpent worshipers.

It is easy to comprehend how the worship of serpents might readily obtain a foothold and flourish by exaggeration in a land like Ireland steeped in credulity and destitute of snakes.

St. Patrick's connection with the snakes is purely figurative, de-

noting the substitution of a united clan Christianity, for the more ancient fetish worship of the mound builders. The similarity of the cross and the serpent as religious symbols are intermingled in Egyptian mythology, and Christian mythology, commonly called religion, is the offspring of this adulterous connection. It is no exaggeration to say that the snake worshiping mound builders were at least the equals in morals and intelligence of their cross worshiping successors. In Adams county, Ohio, one of the serpent mounds is over 1,500 feet long. It is erected on the side of a bluff, and the exquisite curves of the snake are a marvel of perfection even at the present day. The works of the mound builders show them to be a very ingenious people. They were acquainted with the geometrical properties of the square, the circle, the triangle and the cube. One of their triangular mounds in Central America measures 1,000 feet on each side, which denotes an accurate standard of measurement. The mud cabins of the Irish peasantry are nothing but mounds, and though built in the nineteenth century, they are far inferior to the engineering feats of the mound builders who lived ten or twelve centuries ago.

Ireland has unfortunately been the battleground of countless creeds, Pagan, Popish and Protestant, but it is impossible to conceive of a more degrading, tyrannical superstition than Popish Christianity. It has left its brand of mental inferiority on the Celtic brain, and every nation that ever fell beneath its blighting influence is enveloped in mental and physical darkness.

The bishops of the Irish church never preached directly to the multitude. They confined their mission exclusively to the chiefs of the tribe, and the baptism of a chief was immediately followed by the conversion of the whole tribe. These clans were so devoted to their tribal chiefs, they would murder their own children if ordered to do so. This tribal instinct is potent even today, and is exemplified in the hereditary attachment of the Irish peasantry for the Catholic priests at the present day. This tribal instinct is so potent that England effects the coercion of Ireland, not by legislation, but through the influence of the Pope of Rome, who transmits his authority to the Irish bishops, and no loyal Irish Catholic in Parliament or out of it, would dare to oppose a political measure of England that had received the holy sanction of his eminence.

It is a disgraceful fact that England and Rome have been the joint partners in the disfranchisement of the Irish people. The primitive church of Erin maintained its independence from Rome until the twelfth century, when Adrian IV., an English Pope, conspired with Malachi, the archbishop of Armagh, by which Ireland was donated to Henry II, of England, on condition that he would subject its people to the papal yoke.

Thus you will see that the Irish people were not converted to Catholicism by Patrick, or any Roman missionary, but the despotism of papal Christianity was thrust upon the Irish people on the point

of an English lance. No Irish bishop ever was canonized by the Church of Rome until Malachi, the traitor, received that honor in the twelfth century.

Byron, the English poet, referring to Malachi's treachery and his subsequent canonization, says:

Till now the Isle that should blush for his birth,
 Deep, deep, as the blood he has shed on her soil,
 Seems proud of the reptile that crawled from her hearth,
 And for murder repaid him with shouts and a smile.

Without one single ray of her genius, without
 The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race,
 A miscreant who well might plunge Erin in doubt,
 That she ever gave birth to a being so base.

If she did, let her long boasted proverb be hushed,
 That proclaims that from Erin no reptile can spring.
 See that cold blooded serpent, with venom still flushed,
 Full warming its folds in the breast of a king.

Ireland has justly been called the Isle of Saints. This species of parasites have carried on the continual battle of the creeds, until there is not a square inch of Irish soil whose natural fertility is not a silent witness of the factional dispute of religious freebooters of every age. Whatever factional dispute existed among the native tribes of Erin, has only been heightened by the contending superstitions of England and Rome.

The advent of Christianity upset the pagan idols and substituted the bloody Moloch of Rome; then came the Protestant Reformation, with its alien clergy following in the wake of Cromwell and confiscation.

Thus between the Pope and the Protestant, between the factional disputes of the Orange and Green, the liberty of a brave and hospitable people has been crushed like a tender morsel between the upper and lower jaws of a wild beast. England is proud of having inherited the spoils of a tribal victory of the united Saxon over the divided Celts. This victory was conceived in lust, perpetrated by bribery, and consummated by the double riveted despotism of the Church of Rome. So skillfully has Rome manipulated her campaign in Ireland, that the inherited hatred of the Celt for the Saxon, has been subverted into a sectional feud, between the Orange and Green, whose memories cluster around the battle of the "Boyne," a small creek in the north of Ireland, about the size of an American sewer. This battle is the inspiring motive of the American Protective Association. A society so small in soul that its own members are ashamed to acknowledge it. I have never met a member of that society who would openly acknowledge

it to the world, and who was not anxious to offer some apology for his meanness.

The Irish people in all ages have committed national suicide in the hope of saving their souls. I have always noticed that people who have the smallest souls generally make the biggest fuss about them. I think it was John Mitchel who says: "If it wasn't for their damn souls, the Irish people would have been a free nation long ago. They have shed more blood in faction fights and foreign battlefields than would have liberated their own country a thousand times over. When we think of the natural beauty of Ireland, we are not surprised that they wrung a reluctant sigh from the rough and rugged breast of Cromwell. Had Byron seen Killarney or the Lee he never would have sung the scenery of the Rhine or the beauty of Lake Lemane. Had he sailed down the Shannon, as it passes the battered walls of Limerick or Athlone. Had he stood upon the shores of Munster, Blackwater or the banks of the Foil; had he looked upon Clew Bay, Galway, the Liffey, the Slaney, or the Suir, he would have confessed that Ireland was the garden of the world. Her rivers bright as the sunlight that warms them, and clear as the crystal that sparkles in her hills, flow on through glens and valleys, bedecked by the hand of nature in a garb of beauty; fringed with flowers and leafy foliage, and begirt with mountains, green with verdure even to their very summits. The Bay of Dublin is the most beautiful in the world, and is scarcely equaled by the Bay of Naples. The cove known today by the vulgar name of Queenstown is the most capacious harbor in the world, and is justly celebrated for its beauty. The Rhine, studded with castles and vineyards, has been for years the delight and admiration of London cockneys and American aristocrats, but can those vineyards yield to their delighted senses a more fragrant odor than the luscious perfumes that are wafted all over the country from the budding hawthorn, the furze and laburnum that grow on the banks of the Shannon? Can the Rhine, in all its boasted magnificence, compare with that beautiful river, as it stretches out its broad waters below Limerick and rushes to the embrace of the sea? There is no land on the globe so beautiful, and there is no land so much neglected. Her beauty has been her curse. The savage Norsemen, in their frail vessels, braved the dangers of the ocean and the power of her sons to possess her. The haughty Norman, who had seen the plains of Normandy, the vineyards of France and the rich cornfields of England, forsook all for the chance of winning with his sword the pleasant valleys and the green fields of Ireland.

The geographical position of Ireland, as well as her agricultural and mineral wealth, denote that she was designed by nature as a commercial center and a connecting link of the two great hemispheres of Europe and America. Blessed by nature with a genial climate and enriched with a fertile soil; moistened by the dews of the gulf stream. Her rivers today possess sufficient water power to operate the electric plants of Europe, and her bays and harbors are numerous enough

to shelter the commercial navies of the world; but under the blighted influence of priestcraft and absentee landlords, her wealth is drained away to pay the gambling debts of royal English prostitutes and ecclesiastical pirates who riot on the spoils of her industry.

It is a startling fact that during the famine of 1848, when one million of Ireland's population perished of starvation, the exports of beef, butter, pork and wool, were greater than any preceding year. When the American people were sending shiploads of provisions to the starving peasantry they were taxed by the British revenue officials, and the Pope of Rome received his regular extortion of "Peter's pence" from the proceeds.

What is the condition of Ireland today? Today she is bowed in sorrow, her liberty wrested from her and held in the remorseless grasp of a foreigner. No busy factories or foundries enliven her towns, no ships whiten her harbors; the only thing Ireland has done in the line of commerce during the last century, is the emigration of her own children. As Byron says:

On her desolate shore the emigrant stands,
For a moment to gaze ere he flies from his hearth,
Tears fall on his chain, though it drops from his hands,
For the dungeon he quits is the place of his birth.

Clad in desolation and held in the remorseless grasp of religious intolerance, Ireland, the emerald gem of the western world, sits upon the rock of ages and begs for the crumbs of international sympathy.

If there is a representative of the Irish race in this audience today, let me assure him that my love for his downtrodden country is no less than his; but if there is any sentiment under heaven that can change for an hour my contempt for a people so servile and sore, who, though trod like a worm by priestcraft, yet cling to its power, it is the glory of Robert Emmet and the genius of Thomas Moore.

Let me also impress upon his memory that the cause of Ireland is the cause of the world at large; the same affliction that stirs the American farmer to resistance, or the French workmen to revolt, is a question of world-wide extent, and it can be summed up in two words: Priestcraft and landlordism. In these days when the Christian nations of the world are armed to the teeth for the purpose of cutting each others' throats, when all the wealth that can be wrung by taxation from the sweat and blood of unpaid labor is used for the purpose of keeping up a ponderous military display to protect the vested interest of a landed aristocracy, the spirit of universal discontent should be the connecting link to bind the human race in one fraternal brotherhood.

St. Patrick is a myth, behind which one faction of the Irish race have disguised their love of the national ideal, but the day has long since passed when a mere tribal victory can ever be won on the highway of civilization. Patriotism is a decaying sentiment. The history

of the world teaches us that the altar and the throne have always leaned against each other in one grand conspiracy. It is this double-riveted despotism that has ravished Ireland, impoverished Italy, Russia, Austria, Spain and Cuba. It may be fairly estimated that every priest in Europe is represented by ten soldiers and at least one hundred paupers. The person who clamors against English oppression in Ireland, yet closes his eyes to the persecution of the Jews in Russia, or withholds his moral sympathy from the struggling people of Cuba, has not in my judgment hitched his chariot to the star of human progress.

Let the wealth producers of the world bury their tribal distinctions in the grave of oblivion; let them kick the shoulder straps from the military dudes of Europe and America. Let them ground their arms and stand on Thomas Paine's universal platform, "The world is our country and to do good is our religion." Observe nature's mandate to her atoms: Combine!

Let us hope with Robert Burns, that the day is not far distant when man to man throughout the world will recognize no distinction, except that which their own personal merits may originate.

Whatever may be the climate of his birth, the color of his skin, the texture of his clothes, or even the size of his feet, "a man's a man for a' that."

Let us hasten the coming of the golden dawn when the Irish race of all factions will grasp each other's hand over the chasm of time, when the Orange and Green, united in the interests of a common humanity, will banish the pernicious influence of priestcraft from the shores of Ireland forever.

CIVILIZATION AND FREE THOUGHT.

BY EDWARD W. G. DOBSON.

THE history of this world is a record of bloodshed and slavery, of despotism and ecclesiastical tyranny, and of the repeated efforts made by those in chains to free themselves. Both king and priest have been the barriers to freedom and civilization, and by their united power they have held this world in ignorance and superstition. They are responsible for the misery of the past and present, and if there appears today to be but little manhood in man, let us thank them for this glorious result of their rule. Tyranny was never the cause of progress; slavery never made a people free, brave, honest and civilized.

Whatever progress this world has made is due to liberty. No one can deny that where liberty is—that liberty where all men and women are their own rulers; when all possess the same rights and privileges; when all follow the dictates of their conscience, to think, speak and act as they please, so long as the rights of others are not interfered with; when the right of private judgment exists without restriction—that so long as this liberty is, the world cannot fail to advance and to become civilized. And in the accomplishment of whatever liberty, progress and enlightenment we now have, Free Thought has been one of the principal factors.

It might be said that without Free Thought there can be no civilization. I mean by civilization a state of development where the people are educated, free from superstition, practice justice, and possess liberty. The more the people are thus developed, the more civilized they will be, and the less can king, priest and usurper impose upon them. When the people were denied the right to think; when they were forced to obey the tyrannical and arbitrary decrees of despotic rulers; when a new or advanced thought was considered heretical, and punishable with imprisonment, torture and death, the people were never more ignorant, superstitious and barbaric. The Middle Ages stand as a monument to this fact.

The results of religious tyranny are twofold: First, the people are made superstitious and ignorant; second, they are politically and economically enslaved. In fact, the two evils thrive together. The

priest and king depend upon each other for support. We have but to scan the pages of history to know how solid is the compact between the two, and what desperate struggles have been made by the people before their powers were lessened or conquered. We need only study the records of time to see the baneful influence they have exerted, and the manner in which they have retarded the mental development of man, opposed the establishment of liberty and justice, and rendered impossible for a long time the rise of civilization in the widest and the truest sense of that word.

Liberty is Free Thought; without one the other is impossible. Free Thought gives to every one the right of private judgment, the right to opinions and thoughts independent of any power and any person; the right to investigate, to think, to doubt, to differ. This is the natural right of every human being. This is the liberty of the brain.

The right of private judgment is a cardinal principle of Free Thought. Protestantism was founded upon this principle. The Protestants of the reformation of the 16th century were on the path that leads to liberty when they demanded this right. But their conception of what constituted the right of private judgment was limited to the judging of the Catholic Church, of questioning the supposed infallible authority of the Pope. To exercise that right in regard to the beliefs of Protestantism became a heresy—a punishable crime. Had the Protestants any knowledge of logic, and acted as they should, Europe would have become free, Free Thought would have triumphed, civilization would have developed over a thousand years, men and women would have become intelligent and thoughtful beings, superstition would have been conquered, and tyranny overthrown. But this glorious opportunity to liberate and civilize the world was thus thrown away by the Protestants, who now oppose any advance in civilization and in thought.

Free Thought includes the unreserved examination of all questions, no matter what the nature of those questions may be. It is the duty all men and women owe to their age and posterity to investigate every problem that affects the happiness or welfare of mankind. It is only by such investigation that we can hope to become free; that we can hope to remedy the evils which oppress the world, and, at the same time, advance civilization. The spirit of Christianity is opposed to free investigation. It is this spirit which has held the world from making any advance, except when it could not help it. It is this spirit that has enslaved the intellect, and chained the brain. The

spirit of Free Thought is for free investigation, regardless of consequences, and the doing of whatever will advance civilization. It is this spirit that has made progress possible, and smitten the shackles off a number of the minds of men. Whoever is afraid to investigate any subject is a coward; whoever prevents others from investigating by force or otherwise is a tyrant; whoever refuses to investigate for fear of consequences is a slave. Free Thought is impossible without free speech; Free Thought is dependent upon free speech. Without one the other is impossible. Free Thought implies not only the right to think within yourself, it also implies the right to utter those thoughts to others. In speaking thoughts without fear of any tyrant or liberty-denying law, not in thinking them, lies the realization of Free Thought.

The truth is that back of all progress and civilization have been liberty and the freedom of thought. Human progress has been in the direct ratio to the freedom of thought and liberty to act. When the people were totally enslaved, politically and religiously, they were never more ignorant and barbarous. The cannibal and savage may be exceptions. In their case they are not sufficiently developed in brain to become superstitious. A good many are, however, but there are tribes of savages which seem to be entirely free from superstition. That is not their fault. They have not yet reached that stage of development where men are by nature superstitious and religious. Paradoxical as it may seem, it requires a certain amount of intelligence to become superstitious, the remedy of which is to become more intelligent. This reminds me of the verse of Pope that reads:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring;
Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."

The pathway to freedom is a long and weary one. Along this pathway the savage must walk. The road is not a smooth one. On all sides enemies are hiding, waiting for the opportunity to grasp their victims and to keep them in perpetual bondage. The march was begun in darkness; we have only reached the dawn. We have just passed the milestone that marks half the journey. That is where the pioneers are now. The others are in the rear, plowing their way through the darkness and the mud of superstitions.

Although the East has been under the influence of time more than the West, the West is far in advance of the East. It might be said, without exaggeration, that in the East there is a complete abandonment to religion and metaphysics, with the result there is more slavery, more despotism, more ignorance and superstition, than there is in the West. India and Asia and Egypt, once the civilizations of the world, contain millions of human beings in abject slavery and superstition. Their condition is most pitiable, and it is mainly due to their religion.

Some people talk about the civilization of ancient Egypt, as though that country had attained a development, marvelous, to say the least. One would think that that civilization, and others of the same period, were perfect. But what is the truth? That the people of those times possessed some knowledge no one will deny. They knew something about astronomy, "architecture, the use of metals, weaving, embroidery, tanning skins, fabricating stuffs, and polishing stones," history affirms. It is said on the authority of Pliny that even glass was known and made in Egypt, and, "according to Plato, writing by characters or hieroglyphics, astronomy and geometry came from Egypt." Herodotus informs us that the people were divided into castes, and that the priests were the highest caste, their will being supreme in everything relating to the people and the government. The mass of the people were slaves; their rulers ignorant and barbaric. To say that a civilization existed then, in the sense in which the word is used today, is to say that which was not so.

India was in the same condition as Egypt. In that country the priests were supreme. They founded the order of castes, and declared that it was divinely ordered and for the good of all. For a person to rise higher than the position in life which he occupied meant the most horrible of punishments, and in a good many cases, death. The lowest castes were made the drudges, to bear all the burdens, to support the privileged few, the priests and monarchs, in a state of idleness and luxury; to stand their taunts, insults and petty tyrannies; to suffer patiently the persecutions and outrages to which they were subjected. They were not allowed to own property, to possess any wealth. They had to be willing, obedient, submissive, ignorant and superstitious slaves. And their religion was responsible for it all.

The other civilizations of that time were practically the same. Liberty as we understand it today was unknown to those of the past.

They did not dream that the lowest should possess the same rights as the highest; that one man was no better than another; that all should enjoy the same privileges; that the grand principles of liberty, equality and justice should form the foundations of their government. The liberty which they understood was the liberty of the few to plunder and enslave the masses. The East, completely enslaved, so near to the borders of barbarism, stands as a monument to priestly rule and greed, and as testimony for what priestcraft can do in the way of civilizing this world.

In the West there is a better outlook. In those countries where freedom and knowledge have the greatest power and influence, the people are more enlightened and civilized. The efforts of the scientists, thinkers and philosophers have not been in vain. Gradually, but surely, religion is on the decline. People no longer put all their faith in God; they are now placing that faith in man, with the result man progresses.

Once France was enslaved by religion. She revolted. Today she is practically free, and was never in a more prosperous and happy condition. For centuries that country was ruled with the iron hand of tyranny—as usual the tyranny of king and priest. The people were the slaves of the nobles; they were parts and parcels of their lands and estates. They had no liberty; their homes were not safe from invasion; and the women had no protection from the brutal lust of the knights and barons. At the time of the French Revolution the value of the lands of the clergy amounted to four billion francs, which yield an income of from eighty to one hundred million francs. There were over one hundred and thirty thousand clergy, including twenty-three thousand monks, thirty-seven thousand nuns, and sixty thousand curates, vicars and others, with two thousand, five hundred monasteries, and one thousand five hundred convents.

During the Middle Ages the condition of the people of England was practically the same as that of the people of France in the same period. The people were serfs and slaves; they had no rights which the priests were bound to respect. Religion has been one of the most important causes of the miseries and the tyranny to which the English people have been subjected. Once the fields of England were drenched with human blood, all because of religion. Bloody stakes were erected everywhere, on which the freest and the bravest of that time were sacrificed. Though England is not free today, she has advanced. The Freethinker has some rights; the people are

more tolerant and enlightened. This is because the scientists and the thinkers have had their way.

Germany, with her thought and science, is not free. Her development has been one-sided. Only a portion of the people have advanced. But the effects of the thought and freedom that she does possess can be seen. The people are awakening to the follies of their religion and their government.

Russia is completely enslaved, politically and religiously. There is not a more complete tyranny in the whole of Europe. The people are compelled to remain in ignorance, and their condition is one of servitude and poverty.

As for Spain, Portugal and Italy, as well as the rest of Europe, where religion has the greatest power, the people are in ignorance, slavery and poverty. Who will ever forget the Inquisition, with its horrible tortures, and the sacrifice of so many lives? Spain was a pockmark on the face of Europe. In that country were centered all the forces of superstition, fanaticism, cruelty and tyranny, and it stands today as a sublime testimony to the influence and power of religion. Most people of education and knowledge are familiar with what popery has done for Italy; with the corruptions and tyranny of that church there, with the licentiousness and immorality of its priests and popes, and the manner in which the people were totally enslaved.

It does seem strange that religion should have power whenever the countries are in a deplorable state, but when they are somewhat free, and the more free they become, the less power does religion possess. This only proves that religion is a barrier to progress and civilization; that it produces ignorance and superstition, stupefies the brain, and deadens the reason.

Some of the chief causes of progress have been the discoveries of science and the promulgation of the Evolution theory. On every hand the beliefs of religion have been attacked, with the result they have proved unequal to the contest. Really intelligent persons no longer believe in the Mosaic account of creation; they no longer believe this world was created by some god out of nothing; that man was made perfect and fell from that state; that the earth was covered by a deluge, and all the people, except eight, were drowned; that Jesus was the son of God; that there is a heaven and a hell; that the only progress which this world has made is due to Christianity. The less the people now believe in these things, and the more they apply their attention to the affairs of this world, the better their material condition becomes.

The Evolution theory, which has made such progress in this century, is essentially Free Thought, and it has done more for the advance, the enlightenment, and the freedom of the human race, than religion with all her years of power. Evolution is freedom, religion, slavery. To evolution we owe our civilization. To religion we owe our superstition, ignorance and slavery.

All the inventions which were born in the brain of man have been the promoters of civilization. Their blessings lie in their usefulness—in easing the drudgery of the worker, and in making our homes comfortable and pleasant. The grand fact about them is that they are secular in their nature. Some Christians would have us believe that only a religious brain could invent or think of anything useful to humanity. They forget that religion has opposed inventions—anything beneficial to mankind—that it opposed the grandest discovery ever made—printing—and every other discovery of any importance. They forget that a person who attends church every day cannot make a discovery or an invention; that the more religion a man possesses, the less liable is he to think of anything useful—the more liable to die in an insane asylum. Study the lives of the great discoverers and inventors, and you will find that most of them may have believed in religion, yet they practiced it very little, if at all. A man cannot have two opposing thoughts in his head at one time—one on religion, and one for the good of man. All inventions spring from a desire to do good, and to do better, and no invention or discovery can be said to be the result of religion. Progress and religion, intelligence and superstition, are in no way related. If an inventor is religious, his inventions are not the result of his religious convictions. Connect steam with dogma, electricity with prayer, printing with the Apostles' Creed, science with the Book of Revelation, and thought with faith, if you can. Show that each of these is the result of the other; that without dogma steam was impossible, if you can. But I do not ask any one to attempt the impossible.

It can easily be seen that to freedom of thought we owe progress; to Free Thought all our liberties and civilization. Every revolt against tyranny, every blow for freedom, every strike at the superstitions of the world, every success for the advance of the race, was a revolt, a blow, a strike and a success for Free Thought. The Free-thinker of the past was the person who was dissatisfied with, and who disbelieved in, the beliefs and conditions of his time, and who made an attempt to make things better and happier for his fellow

beings. This is the man to whom the world owes a debt of gratitude. Some day it will be paid. That day will be when the world is free.

This is the mission of Free Thought: To liberate and civilize the world; to establish liberty of thought, of speech, of press, of action. Our enemies are the enemies of the human race; of all that is good, of all that tends to make the human family better and happier in this world. Without Free Thought progress is impossible. Without liberty men and women will be men and women in form only, not in name. Liberty alone can make the higher humanity possible, establish love and justice. Liberty alone can bring forth the possibilities that lie latent in the breast and brain of man. Liberty is the only hope of this world; without it all is lost. To free this world from all superstition and tyranny, injustice and misery, is the highest and the noblest ambition any man or woman can have. Liberty—the watchword of progress, the salvation of the world.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO PROF. E. D. COPE.

PROFESSOR E. D. COPE was a most indefatigable worker in the fields of those experimental sciences upon which the burden of the proofs of evolution rests, a prolific and lucid writer upon such subjects, having contributed many valuable books and essays to contemporaneous scientific literature, a patient and conscientious educator, having as such an incalculable influence upon our youth in laying the foundations of a superstructure of ethical life without the props of superstition, a most courteous and kindly gentleman, with no empty pride of knowledge, but ready to give freely of his learning whenever time permitted, as evinced by the many lectures delivered before our societies with no other compensation than the consciousness of pleasing and instructing; lectures beneficial both by their intrinsic worth and the influence of his personality, we are compelled to declare that,

“He was a man—take him for all in all
We shall not look upon his like again.”

The academy and the university have mourned him as investigator and educator; we, in addition, mourn him as liberator.

This declaration of our regrets shall be sent to the various liberal journals.

The above was endorsed by the Friendship Liberal League, Sunday, April 18, 1897. Geo. Longford, Sec'y.

The above was unanimously endorsed by the Ladies' Liberal League, April 21, 1897.

A PLAN FOR THE EVOLUTION OF FREE THOUGHT AND WISDOM.

BY ELIZA MOWRY BLIVEN.

THE Freethinkers should labor less to destroy Christianity, and do much more to build up something a great deal better; then Christianity will crumble and fall of its own worthlessness.

We should not adhere to one idea, but should be seekers after all truths. Every question which affects the nation or the individual has a right and a wrong; and our forces should study out and teach the right solution of all important questions, or the scientific religion will not evolve the highest type of citizen, and the fullest all-round development of the individual.

Most people believe in orthodox Christianity, if they do not all practice it. Temperance, hygiene, science and political reforms are all hampered by their faith in prayer, the Bible, its plan of salvation, its God. All kinds of plans, societies, meetings, for any kind of improvement, educational or reformatory, are submerged by their belief that church work is more important and all spare time must be devoted exclusively to that. All else is the devil tempting them astray.

There must be millions of well-intentioned people thus held in bondage. If they were all set free and led into such knowledge that their spare time would be devoted to promoting scientific morality, health and the "general welfare" in the numerous needed practical ways, what a marvelous change for the better would soon be seen, all along the line!

The Christian Endeavor already binds some millions of young people, by a pledge, to give so much of their time and means to church meetings, prayer, Bible reading and evangelizing work, that they have no time nor strength left for any scientific, hygienic or political study, or any kind of educational development, after leaving school, except in the line of Christian theology. They give part of their spare time to that, but I think to most of them it is rather a distasteful duty, from which many seek relief by plunging into frivolities and vices.

The Bible contains so much about adultery, circumcision, conception, polygamy, concubines, deception, frauds, thefts, etc., it is quite liable to breed immoral thoughts; hence it is not a fit book to have in schools or Sunday schools, and should not be allowed in the hands of any children or young people. They can excuse licentiousness, deception, and dishonesty by referring to the Bible stories; how the patriarchs and Solomon got what they wanted, and they were honored, and God overlooked it, if they only believed him.

But now our common laws and public sentiment denounce these ways as crimes; our scientists teach why wrong and what is the punishment.

Besides the scientific reasons for morality, temperance, industry and justice, a scientific religion would open up to the young all the wonders and beauties of the universe, the practical uses of Nature's exhaustless stores, the deeds of the brave and noble, of teachers, reformers, geniuses, of persevering workers, recorded in history and biography; and would lead the young, step by step, to realize there is so much they want to learn and to do, that they will themselves turn from frivolity and vices, because it wastes their precious time and injures themselves and others besides.

Give to the young glimpses into the vast storehouse of arts, science, literature, invention, discovery, philosophy, philanthropy, biography, history, laws, customs, productions of all ages and nations, to awaken an unquenchable desire to know more, and to do something worth doing. Surely within the vast realm of man's achievements in the past, and the multitude of present occupations, there can be found something adapted to each young person's nature, capable of inciting him into a busy, worthy life.

But if the young are first led into church bondage, and made to believe that orthodox salvation is "the one thing needful," how many of them can afterward be won into scientific religion early enough to make of their lives all it might be? To give them a chance to start right, the parents must first be led to doubt the Christian religion, and see that this scientific religion would be productive of better results, and something practically beneficial should take the place of prayer meetings and sermons.

But the parents and the masses of the people are of only ordinary intellect, and their training from earliest childhood has made their belief in Christianity, its Bible, its God, future life and virtue in prayer,

a part of their brain, whether they live it or not. Our question is, "How can we start these to doubting the Bible, and lead them to believe that this life is all there is, that Nature's forces and materials always have been eternal, like time and space, that slow evolution, not creation and miracles, has brought about what is, that there is no God; then the Bible and prayer become worthless. But at the same time they must be led to see that to get the most out of this life (the most happiness, prosperity and length of life) requires knowledge of the natural laws, and strict obedience thereto. When they see how this will oblige them to be both moral and hygienic, then the way would be open for Sunday scientific meetings, lectures and the press to teach scientific wisdom to all ages.

Christianity teaches that God forgives sins, but Nature never forgives sins. So the scientist, knowing that for every sin he must suffer, does not dare to sin. What are sins? Doing anything that brings harm to ourselves or to others. Whatever harms another, reacts on the doer, whether he did the wrong by direct act, or, by example or word, led the other into harmful practices; for we are social dependent creatures, and no one can suffer or do evil without injury to the community in which we live, hence it is an injury to each member, the doer, the tempter and the innocent included.

Teach how each vice does harm, and it will make people more moral than Christianity, because they will see there is no escaping the punishment, except to learn and obey Nature's laws and not sin. Sins and their punishments must be investigated, listed and taught. Every disease is the result of sins. Insanity, intemperance, poverty, crimes, all miseries, are other results.

Let the scientists trace the results back to their causes and teach these relations clearly, and they will bring all the people to believing in scientific morality, and to doing vigorous work, stopping the causes.

When sickness, death or any misfortune comes, the Christian regards it as "a mysterious dispensation of Providence," "to wean them from the vanities of this life, and draw them nearer to God," instead of the result of their own ignorance and disregard of physiology and natural laws, which they must learn and obey to avoid other similar evils.

The scientist must face the social evil. The fallacies of the Free Love doctrine ought to be exposed to save the young and surface-thinkers from being led astray. The home needs two heads; the

father to earn their living, and the mother to make the home what it should be, so that all shall be tidy, comfortable, healthy and happy; this, with bringing up her children worthily, is enough work for any woman, especially if she is to read enough to be a fit guide and companion. If the mother must earn their living, the children and home must be neglected.

By Free Love the men cast off all home responsibility, and may spend their time and money seducing as many women as they can. It must breed libertines and harlots, and a multitude of harmful results.

A well-ordered home and properly trained children dependent on him are a man's greatest incentives to labor and virtue. His maintenance and respect and her hopes for her children are the woman's incentives and joy. With Free Love in place of marriage, every man has full liberty to change off as often as he finds a more attractive woman, or whenever his woman will not submit to all his wishes. Beguilements and deception would flourish, and jealousies lead to quarrels, murders, suicides and insanity. Labor would be neglected.

If Free Love prevailed, what incentives would woman have to a worthy life, or to have and rear children properly, if she must wear herself out supporting herself and children on meager pay, or by gratifying men's passions, especially if the men everywhere foster liquor saloons and brothel temptations to ruin!

We need laws making man's responsibility for his family greater, and securing to women greater protection for themselves and control of their children; but this is to be brought about by woman suffrage and hygienic education of women, and not by the insidious, infernal fallacies of Free Love.

Every man prefers a wife that will allow no other man's advances; then every man should be so worthy that one woman will have full confidence in him, and be kept healthy and happy. Women must learn to know enough to bring about this sort of morality. The bringing up and teaching of children is mainly done by women, in the home and school. Then to develop strong, wise men for the future, these women must first have opportunity to learn what they must teach the young people. Would Free Love or home maintenance best forward this?

Scientific religion must overthrow Free Love, as well as Christianity, and teach happiness here, but dependent on morality.

The results from intoxicants are the opposite of evolution; but the temperance work is hampered by the W. C. T. U. and Prohibitionists insisting on prayer and orthodoxy as the way, instead of proving that health, morality, prosperity and happiness require abstinence from intoxicants, and from whatever leads to the use of stimulants and narcotics.

Mrs. Mary H. Hunt's work for hygiene and scientific temperance in all the schools is the most practical, far-reaching, philanthropic work I know of. That should be forwarded by all the helps possible. Cannot other scientific studies be more largely taught in our common schools and less dry bones and compulsory attendance of all children be more fully secured?

George T. Angell's "Bands of Mercy," "Dumb Animals," and other methods for teaching humane education is also excelsior.

But the aim of scientific Sunday meetings should be to secure continuous scientific development, after school age in place of religious bondage.

To hasten this "good time coming" I have sent the following plan to six editors of Free Thought papers, hoping they may be induced to undertake it, or to invent something better.

The National Temperance Publication Association's temperance tracts are far reaching, and I want to call especial attention to that method. A little tract, just a leaflet, can contain condensed information, productive of concentrated thought and conviction, and would be read where a paper or a book on the same subject would reach very few. Most everybody would read just a leaflet tract if only one was handed them, with the simple request to read it. If it was a new idea to them, and the reasoning was sound, it would stick, and they would have to believe and be influenced by it, whether they would or not.

Cannot the Free Thought press publish leaflets as cheap as any, so that Freethinkers can afford to broadcast their guiding facts and reasons? The National Temperance Publishing Association publish many leaflets at ten for one cent. We could distribute 1,000 tracts for what one book would cost, and how many more we could reach that way!

First secure the organization of all moral Freethinkers into a "Union for the evolution and propagation of a scientific religion, to promote the 'general welfare' and individual morality, happiness, industry, prosperity and wisdom." Each member of this union shall

pay one dollar a year, and for this shall receive and distribute fifty copies every month of a leaflet printed for the express purpose of propagating such teachings as shall found and foster a society and Sunday school of scientific religion in every community. A different leaflet must be furnished each month by the publishing house that undertakes this work.

To secure the best leaflets for this purpose I think a subject could be announced in their paper, and a prize or some honor offered for the best article or set of arguments thereon, not to exceed 500 words. Perhaps a dozen of the best received might be printed in their paper, and the vote of the subscribers could decide which should receive the prize. Then the editor or one of his writers can take them all, select and condense, to make the tract for broadcast distribution. Because there will be some arguments offered by other writers, better than some of those in the prize winner; badly worded and too lengthy arguments can be improved and condensed.

Of course the tract committee or editor will decide what tracts are most needed, but my thoughts thereon may not be worthless to help set the ball rolling.

One of the first tracts should make the people see that the Bible's morality and the character of its God are far behind the ideal morality of the present day, and our measure of justice, mercy and square dealing with all men. I should choose "Ingersoll's Teachings" as the subject of one tract. Of course, whoever attempts to write that must first read several of his best lectures, then select his main ideas and condense each into one strong, brief, clear sentence. The last sentence of such a tract should name his best printed lectures, price, and where obtained, so if the readers want more of him they can get it. "Thomas Paine's Teachings" would furnish another tract. "Darwin's Theory" and most convincing proofs, another.

One tract should show that thought, memory, knowledge, soul, are dependent on living, active brain; they grow and decay with the brain, hence there can be "no future life." Why are people so desirous of living forever, when heaven's everlasting sameness and idleness or earth's work would become so tiresome in 500 years that they would wish for endless sleep? This or another tract could show that body, mind, and soul are built up from nutritious foods, healthy surroundings and slight incentives; and destroyed by intoxicants, hurtful foods, diseases, medicines and dearth of incentives.

Other subjects may be "Comparison of Bibles and Gods," most

glaring "Contradictions of the Bible," "Prayer," "A Scientific Religion More Beneficial than Christianity."

One of the first and most important tracts, I think, should be on "Scientific Morality." I mean the best scientific reason for honesty, industry, self-control of temper, and passions and hurtful appetites, etc., or how each virtue benefits the man, and each vice harms him. Similar to this would be "A Scientific List of Sins and Their Punishments."

One should teach "Why There Can be no God or Creator." If a God created everything, he must have made not only heaven and earth, and all that is good therein, but he must also have created the devil and hell; he created most beings too weak or ignorant to resist temptations, and then submitted them to all manner of evils, sufferings, diseases, wars, famines and vermin here and endless torment hereafter. For what? To show what a cruel, devilish tyrant he could be? What partiality and injustice to choose the Jews and Christians for all his blessings, and curse all others whom he had made himself with their faults and temptations to ruin them. He was responsible, and should be the sufferer, not they. Being all-wise, he knew everything beforehand, hence all was foreordained, and there could be no free moral agency, nor human responsibility. This creating idea obliges belief in miracles, needless fears, and useless self-denials. Is it not as easy to believe that Nature always was, as to believe that a God created Nature by miracles, but God always was? How much more sensible and encouraging to believe that part of Nature's forces and materials are beneficial to man, and part are hurtful, but man is capable of learning the use of the former, and how to destroy or avoid most of the latter, so as to enjoy life! As there is no devil, hell nor God to fear, all he need fear is his own and others' ignorance of the causes of suffering.

One tract should be on "False Claims of Christianity," showing up "No harm shall come nigh thy dwelling," etc. Piety does not bring wisdom, nor protection from natural elements, accidents and diseases, nor any larger returns for labor than unbelievers receive. Are not minister's sons and the children of praying mothers often tempted astray, bent on folly and wickedness, intemperate, and so run to ruin? Christians fear death fully as much or more than unbelievers. Accepting salvation and the indwelling of Christ does not impart strength enough to save from being "tempted beyond their ability to withstand," and backsliding Christianity has bred church dissen-

sions and wars instead of "peace upon earth." Are prayers answered? Praying for Ingersoll doesn't change him; praying for Lincoln and Garfield didn't save them; praying for the overthrow of the liquor traffic doesn't stop that; but the Bible says "ask and ye shall receive." Civilization is due to what? Christianity claims it. But the civilization of ancient Greece and Rome flourished under a Pagan religion; and modern civilization is due to free schools, printing, commerce, use of money, inventions, statesmanship and numerous other means that bring the mental powers into activity, bring recompense for labor, and oblige people to regard the rights of others. This is all in lines of worldly self-interest which Christianity ever seeks to repress, by drawing all attention away from earthly affairs, to death and a future life. But the church people are ever eagerly seeking gratification of worldly necessities, desires and enjoyments, and are not loth to acquire money and use it for stylish dress, fine furniture, and well supplied tables, instead of obeying and following the example of Christ and his disciples, to "sell that thou hast and give to the poor," "take no thought for the morrow," they are to have faith and their wants shall be supplied, "pray without ceasing," and "go about preaching the gospel." If they really believe, they would live thus, but they do not really believe it.

When the people really see that Christianity is but an empty shell, and there is no future life, they will cast off the galling church yoke and heartily welcome the sound, solid, common sense, practical, scientific realities, and give such teaching enthusiastic support.

I think a dozen or twenty carefully prepared leaflets with the above objects in view, if distributed everywhere, only one at a time, would start the ball rolling. Then Sunday scientific meetings or schools, with the help of the press and a lecture bureau, could carry on the needed teaching.

Wherever there are enough Freethinkers in any locality to start scientific Sunday meetings, they should be induced to start such, and help to make them successful by finding in every issue of the Free Thought papers a simple programme; a new scientific lesson, such as those used in the Oregon Secular Sunday schools; subjects appropriate for discussion, with a few leading points to start from; also a list of printed lectures appropriate for such meetings, and where obtained. Each society should select its best reader or elocutionist, and have one lecture read or delivered at each meeting. We shall need a song committee to select from the songs of the past and to write

new ones appropriate for our meetings. Song has been a powerful helper in the great revolutionary movements. We want such as will promote patriotism, courage, love of home, nature, virtue, and to commemorate noble deeds and right teachings, but not too much moralizing and sameness. Variety will take better. Introduce something lively, comical, in ballad, oratory or dialogue form, to ridicule false notions, vices and follies. These may be set to new music, or to old familiar tunes. Some such ideas set to negro melodies might take like wildfire, and the repetitions would fix them permanently in the mind. They could be printed in leaflet form and distributed broadcast like the other leaflets, a little later on. Some of the best songs are found in old common school song books. Something in the hygienic line should come in every Sunday, for on better knowledge of physiology and hygiene, and living in accordance therewith, depends the evolution of health, a superior physical development, the eradication of diseases, the abolition of liquor drinking, and the selection of healthiest foods. Therefrom is manufactured the fullest supply of pure, nutritious blood to feed and develop brain and all its forces, which the moral and scientific lessons direct into proper channels, so that strength of reasoning powers, character, industry, prosperity, happiness, wisdom, result, or the evolution of a nobler class of citizens than this world has ever known. The masses must be taught that hygienic feeding is necessary first for strong bodies, before high thinking can be had.

Out of the variety of helps furnished by the press, each society would select to fit its abilities and needs. The helps would stimulate them to try meetings, but without the helps in very many cases no start would be made.

My idea of a lecture bureau is not to furnish lecturers, but printed lectures, carefully prepared by the most capable specialists in each branch of science, the wisest philosophers, philanthropists, and statesmen in the whole country or the whole world; and to treat not only on scientific subjects, but also on each of the great questions of the age which especially affect general welfare and the individual well-being. I would have the bureau select 52 such men and women and ask each to prepare one lecture within the next year and agree to pay from \$100 to \$1,000 apiece for them, according to their value, which would depend on the ability and reputation of the writer.

If, in the meantime, the tract distribution, and starting Sunday scientific meetings, have been well done, there ought to be more than

a thousand cities and villages ready for the lectures. Each society should pay \$52 a year for these 52 lectures (one for each Sunday). The lecture must be sent to their orator a week, at least, before its Sunday, so as to be learned and delivered by him as capably as possible.

After the lecture, copies should be for sale at five cents apiece. Every editor would have to buy a copy at once, for every local paper throughout the length and breadth of our land would publish every scientific lecture during the week after delivery, and Talmage sermons would go into the waste basket.

Every scientific society should always keep on hand a full supply of all the lectures that have been delivered, for sale at five cents a copy; and the entire series of tracts at ten for one cent; so as to continue the winning of new converts, and give them all a chance to read up on what has been taught.

Every society should also, as soon as they can, collect a loan library of books, including all kinds of good literature, which is free from Bible and other false teachings, to fill the place now held by the church people's Sunday school libraries.

How long would it be before every city and village would want its share of these lectures, written by the great men of wisdom especially for the instruction of the masses, every Sunday a different one, and how long before the scientific Sunday meetings would be crowded and the churches empty?

Now, he that would teach the people must study and write his lecture, then go himself lecturing from city to city, reaching a few great audiences (or small ones) but not the masses everywhere, and wearing himself out with his travel and varying accommodations, the excitement of lecturing, and the tire of business detail. If from 1,000 to 5,000 trained orators in as many places give his lectures, he can keep his health in his quiet home, and continue his researches there, or take such trips as he needs to obtain more knowledge, and write another lecture for one Sunday of the next year. It would pay the ablest men to devote their life to specialties then; and what a wealth of beneficial knowledge would be spread before the people everywhere, and on every Sunday! How much better than to hear a second-rate preacher expound his ideas on a verse of scripture, Sunday after Sunday, year after year! Such opportunity to be heard once by the whole country, and get well paid besides, would tempt our ablest senators and judges, specialists and the leaders of all reform

movements to deepest thought and preparation of one thoroughly valuable lecture. Out of the many who would seek a hearing, the lecture bureau, of course, would select only those most beneficial to the people.

When scientific religion wins the field, the wisest thinkers will be chosen on the school-boards of free schools of all grades, everywhere; and they will help the teacher to awaken in all children and youth, a great thirst for wisdom, character and health, and so guide them as to develop the most worthy efficient citizens possible. The start made in the schools would be continued through life by the Sunday scientific meetings, libraries and the press.

But, first, tracts broadcast must sow the seeds of doubt and glimpses of the needful. Then cultivate by lecture bureau and press; and the growth of scientific religion shall bear a bountiful harvest and feed the famishing millions into fully developed strength of body and mind, and wise enjoyment of life.

Who will become members of the "Union for the Evolution and Propagation of This Scientific Religion"?

Box 76, Brooklyn, Conn.

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H. M. Taber, \$20.00; Gilbert Lincoln, \$5.00; James A. Greenhill, \$5.00; Mrs. B. Smartman, 50 cents; J. T. Justus, 25 cents. Total, \$30.75.

Report of the sustaining committee to date (April 1 to April 25, 1897):

Gilbert Lincoln, \$13.00; C. F. Blakslee, "R. L. C.," J. H. Hunt, Henry Bird, \$5.00 each; Bennett Anderson, Mrs. Emily C. Jones, John Leitch, Newton Mitchell, Capt. J. A. Olmsted, C. K. Tenney, Will Worstell, \$3.00 each; Charles Barta, \$2.50; E. J. Colgrove, W. W. Dunbar, G. W. Eckersen, C. N. Frink, J. M. Hartin, Mrs. Eliza Haines, A. H. Knox, P. C. Mosier, John Peck, Mahlon Powell, J. W. Scott, J. S. Shephard, John Wolff, \$2.00 each; David Sands, \$1.50; G. A. Bosworth, Hon. Stephen Brewer, J. H. Crain, M. D., Nelson Crane, Wm. Emmett Coleman, Frederic Dahlstrom, Sol Finch, Archibald Hopkins, H. E. Jaggar, Dr. P. Kintzing, J. H. A. Lacher, H. H. Marley, E. D. Northrup, James Oldacre, Louis Roser, F. A. W. Salmon, L. B. Silver, T. O. Telford, M. S. Troyer, G. D. Wolfe, John R. Smith, \$1.00 each; C. A. Hadsell, M. L. Studebaker, 50 cents each. Total, \$106.00.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

MYTH.

BY GRACE E. GRUBER.

MAN'S not perfection, yet we may
Say this—'twill help to light the way—
He is the best production here,
Of Nature's laws, from year to year.



GRACE E. GRUBER.

Then where's his reason, will, or
brain,
If he'll be led by mobs insane,
Who preach their fabled tales of
yore?
You must believe it all—and more;
You can't advance, you can't re-
tract,
But they can add—then counteract;
'Twas handed down to them by
God,
To plus—and minus—this seems
odd.

Heaven's great judge, so preachers
tell,
Made heaven and earth, men and
hell;

He made all things, and knew before
That men would still sin, o'er and o'er.
He knew, they say, before we lived;
And knew what end our birth would give;
Then if productions from his hands,
Will not concede to fill demands,

He'll not complain, to find a weed;
 He knew the nature of the seed.
 I scorn the preacher who would tell—
 God made one soul he loved for hell.

If God made all, he loves all, too;
 The good—the bad—this may be you;
 He'll not condemn men for the traits
 He gave them, of the lower rates.
 He never handed laws to men;
 'Tis false, and all brave minds condemn
 Such doctrine—holds but myth from birth,
 They contradict the laws of earth.
 Who, with a clear productive brain
 Could hold such laws? They seem insane;
 They're manufactured—just to please
 Those holy men—who love their ease.

Brockton, Mass.

ARE THEOLOGIANS HONEST?

BY JOHN VAN DENSBURGH.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

—Pope's Essay on Man.

THAT Pope will rank as a great poet and profound thinker, not alone for his own, but for all time, will hardly be denied.

Take from that celebrated aphorism the poetry and sentiment, there still remains this striking problem to solve:

Who made the dishonest ones? It will be conceded that they outnumber the honest ones, ten to one.

The answer is conjecture. Though not expressed, no other inference but this can be drawn, that the same God that made one made the others.

Why did he not make them all honest? is a theological conundrum which we will leave for them to answer.

To say he was not able limits his power; to say he was not willing is a terrible reflection, and equivalent to a denial that his attributes are infinite.

It will be hard to find language that would fitly characterize such a conception of a God.

No honest man would rest under such an accusation, but would resent such characterization in most emphatic terms.

It is a much harder reflection than this why he did not kill the devil.

"What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns and stools,
If honest Nature made you fools?"

They are not fools, but are not honest. One of the most widely known and distinguished theologians is reported as saying, in answer to his own question, "Is the old book true?"

Answer: "The Bible alone never deceived him, for all its prophecies had come true."

Rev. D. L. Moody in Milwaukee, June 3, 1896.

He is not alone in such utterance, but he is a representative one, and because of that, is justly entitled to the respect always paid in certain quarters.



JOHN VAN DENSBURGH.

It will be remembered that from his own lips the statement went out far and wide, that the ship on which he was returning from a foreign voyage was saved from going down with all on board, as he believed, through the intercession of his prayers. In other words, the laws of nature were suspended at his will.

A more limited conception of the power and force that controls the universe, the infinite number of systems and suns, the elements not excepted, and all that pertains to earth, will be hard to conceive.

Or a more exalted one of the individual. No more dependence could be placed on such a God than on a weathervane, which every change of wind would divert from its course.

Are we to be told that the elemental forces are in abeyance, when they ask and demand a favor?

Do they read in that "Book that never deceives?"

"What is man that thou art mindful of him. * * * What is man that thou shouldst magnify him?"

Again: "And with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

Most honest people can't help thinking that theologians are included in that category.

What about the prophets and the prophecies? If God ever made an honest one, it was Jeremiah. He never told a lie. Hear him:

The prophets prophesy falsely and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so."

There are many grand and beautiful things in the Bible—some that are true.

But tenfold more that are not, and much that is vile, debasing, polluting, and if theologians were honest they would say so, and demand its purification.

Again: From the book that never deceives or falsifies:

"And the graves were opened and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many."

Most nineteen hundred years have passed and gone, and not one of the many that walked about in the holy city has ever reported. Where are they now, and what are they doing?

Are they still in the holy city of Jerusalem?

Well, some might say that those turbaned and bearded Orientals that danced the can-can on the Midway Plaisance were the identical ones, having come to Chicago, taking advantage of cheap rates and the prospect of making money.

The story of the apple, the woman, the man and the devil is a small affair in comparison, that being remote and uncertain, while in this time and place are given with minuteness of detail.

The place the still renowned city of Jerusalem, which at that time was a conquered province and city of the Roman Empire. Its streets were patrolled by Roman soldiers day and night, and Roman scribes noted daily events with an accuracy and precision that will compare with our times.

But not a line or word in relation to that event, which if true, was the most stupendous that ever happened on earth; if false, the most gigantic fable ever written.

Answering Prayers.—When all the circumstances as related in the narrative are taken in review, this is the most sad and pathetic prayer ever issued from lips human or divine: "My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" and "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But to all those passionate appeals no answer came. Was the God he called on unable or unwilling to grant them? He was both.

But here is the answer, and from his own lips: All this was done that the Scriptures might be fulfilled.

"He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself."—Luke, xxiv: 27. All things which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in psalms concerning me."—Dem., xlv.

"Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled."—John xix: 28.

And the Scripture referred to is the musty and fabulous records of a brutal and semi-barbarous people. We pay a man to fill an honored and exalted position fifty thousand dollars a year, whose lighter

labors and chief amusements are principally fishing and shooting ducks, his most onerous labor being annually writing out a Thanksgiving proclamation.

Asking the people to thank the Lord that all have not been swept out of existence by the mad elements.

But the havoc and carnage still continues with no abatement, ships laden with most precious human freight, fathers, mothers, wives, children, going down, down, with uplifted and imploring hands and shrieks that rend the heavens.

The ocean bed is literally white with human skeletons, and all these appalling horrors could be diverted by praying. Why this apathy, this cruel neglect? It is more than barbarous. Is it a money consideration that they are waiting for? Why, millions could be raised in an hour.

And now, who will deny that THEOLOGY is a tariff on the brain, a tax on the intellect?

Let bigots rear a gloomy fane;
Let superstition hail the pile;
Let priests, to spread their sable reign,
With tales of mystic rites beguile.

Shall man confine his maker's sway
To Gothic domes of moldering stone?
Thy temple is the face of day;
Earth, ocean, heaven, thy boundless throne.

Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?
Shall reptiles, groveling on the ground,
Their great Creator's purpose know?

—Byron.

Milwaukee, Wis.

BROTHERGUARD.

BY JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

Am I my brother's keeper?—Gen. iv: 9.

IN the fable of the first family of man, when the Creator inquired of Cain, "Where is thy brother Abel?" the fratricide replied with pretended ignorance and unconcern: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Fearfully wicked as was the deed, and malignant the envy which prompted it, this account of primal murder would call forth some palliation and compassion for the slayer from the excitement of bitter disappointment and ignorance of the effect of his blow, death being theretofore unknown. But when fear has hidden the sanguine work from human view and indifference is assumed, a deep, dark depravity is disclosed, which excuse cannot cover, and pity cannot pardon. Cain, after having been his brother's destroyer, and in dread punishment when called to account for his conduct, instead of repenting

his sin, confessing his guilt and begging for mercy, sought to evade the imputation of responsibility for Abel's disappearance, by the negative question: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

"Am I my brother's keeper?" is the questioning response made by all the Cains to inquiries about their murderous iniquities. As though it were not enough to perpetrate all injustice, from malice or for money, insult to humanity and defiance of authority are added to personal injury and moral transgression. The fake rule of "every man for himself" is supplemented, either confessedly or concealed, by



J. P. GUILD.

denial of guiltiness of wrong done another. The greatest villains avow a conscience void of offense by repudiating the fraternal guardianship which is imposed on all by Nature's probate.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" hisses the highwayman through his set teeth, when he waylays the lone traveler. "It is unlucky for you, but I must have your purse, you should keep a sharper lookout for me; I have to look out for Number One, and cannot argue about 'rights' any further than that what I can take is mine."

"Am I my brother's keeper?" roars the man of war when he goes forth to slaughter. "No! Land and tribute, power and dominion are for my keeping, not brothers'. Brothers, bah! I know not brothers; all men are enemies who obey me not; if they prize their lives, let them own my sway and give me their swag."

"Am I my brother's keeper?" preaches the slave-holder and hirer of servants. "People who work have no souls to keep; if they had they wouldn't work. The laborer was cursed of God when he was doomed to eat his bread by the sweat of his face. Let 'em sweat, and learn to grin and bear it. Men like me were set apart for nobler callings, and if Providence provides for us the devil may take the rest." Thus, like the vampire, the crafty live on the blood of their fellows and in justification of their cussedness they

* * "Turn the good to evil,
And steal the Bible from the Lord,
To give it to the devil."

—Whittier.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" frowns the speculator who "corners" wheat and starves thousands. The question is repeated by the manufacturer who cuts down his pay or shuts down his mill and turns into the street a pitiful procession of thinly-clad operatives. The stock gambler borrows the phrase and financial panics demoralize trade and paralyze industry. The question reverberates through the darksome mine, where the hungered pickman digs coal at sixty cents a ton, while the "I am" of the trust sits at the nation's advisory board and don't care a damn for anything but his own dollars. Thus a score or so of millionaire thieves rule the country by the power of the money they have gouged from the people.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" sneers the liquor dealer. "If a man does not know when he has had enough, how am I to know it for him? I am not a stomachometer. My business is to sell and save the profit; I force no one to buy. Don't take away my liberty. If fools will get drunk and make trouble, that is their affair, not mine. I have my living to make and I get it where I can find it. Ought I to care for the drunkard and his family, when he don't care himself?"

Who is responsible for the ruin wrought by rum? Not the drinker alone, for if he could not get drunk he would not get drunk. Those who lead into temptation should share the responsibility of the tempted. The maker and the seller of intoxicating liquors must bear the greater burden of the mischief of intemperance. Every institution of society is tainted with the noisome fumes of alcohol. The church, the state, the school pander to Bacchus and draw a revenue from licensed hell. The spirit of politics is inspired by the spirit of wine. The caucus courts the saloon and elects its candidate by the bribe of a dram. Fashionable society crowns its feasts with wine

and gives polite French names to its excesses. The sin of intemperance and its effects lie at the door of every one who has anything to do with ardent spirits and stand on the steps of the house of every man who does not raise his hand and voice in protest against this traffic in a brother's blood. Criminals are born of the barrel and nursed by the bottle. Society leads brothers to sin before the liquor bars and for punishment keeps them behind prison bars. Don't be that kind of a brother's keeper. Keep brothers good and we shall not have to keep them bad.

APPEAL TO THE SOLDIERS OF TEMPERANCE.

Ye soldiers of temperance, stand by your guns,
For here the sworn foe of propriety comes;
Destroyers of order on all sides we meet,
Banging their weapons to cross-rake the street.

Lo! every class the rum-robbers despoil;
The drudge and mechanic are pinched in their toil,
To liquor's free-booters their earnings to give,
While poor wives and children in wretchedness live.

The scholar and author on Bacchus attends,
And life's waning tapers burn at both ends;
High senators holding the helm of the state,
In liquor's alliance leave laws to false fate.

Bleak poor-house and prison are packed to their brim,
Replete with pollution the dwellings of sin;
Slick legions of devils in the house of the Lord,
List Beelzebub preaching, distorting the Word.

Defenders of righteousness, stand firm and fast,
The minions of whisky will vanish at last;
Grace, virtue and honor in jubilee come,
And make our fair land their paradise home.

OPPOSED TO THE FREE LOVER'S CREED.

BY P. A. ZARING.

A PORTION of Mr. Harman's creed is certainly very good. But when he says "The right to make mistakes and to profit by them is vitally necessary to human happiness and progress, and pre-eminently is this true in the most important of all human relationship—

that which grows out of the differentiation called sex," then I wish to interrupt and ask him to qualify that declaration.

Experience and observation prove with satisfactory conclusiveness that finite beings cannot always avoid making mistakes, and the right to make mistakes and to profit by them seems consistent, at first thought, and is granted, so far as this right (?) does not interfere with the "happiness and progress" of others.

Whatever makes any one happy without interfering with the happiness of others, and does not and will not react and make himself nor others unhappy in the future, is surely



P. A. ZARING.

right, however incompatible with the doctrines and creeds and dogmas believed and taught and practiced at the time and place in which he lives. But whatever would make ourselves or others unhappy, either at the present or in the future, is essentially wrong.

But Mr. Harman believes in love. So do I. Then, granted that there is such a passion as love and that "without love life is a desert—not worth having," no man can have any right to make love to an innocent, contented, happy woman who is honest, sincere, credulous and confiding, and who can bestow her affections on but one man, and however unworthy he may afterwards prove, she can never recall her heart and transfer it to another. I say, no man can have any right to do this through mistake, however sincere he may be at the time.

There are such sentimental women in the world—and men, too—lots of them. Now, what natural right can a man have to seduce such a woman (I can call it nothing but seduction when he wins her love and enjoys her unmarried, even though she may agree with his creed),

then, finding he has made a mistake, profits by it, leaving her, heart-broken and wretched, perhaps, through a long, desolate, miserable life.

The ideal family which Mr. Harman seems to think would be a reality in every case in the absence of law, is very nice in theory. So the man of integrity would not steal if the statutes against larceny were stricken out. But in the absence of law many people who now deem themselves honest, and are so considered by their neighbors, would yield to the temptation of getting goods without paying the owner a due consideration.

There is a semblance of truth in the saying, "Opportunity makes the thief." Remove the legal prop and many who now pose as honest men would fall. So would many others, both men and women, who now are practically chaste. The typical family that would exist in all purity from under the pressure of the law of marriage, actually does exist now, uninfluenced by the law. On such the law has no bearing.

We recognize that conjugal felicity is not secured by obligations made and entered into by contracting parties; acknowledged and signed, and stamped and sealed by clerks and courts; solemnized by priests or parsons, wearing long gowns or long coats, and still longer faces; witnessed and congratulated by a gaudy multitude of flatterers; attended with pomp and splendor and feasting and symphonies of music and the noise of revelry; but it consists in a pure, unselfish, unrestrained and unbounded love.

But there are, comparatively, only a few of the more highly evolved specimens of humanity who ever experience this divine passion in such a controlling degree, or, indeed, who are capable of such an experience, while there are many who think they love, and consequently marry with a fixed determination to be faithful and true during life. Then marriage itself becomes, as it were, a wall about them to protect them from temptations. They recognize that they have no rights, morally, nor legally, outside that wall, while others acknowledge their exclusive right on the inside. They are resigned and are content and happy. All their interests are mutual. They love their children, and, so far as they are capable, love each other, and as their comprehensions correspond to their capacity for loving, they never know but that they love as well as anybody. So far as they themselves can comprehend, or others observe, they are ideal families. Marriage is the strong defense of the fireside.

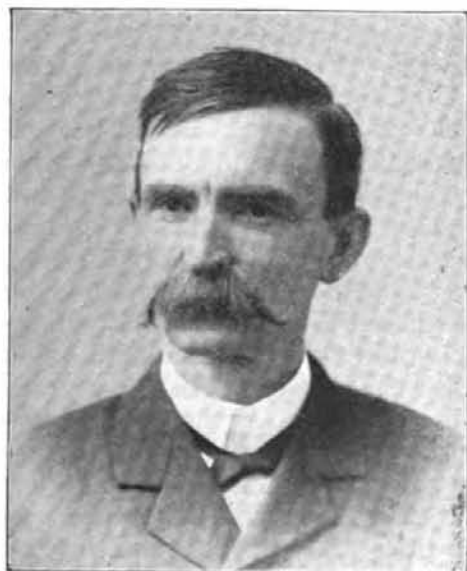
P. A. ZARING.

Tampico, Ind.

THE NEW RAY.

BY CHARLES KENT TENNEY.

THE intellectual development of man is rapidly moving onward. His knowledge is ever increasing. With much rapidity the hidden mysteries of Nature are unrolling before his searching investigations, and as quickly as revealed are being applied by him to his uses. Man at the present time, as far as known, is a long distance in advance of any other epoch in his history, but is yet only upon the very threshold of what is to come. We know not, neither can we conceive of what is to come to the future generations. Each onward step, each new discovery, suggests new possibilities and actual realization of things never thought or even dreamed of, by past generations. Each step and each discovery leads to new discoveries. Each discovery is but



CHARLES K. TENNEY.

the foundation, and we slowly but surely build upon it the superstructure and are constantly adding to it. The boiling teakettle suggested the use of steam, the flying kite the use of electricity. To these thoughts we are indebted for the present motive power of the world, and the superstructure erected thereon is not completed. It is but a short time since, that a German sitting upon the seashore, to while away his time, cut the initial letter of his name upon the end of his walking stick, and, stamping it upon the wet sands, it left the imprint of the letter. That act, simple in itself, made possible, more than any other discovery, the advance of mankind, for it suggested to him movable type, and from that thought came the art of printing, that by which

nearly all education is acquired, for by it all our thoughts, knowledge, experiences and discoveries are made known to other men, each to build his own share of the superstructure to be erected thereon; each to contribute his mite in the building of the grand temple.

Of the more recent important discoveries is the Roentgen ray, but certainly more remarkable is that of the electric ray, if we may so speak of it, by the young Italian, Marconi, for this discovery is based upon an entirely new field of investigation; that of the ether which pervades all so-called space and all substances, and while it is of such infinitesimal thinness as to almost preclude computation, yet it

is a material thing, composed of component parts, and incredible as it may seem, must yet play a most important part in the advance of discovery and the affairs of man. The difficulty in the way of telegraphy without wires has hitherto been in the fact that the waves created would not penetrate all substances, as, for instance, water and metal, but the newly discovered ray penetrates all with equal ease and rapidity. Now that this new field of discovery has been opened up, scientific investigators will direct their time and attention to it, and the possibilities that are to flow from these investigations would seem incredible, for by it communication may be now, we doubt not, opened up with other planets, whose conditions permit of human life, and whose civilization and knowledge is equal or exceeds our own. Startling as this may seem, it is entirely within the range of possibilities. If sufficient energy can be excited to pass waves through all substances on earth, their direction controlled, and it has actually been done through walls, buildings and hills, what is to prevent their free passage to other planets when there are no substances to resist their passage. The great difficulty to be overcome is in attracting the attention of the inhabitants of other planets to the fact that we desire to communicate with them. It is, however, reasonable to presume, that the people on some of these planets where life is possible—as, for instance, Mars—where its inhabitants are as far advanced, and perhaps more so than ourselves, are following this same line of investigation, and may have perfected it, and will be ready and perhaps have long been waiting to receive our communications. Having once established communication a system of signals could, in time, be arranged by which communication could be easily understood by each, and each will then receive all the knowledge, information and experience of the other, benefits which would be of incalculable value to all concerned. The person making such suggestions a few years since would have been considered a fit candidate for the lunatic asylum, but we submit with all seriousness, in view of the recent discovery of the electric, they are entirely within the range of possibilities.

The race is making rapid onward strides and the generations to come will perhaps laugh at our absurdities and superstitions, just as we have at those of the past, and wonder why we made such slow progress and little use of our opportunities, knowing but little of the obstacles which had to be met and overcome, and not remembering that the evolution of time but slowly allows the mind to grasp, work out and solve problems, which, when once solved, seem simple enough to the casual observer. This discovery makes possible communication with other planets. Before accomplishment, however, other discoveries will have to be made. The attention of scientific men having been directed to this subject, their utmost energies will be used in this direction, and it is but a question of time for the accomplishment of the desired end. The twentieth century would seem to have miracles in store for its people and which will make our time almost blush for its ignorance.

MIRACLES.

BY ROBERT N. REEVES.

WHAT is a miracle? If you desire to create a disturbance, ask this question of a group of theologians of various denominations. The word miracle has been defined so many ways to suit the different creeds and sects that it has almost ceased to have any



ROBERT N. REEVES.

meaning at all. To a Catholic the word miracle has a different meaning than it has to an orthodox Presbyterian, and to the liberal Presbyterian the word does not convey the same meaning that it does to his more orthodox brother in the faith of Calvin. And it is just as men are taught and educated that they believe in miracles and the miraculous. To the ignorant and superstitious a miracle is made to prove a doctrine; to the enlightened it causes a doctrine to be ridiculed.

In the past the miracle was the sword and shield of the theologians, and by them the world was filled with the miraculous; so that today if we were to believe every miracle we read of in history, this world would have more miracles than facts. If miracles had never stopped

but had continued to increase as fast as they increased during the Middle Ages, there would now have been but one miracle in existence—a fact.

In the past every event, every phenomenon which the people could not understand was regarded as a miracle wrought by a god. It was the gods who yearly overflowed the banks of the great river Nile. They did it for centuries, until some intelligent man explored the river, found its source and tributaries, and then the gods lost all interest in the Nile and it ceased to be mysterious.

History is interwoven almost inseparably with legend, myth and miracle. In the early periods of man's existence—in the backwoods of history—man saw everywhere the miraculous; that is, he saw much that he could not understand. In his ignorance he was cowed; he crouched in fear and sought to save himself by servile humility and foolish sacrifice. His fear of the miraculous was known to cunning men and he became the prey of the priest, the medicine man and the prophet. They knew his fears and magnified them. The early

Catholic priests were masters of the art of inspiring terror. Every event that seemed unnatural gave them a new power over the people. It extended their influence by enlarging the boundaries of superstition and delusion. They peopled the earth with ghosts, goblins and devils; the sky with angles and angry gods. About their heads swarmed a host of miracles and during the Middle Ages these miracles became so numerous that one pope was forced to put a stop to them.

As civilization advances, as the intellect of mankind expands, miracles cease to interest. They become merely the prodigious tales of distant ages, the giant yarns of the ignorant and credulous. No one thinks now of refuting the miracles of Greece and Rome. It is the narration of miracles as facts that disfigure the histories of Herodotus, Thucydides and Plutarch. This is admitted by theologians. They are willing to apply correct rules of evidence to the miracles of the Greeks and Romans, but not to the miracles of the people of Israel.

Upon the question of miracles Christians have always been inconsistent. Thus Catholics, who reject with considerable ridicule an account of a miracle taking place in their own time, will speak with much reverence of a precisely similar miracle that is attributed to some saint of the Middle Ages. So willing are they to believe the miracles of the past that almost every Catholic church in Spain, Italy and France has its treasury of holy relics and the miraculous tales that go with them. In Spain alone there are enough miraculous shoes and holy coats to clothe a regiment.

Protestants are more inconsistent than Catholics. They will not even examine the evidence upon which the Catholic miracles stand. They absolutely repudiate them, not because they are unsupported, but because they are miracles, and they thank God they are not Catholics and have to believe them. But when they touch upon the miracles of the Bible, their minds seem to contract and it is impossible for them to apply the same rules of evidence that they apply to the miracles of the Catholic church, and yet many of the miracles of the early Catholic church, particularly the miracles of St. Theresa and St. Francis of Assissi, are far better substantiated, as far as evidence goes, than any miracle of the Bible. The Atheist, the Agnostic and Liberal Religionists, however, are consistent. They see no reason why the same arguments which the Protestants use against the credibility of Catholic miracles should not be used against the credibility of the Bible miracles.

Why should Catholics and Protestants believe in the miraculous? It has filled the world with foolishness and fear. In the past when man saw the marvelous everywhere, there was nothing so foolish or fraudulent that he could not believe with enthusiasm. Such, for example, was the famous voice from the wall in the reign of Queen Mary, which proclaimed the Catholic worship to the idolatrous; just as the crucifix in Christ Church, at Dublin, shed tears of blood in the following reign, because the Protestant religion was introduced

into Ireland. The world has teemed with just such miracles. Why do we not have them now? Because it is impossible. People are too intelligent to be taken in by them. With the special correspondent, the policeman and the photographer upon the scene the miracle would be unable to work satisfactorily.

Nothing in history has changed more than the manner in which men regard the miraculous. Miracles are now looked upon by the intelligent as probable just to the extent that the evidence produced makes them, and no more. Man now knows that a miracle, to be truly appreciated, must be seen.

In this respect miracles differ from facts in history, for that which is *reasonable* can with safety be believed without being seen. Miracles, however, are not reasonable, and consequently second-hand evidence is of little value. Why, then, should we believe in the miraculous? Our experience is all on the side of the uniformity of Nature. We cannot believe in the order of nature and the probability of miracles—one must go.

"A miracle," says Strauss, "is an impossibility," and he adds, emphatically, "There is no right conception of what history is, apart from a conviction that the chain of endless causation can never be broken." And with Strauss the thinkers of the world agree. There is nothing supernatural. Nature includes all. Law rules everywhere. To admit the supernatural is to confess our ignorance of nature. Man must repudiate all miracles or go back to the darkness of ignorance and superstition and live again in a primitive world where all the laws of the universe are subject to the caprice of a supernatural being. Miracles do not occur now and we have a right to doubt that they occurred in the past.

"Ah! but," says the theologian, "the day of miracles is past, because Christianity is firmly established and miracles are no longer required." This is not true. There never was a time when a miracle would assist Christianity more than one would assist it now. In every civilized country of the world the hammer of the iconoclast can be heard. Creeds are crumbling. Old forms are giving way to new. The voice of the theologian is growing weaker and weaker. Yet all this could be changed. A few miracles properly performed in the sight of all would convert millions and thus save an enormous outlay of clerical salary. The truth is, all that is miraculous is being driven from the world. The assaults of science have so enfeebled the arguments of theologians that they have ceased to argue for miracles, but simply entreat scientific men, for the love of God, to spare a few of the Bible miracles, if for no other reason than that the early theologians believed them.

But science cannot wait upon theology. It must always progress. It does not, like theology, attempt to excite wonder and awe for that which is not understood, but seeks to solve and explain. Science laughs at witches and demons, ghosts and goblins, devils and gods.

In the vocabulary of science these words do not dwell. Let us, then, drive from the world all legend, myth and miracle, all that pertains to the miraculous and supernatural.

Chicago.

J. B. MEADOR—OBITUARY NOTICE.

EDITOR Free Thought Magazine: It is with the deepest sorrow and regret that I am called upon to chronicle the death of our beloved friend and neighbor, J. B. Meador. On the night of March 14th, he was on his way to some point in Kansas on the Missouri Pacific railroad. When within three miles of the town of Hiawatha



J. B. MEADOR.

this ill-fated train ran into a drove of horses, which derailed and ditched the greater part of the train, killing outright the engineer and fireman, and wounding many others. Mr. Meador was in the smoker, which was telescoped and totally wrecked. Mr. Meador's legs were broken and mashed to pulp, while the escaping steam and hot water from the demolished engine literally cooked him alive. After being extricated from the wreck he lived some nine hours, being conscious to the last. While in this terrible position among the debris he called upon a fellow acquaintance who was more fortunate, and requested him to take a diamond ring off his finger and send it to his wife, saying, "Jim, I am done for."

He was a man blessed with a host of good, honest friends, being of a jovial, sympathetic and honest nature. He had a "heart that throbbed for others' woes" and was ever ready to lend a helping hand or extend good cheer and encouragement to those in trouble.

Mr. Meador was born in Glasco, Ky., and in 1874 moved to Boonville, Mo., where, for several years, he taught school. He came to Atchison, Kas., in 1884 and followed the destinies of commercial trade as traveler for one of our large wholesale concerns. While a very generous and companionable man in the everyday walks of life, he was of a very positive nature, always maintaining the courage of his convictions, and he took a decided stand on the political and religious issues of the day. Many have been the converts he has made

to Free Thought, being an enthusiast and a man of strong reasoning powers. He often used to tell us how when he first advanced his anti-religious views, his hearers would scoff at his opinions, but how it pleased him in later years to have these self-same people thank him for the light he had given them, which afterwards gave them a chance to think in an intelligent way. He never left Atchison on his return to the "road" without filling up his valise with the Free Thought Magazine, the Investigator, and other Liberal works for distribution among his friends. At the time of his sudden death he was 49 years old. A wife and a son eleven years old survive him. They are left in good circumstances by insurance in the Travelers' Association, also in an old line company. He also leaves a good property in Atchison. He was a member of Friendship Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F., of this city, and the G. A. R. The remains were laid at rest by the I. O. O. F. at Boonville, Mo., the services being held at his residence here by the rector of the Episcopalian church, his wife being a member of that sect.

T. D. ROBERTSON.

COPY OF PRESENTATION FRAMED ON BACK OF POR-
TRAIT OF THOMAS PAINE, HUNG IN MUSEUM OF
INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

"Philadelphia, October, 1859.

THIS portrait of Thomas Paine, copied from an original of Jarvis, by Bass Otis, presented to the city of Philadelphia by the undersigned, who believe that the services of the author of 'Common Sense' and 'The Crisis' were second to none in the struggle to establish for America that freedom and independence which he was one of the first to assert.

"Wm. Wright, M. D.; Geo. W. Altemus, Jos. J. Michley, Joseph Dean, J. D. Williamson, Nathan Middleton, F. L. Taylor, A. B. Taylor, Wm. G. Burke, C. Benkert, I. Hayward, F. Gert. Kunst, J. Blutt, Wm. McLenachan, M. D.; Wm. F. Taylor, M. D.; S. Auger, J. Boyle, Wm. H. Seymour, P. F. Ward, H. A. Price, B. H. Green, A. W. Holmes, Horace B. Taylor, E. F. Tracy, H. Fowler."

COMMENTS BY MR. ELLIOTT.

The original painting of Thomas Paine, by Charles Wilson Peale, was sold at auction with a number of other revolutionary worthies, and all trace of the same has been lost, owing to the lack of sufficient financial appropriation by councils to purchase the same. Many valuable portraits were among the portraits of Peale's Museum, of which there were no other copies in existence.

J. B. ELLIOTT.

[This is the same portrait a copy of which appeared in the April number of this Magazine.—Editor.]

LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Mrs. B. J. Campbell, Westfield, Wis.:

"The Magazine is getting better all the time. I desire all my friends to take it, therefore I send you inclosed a list of the names of people who I think will be interested in it. I am glad to learn that in the future the Magazine will devote space in behalf of our dumb animals. Although I am not much given to petting domestic animals, I cannot bear to see them ill treated, and though not a strict vegetarian, butchering day has always been a terror to me, and had I my way about it, all animals would live to a good old age. I often think if I had only myself to cook for, I should dispense with meat altogether, and get along without eating portions of dead animals. To provide themselves with a little money, most of the farmers' wives raise ducks, chickens and turkeys for the market. I gave that up after one trial, and have gone into bee keeping instead, as in that way I can get a little pin money without shedding the blood of innocent animals."

P. C. Mosier, Homer, Ill.:

"I fear you have done the Magazine an irreparable damage by admitting that Free Love article by Moses Harmon. The readers, many of them at least, will not notice your editorial comments and will take it in its broadest sense as a doctrine being advocated by the Free Thought Magazine. It is to be lamented that Harmon is laboring under such a delusion that the human family would be in a higher state of civilization if they lived like the dumb animals."

James Oldacre, Noblesville, Ind.:

"Inclosed find my subscription for the present year. I have been badly afflicted the past winter with la grippe. I have also heart failure occasionally. It looks as if my days were nearly numbered, but that does not alarm me in the least. I will be at rest for all time to come. I look back over my past life of seventy-nine years with great satisfaction. I was never a Christian believer. If I should be better when it comes warm weather, I may be able to get up another club for the Magazine." [Brother Oldacre has lived a good live; has been always true to his honest convictions. He was a brave soldier in the late war, and has been a brave soldier in the warfare against superstition. Death should have no terrors for such a man.—Ed.]

Samuel Hollis, Hammond, Ind.:

"I have learned more out of the three last numbers of the Free Thought Magazine—the time I have taken it—than I did out of the Bible for forty years. I was in the church for forty years, and to me it was forty years of darkness, ignorance and superstition. I was one of those fellows who depended on the preacher for information, for which valuable information (?) I sung for him in the choir about the 'Sweet By-and-by,' and talked in the prayer-meeting about being 'Washed in the blood of the Lamb.' I am thankful my eyes have

been opened to the truth and that I am permitted to use my reason without fear of God or the devil."

Mary M. Stroup, Moore, Okla.:

"This is the 1st day of January, 1897. May it be a happy new year for you, Mr. Editor, and the correspondents and supporters of the Magazine. The name of this Free Thought Magazine should be an inspiration to all who love liberty, and it is earnestly to be hoped that this coming year will see Free Thought spread and flourish as never before in America. This nation was intended by its founders to be 'the land of Liberty'—a land where every citizen can worship or not worship as he desires, and that here there should be no union of church and state. It is such publications as the Free Thought Magazine that we must depend upon to see that the intention of the founders, such men as Paine, Jefferson and Franklin, all Freethinkers, be fully maintained."

John Rhoads, Franklin, Pa.:

"I think Mr. Jolly will procure some more subscribers, as he is at work where there are some four hundred men employed, and so soon as you can get a man to ignore prejudice long enough to read the Magazine, he will begin to reason and very soon will discard orthodox superstition. But the trouble is to get them to read it. I handed the Magazine to one of my fellow workmen. He read only about half of the first article and then threw it down and said he was afraid it might make him begin to doubt. I told him he was right, the more he read the more he would doubt until he would finally come to the conclusion that the Bible and the Christian creed were both the product of human brains and were often used by the clergy as bug-bears to frighten people into the church, and make them pay liberally to support the priesthood. I would not be without the Magazine if it cost five times as much."

Cyrus W. Coolridge, Oyster Bay, N. Y.:

"I am glad to see that you are inviting your contributors to express their views on vital questions of the day along constructive lines. It is certainly high time to stop constantly hammering at the Bible and Christianity, and do some constructive work for humanity. True, destructive work is still necessary. I shall in all probability send you in the near future a short article along the lines suggested by you. I certainly can find no fault with your introduction to my life sketch in the April Magazine, for it was written in a very kindly spirit. As to a little disagreement about marriage and government, I think it a matter of no great consequence considering the fact that in practice you and I agree, and I am sure we can agree to tolerate each other's honest opinions."

C. K. Tenney, Madison, Wis.:

"I do not wish to be understood as in any way advising you what ought or ought not to be published by you, but to be frank, must

say that my feelings were very much hurt to think that you would allow your pure, lofty and able publication to be marred by the publication of the article written by Moses Harmon. The article in question deals in pyrotechnic sentences and glittering generalities and seems to be the vaporings of a disappointed, crack-brained ass. His monstrous charges against the marriage relation are so absolutely base, groundless and without truth as to set him down as a person who has been at some time disappointed in some love affair, and he is hence venting his malice on that most sacred of institutions, and in consequence his whole being has become soured. I most certainly trust that your columns will not again be polluted with the rantings of any one pretending to be the exponent of 'freedom, love and wisdom.' Who, in this guise, would seek to undermine the foundation of our civilization and relegate us to the condition of the commonest brutes."

John G. Slown, Velasco, Tex.:

Allow me to say that I consider the Free Thought Magazine a first class publication, and it is deserving the support of every Liberal who desires a clean and high-toned representative of Free Thought. Many Free Thinkers, I regret to say, do not occupy that high moral station that the cause requires. Our leaders, surely, ought to set a good example of moral character before the public wherever they go, and not give our enemies an excuse for saying they do not practice what they preach. And right here permit me to remark that in my opinion, intemperance and Free Love ought to be denounced by every honest Freethinker. Intemperance is a curse and Free Love a relic of barbarism. The Free Thought Magazine and Independent Pulpit I consider among the best of our Free Thought publications."

John Goetz, Sr., Coupland, Tex.:

"Do not send the Free Thought Magazine any longer. I think it is not liberal to call a beer saloon a rum shop and issue articles on tobacco like they did two hundred years ago. I prefer the "Independent" Pulpit." The "Independent Pulpit" is a good journal one of the best in the country, and we hope Brother Goetz will subscribe for it and pay in advance. But just as likely as not our friend may see something in the Pulpit that he will not agree with, then he will have to stop that. When he gets around to a paper that says nothing that offends any one he will have a very worthless sheet. A person who cannot read what he does not agree with really should belong to the Catholic church. We are compelled to admit that the most of the little we know we learned from persons with whom we at the time disagreed. We regret to say that illiberality is not confined to the church.—Ed.]

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

PROFESSOR J. E. HOSMER.

PROFESSOR J. E. Hosmer, whose portrait is the frontispiece of this number of this magazine, was born in Durand, Pepin county, Wis., Feb. 17, 1862. His father, whose name was Albert M. Hosmer, was an industrious, hard-working man, who engaged in various occupations—hotel-keeper, ferryman, stage driver, farmer and carpenter. His mother was an intelligent, worthy woman, whose maiden name was Cynthia Earl. Young Hosmer attended the district public school in Durand and in other towns where his father's work called him. At the age of eighteen he joined the Independent Order of Good Templars and became a zealous advocate of temperance. He afterwards became a member of the lodge of that order at Rock Falls, Wis., when his father was a farmer near there. At Rock Falls, by accident, he learned that some of the members of the order were hypocrites, "drinking behind the door," as the saying is, and he was so disgusted with such hypocrisy that he exposed them, and fifteen members, including the Worthy Chief Templar, were compelled to acknowledge that they had violated the pledge they had taken. They were each again reobligated, but the shock was so great that it destroyed the lodge, and it was never again resurrected. When young Hosmer returned to live at Durand he renewed his membership in the Durand Lodge, became an active member, and was elected Worthy Chief Templar. And, by the way, most of those hypocritical members were either Christians or sons of Christian parents, or believers in the Christian creed, and this episode had a tendency to shake Mr. Hosmer's faith in the efficacy of the Christian religion. Professor Hosmer has always continued to be a zealous advocate of temperance. He never drinks intoxicating liquor, tea or coffee, and has no use for tobacco.

Mr. Hosmer was always very skeptical as to orthodox theology, but when twenty-three years of age he was inveigled into the church by a skillful young preacher.

September 1, 1885, Mr. Hosmer was married to Minnie M. Page, the oldest daughter of Hiram and Mary Page. Mr. Page was a popular

dentist. The union proved such a happy one that the husband has great admiration for the marriage institution and could not be persuaded to say anything against it. His intelligent wife is fully in sympathy with him in his reformatory work, and together they labor for humanity in the most cordial harmony.

When Mr. Hosmer became a Christian convert he united with the Congregational Church, and in accordance with his earnest, enthusiastic nature, went to work with great zeal to build up the church. But the trouble with him was, he had an inquiring mind, and sound reasoning powers, and he found it impossible to smother his doubts and do as most of the members of the church did, take whatever the minister said as matter of fact, without thought or investigation. He says: "I tried to smother my doubts; I prayed over them, and this caused me great mental anguish, and finally I felt compelled to tell my wife that I should have to withdraw from the church." The preacher urged him to remain in the church, even if he could not believe the creed, but young Hosmer was not born a hypocrite, and even his "conversion" had failed to make him one. He was compelled to be true to his honest convictions, and, regardless of consequences, he withdrew from the church and became a free man. Shortly after this he was chosen principal of the public school at Stockholm, Wis., and after serving the people in that capacity for some time he decided to take Horace Greeley's advice, "Go west, young man." He and his young wife went to the new state of Oregon and together they taught the Tillamook City school for two years and then both attended the Oregon State Normal School, where they each graduated in 1893, with deserved honors and high-grade standing, receiving the title B. S. D. They then taught school at Bandon, Ore., one year, after which they visited their old home in Wisconsin, returned to Oregon in 1895, and Mr. Hosmer was elected pastor of the First Secular Church of Oregon, located at Portland. He lectured for that church until June, 1896, when he resigned that position and became the editor of "The Torch of Reason," for the special purpose of building up the first Free Thought university that has ever been established in the world.

Such, in brief is an imperfect sketch of the young editor of that recently established Free Thought journal, "The Torch of Reason," issued each week at Silverton, Ore. It will be readily seen that Mr. Hosmer is a young man that the Free Thought public should be proud of—a young man of high moral character, of superior intel-

lectual ability, of high aims and aspirations, and, what is more than all this, has the courage of his convictions and the earnest determination to accomplish much for the benefit of humanity. He is just the young man that the Free Thought movement needs; in fact, it is in want of many such young men, and also of such noble young women as is his worthy wife. The Free Thought cause is the noblest and grandest movement the world has ever known. All it needs to revolutionize our imperfect civilization is competent, trustworthy leaders—such leaders as the anti-slavery movement had in this country. We need young enthusiasts, who are possessed of high character, unswerving fidelity, high aims and aspirations, and who are willing to give their lives to the work of regenerating the world. Mr. Hosmer seems to be that kind of a man, and we feel sure if the Free Thinkers of this country will stand by him with not only their sympathy but with substantial financial aid, that he will not only make "The Torch of Reason" in truth and in fact what the grand name of that paper indicates—a real torch of reason that shall light up the whole country and drive out the bats and owls of superstition, that only flourish in the darkness of supernaturalism. And who knows but that our young and enthusiastic leader may succeed in establishing on a firm basis, on the Pacific coast, a Free Thought university that shall become the light of the world?

BOOK REVIEWS.

Christianity Criticised. By Henry M. Taber. Peter Eckler, Publisher, New York. Price, \$1.

The above entitled work will be brought out in a few days, and, we predict, will be a very popular, valuable and interesting volume. It will be composed of articles that have heretofore appeared in the Free Thought Magazine during the last five or six years. Some of the titles are as follows: "Inspiration," "Woman in Christian and Heathen Countries," "The Origin of Christianity," "God," "With or Without Christianity," "Civil Liberty," "The Trinity," "Christianity Incongruent," "Intolerance," "Primitive Christianity," "Taxation of Church Property," "Future Punishment," "Mental Emancipation," "Religion," "Superstition," "Church and State," "Immortality," "Liberalized Christianity," "Prayer," "In Place of Christianity," "The Republic in Danger." As Mr. Taber, as a writer, is held in high esteem by the readers of this Magazine, we expect to get many orders for the book. It ought to have a very large circulation. We shall have more to say of this book in the June Magazine, when we shall have a copy before us.

Our National History and Song. By Joseph M. Clary, A. B., LL. B. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. Pp. 480. Price, \$1.

The reader's special attention is called to the advertisement of this book in our advertising pages, where its claims to public favor are better set forth than we have the space to do here. We must say that it has been a long time since we have come across a work of this character from which we have derived more satisfaction and real enjoyment than from this one. It is a book which will interest old people, who still remember the presidential elections of 1840 and 1844, and through whose heads have been occasionally running during the last fifty years such verses as the following:

"For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too,
And with them we will beat little Van.
Van, Van, Van is a used up man.

And then that old Henry Clay stanza:

"Hurrah! hurrah! the country's rising
For Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen."

Then the old people will enjoy reading the revolutionary war songs that we used to hear our mothers sing when we were children. And then younger readers will enjoy reading the songs of our late war, such as "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave, but his soul in marching on," and the old soldier will like to see in print, "Rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again," and "Marching Through Georgia." And as the book gives a brief account of each of our presidential elections, it is a splendid book of reference. Remember, it is for sale at this office. In cloth, \$1; paper covers, 50 cents.

Homilies of Science. By Dr. Paul Carns. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. Pp. 316. Price, 35 cents.

This volume is composed of editorials from The Open Court. The principle that pervades them is to preach on ethics that are based upon truth and upon truth alone. The writer defines truth as a correct statement of facts. Every scholar and thinker, and every student of science, ought to read this book, and also those who would like to learn something of the work that Dr. Carns is endeavoring to do through the pages of his publication—reconcile religion and science, or, more properly, establish a scientific religion in place of the present unscientific one. When Dr. Carns succeeds in his undertaking there will be no heretics, for science knows no such thing as heresy. In the old religions it is considered a crime to advance a new idea; in this new religion the man who discovers the most new ideas will be considered the most orthodox.

ALL SORTS.

—Moses Harman calls our attention to the fact, which we had not noticed, that the editorial extract that we quoted from *Lucifer*, on page 183 of the April Magazine, was written by his daughter, Lillian Harman, and not by himself, and asks us to make the correction, which we here do. But we cannot understand the condition of a man's mental and moral apparatus, who, after publishing such abominable sentiments in his editorial pages, when they are quoted against him, endeavors to avoid the odium by charging them to his daughter. And still Mr. Harman claims to be par excellence the special friend of women. But, after all, this may be a hereditary fault with Brother Harman, running back to the Garden of Eden, where old Grandfather Adam, hiding in the garden shrubbery, doubled up with the green apple colic, declared it was all the fault of "the woman whom thou gavest to be with me." Most surely these free lovers are strange people.

—The following is legislation in accordance with the principles upon which this country was founded—the entire separation of church and state:

St. Paul, Minn., April 7.—The Soule sectarian bill passed the house today—63 to 26. There was no contention over its merits preceding the vote, but on roll call there was a surprising bit of explanation, and members in a few cases who had not the nerve to stand up to the music went to committee rooms and halls to escape going on record.

The bill is very brief. Its first section pronounces unlawful the use of any creed or sectarian text-book in any public school. The wearing of any sectarian garb or costume is prohibited by the second, and also "the teaching of any sectarian denominational instruction."

The third section carries the penalty clause, violation of the law being punishable by a fine of \$25 or imprisonment till such fine is paid, not to exceed thirty days.

—Evangelist Moody has been, for a number of days, engaged in Chicago in converting people to Christianity. Not one single proof or argument has he presented. He merely worked up the emotions of superstitious people. In one of its reports the *Record* says:

The highest pitch of emotion was reached in the prayer meeting, which was held after the sermon was done. Mr. Moody asked any woman to rise who had any relative or friend whom she wished to have prayed for. First a woman rose in a box, and in a low tone asked prayers for her wayward son. Then others rose so fast that Mr. Moody could not recognize them. "Pray for my husband," "pray for daughters," "pray for my father and brothers," "for a friend who is an unbeliever" were their cries, but oftener than anything else, it was "pray for my son." One old woman got up, and, with the tears running down the wrinkles that were the channels of other tears, asked prayers for her erring girl.

Moody gets big wages for this kind of work, but it is nothing more nor less than obtaining money by false pretenses, for Moody never made a prayer that was ever answered by the God of this Universe, and we can hardly believe that he believes it. As Barnum said, the people like to be humbugged, especially in the matter of religion.

—Paris, April 11.—While mass was being said in a church near Castres, in the department of Tarn, the roof collapsed. Seven women and one man were killed, and thirty persons were seriously injured.

Of course, that was providential. The orthodox God, it would seem, is get-

ting a little disgusted with that kind of nonsense.

—Wife—The Bible says much in favor of women, John. I thought that the Israelites kept their women in the background; but if they did, the Bible, which is their history, doesn't. Husband—Humph; the Israelites did well by keeping their women in the background; that is where women should be. Wife—But still the Bible says that— Husband—Oh, I know, there are a few women mentioned in the Bible. There was Jezebel; she was a woman. Wife—Yes, and there was Ahab, he was a man. And there was— Husband—It is no use talking, Mary, the Bible is a history of men. Women are mentioned only incidentally, as they had influence on the actions of men. The Book says very little about women compared to what it does about men. Wife (musingly)—You may be right, after all, John, now when I come to think of it. There is one thing, at any rate, it says about men that it does not say about women. Husband (smiling)—I thought you would come to your senses, Mary. What is it the Book says about men that it doesn't say about women. Wife (placidly)—It says, "All men are liars." Then the husband arose and put on his hat, and went out to see what kind of night it was.—The Agnostic Journal.

—The spiritualists have been having a great time in Rochester, N. Y., celebrating their forty-ninth anniversary. During the convention, according to the report of the Progressive Thinker, the following letter was read from the spirit of the "founder of the New York Tribune":

My spirit cannot tell all I would like to say. Never was I so happy to think the cause must be brought forth, must come to light. Our dear ones on earth

must know that their departed ones have not gone to a world of everlasting death. * * * Each person here has a loving spirit gone to the other world, and they all want to say something. So it is very hard to control a medium intellectually. However, we must say something that will let you know as a fact that we are all with you to celebrate this anniversary of spiritualism. I am a spirit, and one that you will all be glad to know, and enjoys a spiritual belief in the other world. You know the spirit of Horace Greeley.

Holy Mackerel! Only think of it! One of the best English writers this country has ever produced so changed by transformation to another world that he is compelled to express himself in this kind of insipid twaddle, when he has anything to communicate. How Horace would swear if he could read that letter imputed to him.

—The Preston (Kansas) Plain Dealer describes the Rev. Mr. Poore, who has recently been called to preach the gospel in that town as follows:

Brother Poore is a gentleman and a scholar; when it comes to playing baseball he will be found able to hold his own in any position on the diamond; a good shot on the wing, and consequently very handy with the gun; loves to fish or cut bait; rather fond of the sisters, especially if they are young and good looking; preaches a rattling sermon with divine power and is chock full of the holy ghost. Like the only family horse, he is good in any place you put him. Could we say more?

—Do not fail to read our special offer for new subscribers on second page of the cover of this number of the Magazine.

—See second page of cover.

—Youngstown, O., March 22.—The Rev. Dr. Edmunds, of the Methodist church, at the ministerial meeting today, delivered an address on the "Religious Life and Character of President McKinley." Dr. Edmunds was the president's pastor for five years. He said

President McKinley is in every respect an exemplary Christian gentleman. He ever maintains a deferential respect for the office of the ministry, and for Christian ministers, is a regular attendant at public worship, is not ostentatious in a display of his religious beliefs and practices. Dr. Edmunds said he never knew President McKinley to give expression to an impure utterance; he is strictly temperate in his habits, and daily observes devotion in his family and in private. The speaker said he regarded President McKinley as a true and sincere Christian.—Chicago Record.

We hope Mr. McKinley will turn out to be a good President, but such certificate of his Christianity is not encouraging. History shows that our "Christian statesmen" have been the most unreliable of any we have ever had. We have had a few Presidents whose Christian character was not certified to. For instance, Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln, and yet, after all, they seemed to make pretty good Presidents.

—When the twentieth century looks back to the nineteenth to see what it owes it, to count over the jewels bequeathed to it, I think it will count as the greatest of all its debts to the nineteenth century, and the fairest of all its inherited jewels, the impulse to thought which was given to it by the patience, the perseverance and the genius of Charles Darwin. Better, indeed, "ascent from any imaginable depth than descent from any imaginable height." Better, I say, to be ashamed of our ancestors than to have our ancestors ashamed of us.

The above we clip from a lecture by Rev. Alfred W. Martin, minister of the Free Church, of Tacoma, Wash. When such grand sentiments are uttered from the pulpit every friend of humanity can take courage.

—Mr. J. C. Hannon's able article on "The Mythology of St. Patrick," that appears as the leading article of this number, ought to have a large sale. We have published a few extra copies,

and those of our readers who would like to circulate it can have them for ten cents each.

—"Civilization and Free Thought," by Edward Dobson, in this number of the Magazine, is a very valuable contribution.

—The state of New Jersey is noted for piety. Reynolds was arrested there for blasphemy. Ingersoll was threatened with arrest. And the following is what the Rev. George D. Thompson, pastor of the Fourth Methodist Church, of Millville, is reported to have said of the town where he is preaching:

Millville, N. J., Feb. 15.—In a sermon preached by Rev. George D. Thompson last Sunday, there are the following statements: "There is more immorality to the square inch in the city of Millville than in any other city in New Jersey. About nineteen out of every twenty marriages in Millville are from necessity. Only about one of every twenty is not forced.

"Where in Millville is there any virtue? When I came to this city a year ago I was told it was a church-going city. I expected a high moral tone. But, alas! the reverse is too true. Millville has a church-going population, but its religion is confined within the walls of the churches. People forget they are Christians the moment they pass out of church."

But Brother Thompson ought to remember that "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin;" "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow." "Jesus has paid all." The New Jersey Christians understood the orthodox creed, and at the last moment, after they have enjoyed "the pleasures of this world," they will see that their "calling and election" to the realms of glory are made sure.

—The Society for the Protection of Birds, at London, is renewing its appeal to women to desist from the use of all kinds of millinery which would make

necessary the killing of birds. The youthful Duchess of Portland has signed the appeal, as president of the society, and expresses her belief that the demand for feather ornaments arises from absolute ignorance of the sacrifice it entails.

—The Women's Bible was reviewed in the Free Thinker a considerable time ago. It is now being noticed by other journals. Considerable space was devoted to it in last week's Sun. It was also reviewed in Tuesday's Westminster Gazette. The last journal is rather shocked at the outspokenness of the Liberal women in America, who are placing the Bible in its true light before their sisters of the English-speaking world. "It is certainly not clever," the Westminster says, "and many people will think it comes perilously near being blasphemous." We hope our contemporary will recover.—The (London) Freethinker.

—If "Bobby" Burns were alive today, he would be an active, enthusiastic member of the L. A. W., and would do everything in his power to forward the work of securing good roads. It was, no doubt, the chief regret of his life that he lived before the wheelmen had organized a league, the chief object of which is to improve the highways. But "Bobby" expressed his mind on these subjects as he did on nearly everything else. In an "Epigram on Rough Roads," he says:

"I'm now arrived, thanks to the gods!

Thro' pathways rough and muddy,
A certain sign that makin' roads

Is no' this people's study:

Altho' I'm not wi' Scripture cram'd

I'm sure the Bible says

That heedless sinners shall be damn'd

Unless they mend their ways."

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

—Bishop McCabe is, probably, the biggest humbug and fraud in the American pulpit. He pretends to be a follower of Jesus, but his life work has been raising money, with which to pay his own salary and paying off church debts, a work the carpenter's son never engaged in. The other day the "bishop" endeavored to get a little notoriety (what he is constantly working for), by criticising ex-Senator Ingalls for reporting for the papers the Carson prize fight. The ex-Senator turned on him and gave him about as severe a blow as Fitzsimmons administered to Corbett, the difference being it was given in the first round. Here is how it was administered in an open letter to the bishop:

From your allusions to my "glowing rhetoric" and the alleged incidents, it is evident that you carefully read the accounts of the "brutal fistic tournament" at Carson City, whether from the pulpit to your congregation, at the fire-side to your family, or in the seclusion of your study does not appear. To the unregenerate mind it looks quite as immoral to read about a disreputable transaction as to witness it and to write about it. Your time and mine, I admit, could have been more profitably employed in meditating upon the maledictions of Christ against the Pharisees of his day; the cantering hypocrites of Palestine and their lineal descendants in Kansas, who, thanking God they are not as other men, pay tithes of anise, mint and cummin and omit the weightier matters of law.

I went to Carson City with authority to write as much or as little as I pleased, in any vein, as I saw fit, and my purpose was to tell the truth about the encounter, the spectators and the moral environment as it appeared to me. Had I been requested to attend the Winfield conference and write my impressions of its proceedings I should have done so with equal composure had the compensation offered been satisfactory and no other occupation prevented.

Had I heard you distort and miscon-

strue the language of a man who had always treated you with courtesy and spoken of you with respect; had I heard you apply injurious epithets gratuitously and without provocation to one who had endeavored to endure adversity with fortitude; had I heard you denounce as a lie a statement of whose truth you could personally know nothing, I should have said so in the same spirit with which I described what took place at Carson City, and I might also have added that you exhibited all the characteristics of the gladiator except his courage.

I heard no such language at Carson City as is imputed to you at the Winfield conference. Its only parallel is the fictitious exclamation which you incorrectly ascribe to the frenzied Mrs. Fitzsimmons.

The etiquette of the prize ring does not permit a man to call another a liar or accuse him of being a "prostituted acrobat" with impunity. Perhaps you are incorrectly reported. I hope so. I should regret to be compelled to believe that Carson City has a higher code of ethics than Winfield or that a pugilist may have better manners than a bishop.

—The reader will please remember that we are selling "The Rights of Women and the Sexual Relations" for twenty-five cents a copy. The publisher's price is fifty cents. The Detroit News says of the book: "It carries conviction with every chapter."

—We call the special attention of the reader to an article in this number entitled, "A Plea for the Evolution of Free Thought and Wisdom," by Eliza Mowry Bliven. That article is exactly in the line of work that this Magazine desires to emphasize.

—Parker Pillsbury, through a long and eventful life, has been the special friend of Liberty for man, woman and child. He has been an extreme radical on the question of freedom, but he limits Liberty to the following bounds: "That no man's liberty shall go to that extent that it will encroach on the liberty

of others." In a private letter, written from a sickbed, and with a system suffering from paralysis, he writes:

Dear Friend: As to the Putnam-Collins article, in your place you could not have done otherwise than you did. As a guardian of public morals it was your duty to say something, that is, you could not be silent, could not shirk in such a case. I am sure you had no wish to do otherwise, and have no wish ever to hold your Magazine other in character than it has been hitherto.

—Every intelligent, thoughtful, scientific mind in this country that has thoroughly examined the subject knows, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that there is not a single truth contained in the Baptist creed. That every article is as evidently false as it would be to say four and four are nine. Still, by the following notice we see how much money is being raised to send these lies to the poor heathen:

New York, March 16.—A meeting of prominent Baptists from different parts of the country, who are interested in fulfilling the conditions of the gift of John D. Rockefeller, was held in Newark to-night. The Baptist Home and Foreign Missions Society is in debt to the extent of \$486,000. Mr. Rockefeller offered \$250,000 on condition that the remainder of the debt should be raised by subscription. Reports were received showing that \$75,000 had been raised in New England. A like amount was expected in Greater New York. New Jersey will raise \$25,000, Chicago has already paid in \$10,000; Detroit, \$8,000; and Providence, \$10,000. The workers will leave in the morning for Ohio, which state will be next canvassed. The money is being raised almost entirely by laymen.

Will the time ever come when money will be paid so freely to circulate the truth?

—At a social reunion of the Humboldt Scientific Society, of Fall River, Mass., Miss Susan H. Wixon responded to the toast, "Woman's Work," Miss Wixon said: Woman had civilized the world,

made civilization, civilized man. When Emerson was asked, what is civilization? he replied, "The power of woman." Woman made the home that was the basis of civilization. Miss Wixon quoted Wendell Phillips' statement that the brain of Harriet Martineau was worth the brains of 40,000 ordinary men. She instanced the capacity of woman on the field of battle in Joan of Arc and Molly Pitcher; in literature, the work of Harriet Beecher Stowe and others. As teachers they outnumbered the men. Woman was the natural teacher of the child. Out of the 12,000 teachers in Massachusetts, 11,000 were women; all of which reinforced her claim for the ballot for women.—The Women's Tribune.

—W. H. Nicholds writes on the tobacco habit for the Chicago Record as follows:

I believe that in ninety-nine cases out of 100 it is almost useless to try to reform an old smoker, because a confirmed user of tobacco is literally its slave. I honestly believe this, because, of numbers of men, including even ministers of the gospel, whom I have seen make serious effort to abandon the habit, I have never yet known one to succeed in that effort. At 15 years of age I determined to make my decision for or against the use of tobacco, for life, and it occurred to me that I would let other people's experience influence that decision. The first one questioned said: "I would gladly give you \$500 if you will cure me of the habit." Another: "If you will give me a remedy that will take away all craving for the weed, I will give you all I possess, and begin life over again." Of ten others, not one approved the habit, and all were willing to make considerable sacrifice to be rid of it. There is an old saying: "Fools make feasts and wise men eat them." I have never ceased to rejoice that I followed the leadership of the latter class, and I would like to say to every young person who is hesitating about it, If you expect to be a gentle-

man, clean, true and pure in the best sense of the word, don't adopt this repulsive habit. Following this advice means much to you. It means more money in your pocket; more personal cleanliness; a more noble and unselfish life; a more pure and healthful life; dearer and higher friendships, and, last, but not least, more unselfish love for the dear one whom you will swear to love and cherish, whose pure lip will welcome yours without being nauseated, and whose home-life will be far sweeter because she does not have to share her husband's affections with a pipe or cigar. Instead of the habit, take the money it would cost, say \$50 a year, a moderate estimate, regularly put it aside where it will draw interest, and in thirty years you will have nearly \$4,000. Or, if you begin at the age of 15, when you are 65 your nest-egg will be \$14,500, a guaranty of comfort in your old age, besides the satisfaction you will gain during every day of all these years from seeing the growth of your solid independence. If this money is spent for tobacco, at the end of the time given all you will have to show for your expenditure will be a tobacco-poisoned system, a slavery that you would perhaps be willing to give a small fortune (if you had it) to throw off, and an old nicotine-saturated, foul-smelling pipe. Is it any wonder that Emerson says: "No man can afford a useless habit?" "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and don't choose King Tobacco.

—There are two kinds of important work for Free Thinkers to do—destructive and constructive. Col. Ingersoll seems to understand this, for heretofore he has been showing up "The Mistakes of Moses" and other of God's special favorites, and now we see that he is delivering from place to place an able and eloquent lecture entitled "How to Reform Mankind." For years past he has been what the farmers call "summer-fallowing" the mental soil of America; that is, killing out the weeds of superstition, and now he is sowing the seed of reason in their place. We predict a glorious crop.

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FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1897.

RELIGION AND RIGHTEOUSNESS.

BY S. C. ADAMS.

Part I.

THE fundamental and radical difference between religion and righteousness is never explained from the pulpit, and is understood by very few.

They are very far from being synonymous and interchangeable terms, for the whole history of man has proven the fact that a man may be very religious and yet be very unrighteous, heartless and mean.



S. C. ADAMS.

I propose, therefore, to show the real meaning and the natural origin of each of them, and to explain their fundamental and practical differences, with the good effects of the one and the evil results of the other. I will show that religion was born of ignorance and fear, and is of the grossest and most barbarous parentage, while righteousness is begotten of the truest wisdom and is essentially divine.

But it is indispensably necessary that we should have a clear and accurate definition of these words, in order to distinguish the nature and character of each. And I know of no other standards by which their true and definite meaning can be determined except in their etymological derivation and in their historical and common use.

For definiteness and correctness of speech these standards are obviously of paramount authority. But in consulting your lexicons

for the etymological and true meaning of these words, it is but part of the scholar to distinguish between the definitions given as a lexicographer and as a theologian.

The etymological and true meaning of "righteousness" is definite and plain, and so easily understood that "a wayfaring man or a child need not err therein." It simply means a wisdom to purpose and to do that which is right. It includes right principles and intentions, and right actions and conduct in all our relations with mankind and in life. A righteous man is a man of integrity, honesty and uprightness, and a man of benevolence and charity. Right is the moral equivalent of the word straight. But it is more, for it includes a wisdom or knowledge of what is right. A most significant meaning of righteousness is found in its old Anglo-Saxon form of "right-wise-ness," or a wiseness in what is right. So that a righteous man is one who is wise in what is right, and who has the right principle to purpose and do it. He has ceased to do wrong and learned to do right. The moral and spiritual status of perfect right-wise-ness is the highest, noblest, and most perfect condition to which the divine nature of man can possibly attain. For to attain to such a state of wisdom is to attain to the right-wise-ness, or righteousness, of God.

The logic of this philosophy, and the reason why a state of righteousness is the only way to a perfection of being, of happiness, and of man's harmonious relations with the mother spirit of causation and all its offspring, is because right-wise-ness is the most potent and most obvious principle (and the only one having a moral character), which is discoverable or manifested in all the works of Nature. Man's highest conception of that eternal spirit of causation, which is the father and mother of all formations, is that it is "a power which makes for righteousness." It is a supreme power, but not a supreme being. Its methods and its laws are the most perfect exhibitions of power (though not of a personal being) of which it is possible to conceive. I have the authority of Rabbi Bloch and other scholars for saying that the "logos" of John, "which was in the beginning, and in which all things were formed," finds its equivalent in the word "wisdom," as elsewhere translated. This would be in perfect harmony, with philosophy and with fact, as they both attest that "in wisdom hath all things been formed." For it is one of the most interesting truths of Nature that all its laws and methods are right, for they all tend to harmony, to excellence and to a perfection of being.

In their uniform and ceaseless operations there is a continuous advance to a higher and more perfect development. The orbital harmony and order of myriads of worlds and countless systems through infinite space; the tendency of the evolved products of the earth to completeness and excellence, from its protoplasmic germs of life up to the highest possibilities and future attainments of righteous men, proclaim the hopeful fact that all its works were formed in wisdom and are right. Not that anything upon the earth has yet attained completeness or perfection, but that all things are ceaselessly working in that unlimited direction.

Beginning with the primitive and barbarous man, the evolutionary law of progressive growth will yet bring upon the earth the blessed reign of righteousness, peace and good will among men. Divisions, strife, hatred, variance and every evil work will all have passed away, as all religions (their prolific cause) will have given place to righteousness, or a wiseness of the right. Those ways by which all things work together for good, and to a perfection of being, are fixed and uniform, and without the possibility of change, and are therefore designated as natural laws. And we are just beginning to learn that man's highest good, as well as the only way to a harmonious co-operation with the Supreme Power, and with the brotherhood of man, is always found and only found in his strict obedience to those laws. But "the mills of the gods grind exceeding slow," so that ample time is necessarily required to bring each "work of Nature" into a perfect state; from the chaos of the world up to a perfect man, and the reign of right-wise-ness upon the earth.

At the first, this earth was necessarily a nebulous mass of gross and chaotic matter, and many ages of "right-wise-ness" were steadily at work before it was even ready for protoplasmic life. And longer ages of the eternal spirit's ceaseless work of right-wise-ness then intervened before those protoplasmic germs had worked their way along and up the graduated scale to the primitive and barbarous man. He was a savage and ignorant animal, though in the form of man. He had a dawning mind and a partial apprehension of phenomena, for which he knew no natural cause. And here all ethnologic history and science date the start and origin of all the world's religion. A religion, as we shall clearly see, was the natural outgrowth of the ignorance and terror of the primitive barbarous man.

But first, we must understand the true and genuine meaning of the word religion. Not an illegitimate and spurious definition, but its

etymological, historical and ordinary meaning, as used long centuries before the Christian era. Such authoritative and established meaning cannot be ignored, or else we speak indefinitely and without significance or certainty.

Among the Latin tribes, some thousand years before Christ (and from whom much of our language is derived), we find the word "religens" used to designate the common systems of the worship of the gods by all the pagan world. It had no reference to moral character or good conduct, for then, as now, their religious rites and services were paramount. From that Latin word, with little change, we have the word "religion," and the very meaning of the word is proof of its idolatrous parentage beyond dispute; for by consulting your lexicons you will find that its first and primary definition is the "revering and worshiping the gods," while the secondary definition of religion, which is its historical and common meaning, is "any system of faith and worship, as the Hindoo religion, the Chinese religion, the Jewish religion," etc.

I am well aware that some have sought to ignore its heathen parentage and give the word respectability and a moral character by assuming that it came from *religare*, "to bind anew or back." But no scholar has ever made that assumption, as all would be unwilling to admit that such was the meaning or purpose of any of the ancient pagan religions, or of any of the religions which antedate or are different from their own. But the very fact that the essential features of every religion are the same, and that anciently, as now, it had exclusive reference to "the fear and reverence of a god," or to "some system of faith and worship," and not to moral character or righteous conduct, is evidence conclusive that all religions were for the only purpose of propitiating the anger and conciliating the favor of their deities. There is no religion known to history that was not founded upon these fundamental principles, for without them, there could be no religion. Their deities were propitiated by sacrifices, by offerings, by formal worship, by supplications and by fulsome praise. They quaked in fear and dread of his wrath and punishments, for in his direst moods his anger waxed exceeding hot.

Go back far up the stream of time with me, and in the light of history let us draw the picture of the primitive and barbarous age of savage man. Naked, or covered with a skin, and dwelling in a cave, he outran his prey and killed it with his club. Then, roasting it upon a fire, the savory smell and taste was the summum bonum of his life. Un-

learned and grossly ignorant, he knew but nothing of nature's elements and forces and of the causes of phenomena. He saw with awe and cringing fear the awful outbursts of her devastating elements and their destructive power. He saw the lightning rend his sheltering tree, and felt the heaving earthquake and the raging cyclone's wrathful power, and, cowering, fled in terror to his den. To him these forces seemed omnipotent, wrathful, and terribly vindictive and passionate like themselves. They soon and naturally presumed those exhibitions were the work of some living monster spirit's power, and his utter helplessness and his increasing thought soon prompted the endeavor to appease their anger and conciliate their clemency. In time those dreaded powers were personified and named, and then became their tutelary gods, to whom they could only ascribe such attributes and passions as they themselves possessed. Of these, a fiery indignation and a most terrible punishment for lack of worship, praise and offerings were chief, while the escape from punishments and the hope of special blessings were the ruling motives in the selfish suppliant's heart. They saw that in their changing moods the gods would sometimes lavish on them bounteous gifts of needed good, and then almost destroy them with their earthquakes, tempests, pestilence or famine.

They had felt the ravages of some strong vindictive tribe, and knew the immunity and favors they had gained by suppliant cries and humble prayers, and bounteous feasts of roasted savory meats and other offerings, and so they very naturally, for men on such a sensuous plane, took the same methods of propitiating their feared and anthropomorphic deities.

So when their gods burst forth in furious wrath, and direst peril threatened them, they fell upon the ground in agonizing prayers and cries for mercy, and made them offerings of all the best they had. Knowing the savory smell and taste of roasted meats, they burned whole carcasses upon a pile of stones, and, like themselves and their conciliated enemies, they thought their god was pleased and propitiated by the savory smell. In later times, as tribes grew strong and rich in flocks and herds, an ancient chronicle relates that on the completion of a gorgeous temple for their tutelary deity, their pagan chieftain burnt a monstrous pile of 120,000 sheep and 22,000 oxen that his sensuous godship might enjoy the savory smell.

Oh! what an awful sickening stench was that, which must have reeked unto the very heavens! While it did not compliment their civilization or their common sense, I have no word of censure for their

barbarous acts, as they could not rise above their low development or pagan status. But what shall we say of the boasted intelligence of more modern times, when people otherwise intelligent approve such pagan acts and seem to think the eternal spirit enjoyed the smell and was propitiated by the wicked waste and such an awful stink?

Anger, vengeance and retribution were the first and most dreaded attributes of all the pagan deities, so that their propitiation was the main essential feature in all the world's religions. They knew the power of praise and homage with their chiefs and kings, and laudatory praise was very natural.

In time these acts of praise and worship became periodic, regular and very sacred. They were held upon a certain day, when all the tribe assembled in a grove or sacred place to offer up their savory roasts, their formal worship and their prayers and praise. Their time of worship thus became a sacred holy day; but as each tribe had its own and separate deity, each had a different day. At first, the senior patriarch assumed the right to burn the meat and lead the services, and then a favored family was set apart whose sons should do the sacred work officially, and thus the work and office of the priest began. Their priestly offices, their forms of worship, their ritualistic service and observances, became their sacred systems of religion; while the sacrificial pile of stones, the grove, the tent or house, and especially the day of worship, became as holy as their deity. It can be readily observed, therefore, that the origin and existence of religion antedates all civilization, and that the savage, barbarous tribes had a priest long before they had a mason or a carpenter, and a religion long centuries before they had any knowledge of either morals, art or science.

PART II.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, as Professor Max Muller has said, "He that knows but one religion knows none." For while very many think that theirs is a "new religion," and was founded by Jesus, a study of "comparative religions" would soon satisfy them that every single doctrine, ordinance and feature of their religion antedates the times of Moses and Abraham, and that through all the centuries there has been but little change. In all their main and vital features they have always been the same. The priests and prophets assumed that their God revealed his will to them, and thus they gave commands and statutes in his name. These were the holy laws of their religion, and held to be the very words of God. After being rudely engraved upon papyri or dressed skins, they were the "sacred

writings" of that people. Their children were diligently taught and indoctrinated into those sacred laws and forms of worship, so that in time religion became as constitutional and natural as ignorance, superstition and fear.

Each tribe or nation had its own especial tutelary deity, as each required its especial favors in blessing them or in punishing their enemies. But while each different religion, then as now, had its own deity, there was of necessity a similarity in the attributes and passions of all ordinances, rites and forms of worship, for the obvious reason that the inventive mind of man is limited to ideas suggested by his own personality and environment. There is not a deity known to mythology or history that was not altogether anthropomorphic, and through all the ages the fundamental principles and features of every religion have been the same. Crystallized by a thousand centuries of reverential fear, they have stubbornly resisted every effort to supplant them with the divine principles of righteousness. They have always sought to establish an eternal camp at every milestone of the world's determined progress, and its own enforced but reluctant advance.

In a careful study of comparative religions, the stubborn fact becomes almost painfully apparent that all the religions of today, "whether in heathen or in Christian lands," embrace the same essential features as the religions of ancient times.

First—For all the gods of every age have been equally anthropomorphic, and sometimes bloodthirsty and wrathful and full of vengeance and bitter punishments.

Second—All have been equally susceptible to change, to importunity, and to laudatory praise.

Third—There has been the same necessity for their propitiation, of obtaining their forgiveness and mercy and of winning their favor.

Fourth—Their suppliants' bended knees, through fear of punishments, with cries and prayers, have always been the same.

Fifth—The same carnal ordinance of sacraments and holy feasts, of circumcisions, baptisms and the observance of sabbaths, holy days and new moons, with times of special worship and petition, have been the essential principles in all the world's religions since history began.

Sixth—The same unnatural and insane delirium and organism of the sensuous system has always characterized religious worship, from the savage orgies of barbarous man and the shameless dancing of David, down to the mesmeric and hysterical religion and epidemical

insanity of modern "revivals." The influence of St. Augustine's theology has given character to the "Christian religion" from that day to this, as history informs us that "he compacted the truths of religion into a system with a logic whose severity is only relieved by the glow of his eloquence and the fervor of his piety." And that eminent bishop has left this statement of fact: "The same thing which is now called Christian religion existed among the ancients. They have begun to call 'Christian' the true religion which existed before."

Religion and righteousness are so fundamentally different that the more a person has of one the less he must necessarily have of the other. Either one or the other will dominate and give character to the man.

Paul recognized the fact as he saw the many altars to the numerous gods of Athens, and said: "Athenians, I perceive that you are much devoted to the worship of the gods;" while another reading says: "I perceive that you are very religious. But our common version says, "I perceive that you are too superstitious." Now, scholars inform us that these different readings are interchangeable and equally correct, which is but cumulative proof of the evident fact that "worshiping the gods" and "religion" and "superstition" are one and the same thing and are convertible terms.

Every worshiper forms an idea of his deity in his mind, and that ideal is the thing he worships. And to worship that mental conception is no less idolatrous than to worship the materialized ideal or conception, as the Chinaman does.

If the supreme power was a personality even, the practice of his own divine attribute of righteousness by his offspring must be as much more acceptable to him as it would be beneficial to ourselves and to our fellow men. For in that way alone can man attain to real righteousness and usher in the reign of righteousness and peace and good will among men.

The statement of James that "pure and undefiled religion is to assist the widows and orphans" is not a definition of religion, but of righteousness. And no theologian would accept it as a true and complete definition of his religion, as it includes neither faith, ordinances, observances nor worship. I am very well aware that very many religious people are also full of benevolence, charity and deeds of kindness, but this is very far from being the result of their religion, for it has no such power or influence upon the heart. Nothing can equal or take the place of righteousness in purifying and ennobling the hu-

man soul. Ecclesiastical creeds and systems, the observance of sabbaths and holy days, and baptisms and sacraments and ritualistic forms of worship is "pure religion," or religion only. And every one of them had their origin and existence many long centuries before the Christian era among the pagan and heathen nations of a remote antiquity.

Could the people know these facts of history, their estimation of their importance and sanctity would rapidly decline. To show these facts conclusively would require copious extracts from a voluminous history, but space will only permit a very few.

Far back in ancient times the days were numbered by sevens and consecrated to the sun, moon and other deities, and from whom they still retain their names. All the principal nations of antiquity regarded "seven" as a sacred number, and kept the seventh day as a sabbath and holy day, as the Israelites subsequently did. From time immemorial the seventh day was sacred to Saturn, one of the oldest and principal deities, and from whom Saturday was named. The Hindoos, Persians, Egyptians and other nations kept the seventh day as Saturn, sabbath or rest, long before the days of Moses. In the ruins of ancient Nineveh a celebrated explorer and archaeologist says: "I discovered, among other things, a curious religious calendar of the Assyrians, in which every month is divided into four weeks, and the seventh days or sabbaths are marked out as days on which no work was to be done."

The Acadians, many centuries ago, kept holy the 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th of each month as *salum* (rest), on which certain works were forbidden.

The Egyptians assigned a day of the week to the sun, moon and five planets, and the number seven was held in great reverence. Homer and Hesiod speak of the seventh day as sacred to Saturn and call it "the holy day." The "sun day" was the most celebrated pagan festival of antiquity. The old idea of the sabbath among the Jews was to remind them of their deliverance from bondage, for "remember that you were bondsmen in Egypt," therefore, "remember the sabbath day" were correlated terms. But after the adoption of the Babylonian cosmogony, the celebration of the sabbath was placed on entirely new grounds. While there is no mention in the New Testament of any sabbath being obligatory, Paul, allowing the Romans to do as they pleased (Rom. xiv: 5-9), while he was deeply grieved because the Galatians observed the "sabbath days," feeling that he "had bestowed

upon them labor in vain," and told the Colossians that no man had the right to judge them "in respect of the sabbath days," yet the Jewish disciples of Peter continued to observe the seventh day.

But Constantine, who was a sun worshiper, and hated the Jews, and, like other pagans, had always observed the sun day, publicly ordered that day to supplant the Jewish sabbath. And thus the great pagan festival in honor of the sun was transformed into a Christian holy day.

"Easter" derived its name from the heathen goddess of spring, in honor of whom a festival was celebrated at or near the vernal equinox from time immemorial. It indicated that the death of winter had "passed over," and the life of spring had "arisen from the dead."

The "eucharist" was instituted and observed by most of the ancient nations, long centuries before the time of Christ. The ancient Egyptians annually celebrated the resurrection of their god and savior, Osiris, at which time they commemorated his death by the eucharist. The cake and wine were first consecrated by the priest, when they became the veritable flesh and blood of their god. In the ancient religion of Persia, the religion of their mediator and savior, Mithra, those who became members took the sacrament of bread and wine. The adherents of the grand lama in ancient Tartary and Thibet "offered to their god a sacrament of bread and wine." Melchizedek, "a priest of the most high god," the sun, brought to Abraham "bread and wine" as the mystic elements of divine presence. Rev. Robert Taylor says, "The Eleusinian mysteries or sacrament of the Lord's supper was the most august of all the pagan ceremonies, celebrated more especially by the Athenians in honor of Ceres, the goddess of corn, who in allegorical language had given us her flesh to eat—as Bacchus, the god of wine, in a like sense, had given us his blood to drink." In fact, the communion of bread and wine was used in the worship of almost every important deity. Pythagoras speaks of performing the sacrament, and the immortal Cicero mentions and wonders at the strangeness of that ancient and heathen rite. He says: "How can a man be so stupid as to imagine that which he eats to be a god?"

These stubborn facts of history troubled the early "fathers of the church" and various methods of explanation were adopted. Justin Martyr, in explanation of the similarity of the heathen and Christian mysteries, says: "It having reached the devil's ears that the prophets had foretold of the coming of the son of God, he set the heathen

to work to counterfeit the ceremonies and sacraments which our Lord afterward instituted." Other church historians have left similar statements, and Mosheim acknowledges that the "heathen mysteries" were adopted by the early church, "to give the Christian religion a mystic air, and to put it upon an equal footing, in point of dignity, with that of the pagans." He further says "they used the very terms employed in the heathen mysteries, and adopted some of the rites and ceremonies of which the renowned Greek and Roman mysteries consisted." He especially refers to the "holy sacrament" as the most important of the "mysteries" thus "adopted." But the material from history overburdens us by its volume, and we need only say that while Jesus doubtless ate his last passover with his disciples, the statements "this is my body" and "this is my blood" and "do this in remembrance of me," were doubtless inserted by the writer, or writers, of the gospels, and other copyists, to give authority for the mystic sacrament as copied from the Roman and other ancient "mysteries."

Baptism for the remission of sins and as an initiatory and purifying rite was practiced by the ancient Brahmins, the followers of Zoroaster, the Egyptians, in the Mithraic mysteries, and in other religions. Rev. J. P. Sundy, a thorough Christian writer who has made ancient religions a special study, says: "John the Baptist simply adopted and practiced the universal custom of sacred bathing in a river, for the remission of sins. Christ sanctioned it, and the church inherited it from his example." The Brahmins immersed in a river, which they and the Persians (and other nations) religiously venerated. Herodotus says: "They neither spit nor wash their hands in a river, nor defile it with urine, nor do they allow any one else to do so, as they pay extreme veneration to all rivers." The Christian father Tertullian says: "The rite of baptism was administered in the Mithraic mysteries during initiation. They were promised the remission of sins and they were marked with the sacred sign (the cross) on the forehead." He, like Justin Martyr, believed it to be the work of the devil.

St. Augustine says of the ancient mysteries, "The cross and baptism were never parted."

The cross, as a sacred and religious symbol, has been used and adored by almost every nation of antiquity. They have been found on Egyptian monuments, and Socrates says it was found in the ruins of the ancient temple of Serapis. To the student of history and ancient religions, the fact becomes almost painfully evident that the

divine ethics of Jesus were subsequently systematized and turned into a "religion" by incorporating into it the observances, ordinances and symbols of ancient paganism, so that all that makes it a "religion" is what was borrowed and adopted from the ancient religions. Eusebius says that during his bishopric controversies arose as to whether members should be received "by the ancient custom of the first Christians with prayer and the laying on of hands, or by the heathen custom of baptism for the remission of sins." If these are facts of history, they should be known, for there can be no benefit in believing an error, believe it as firmly as we may. But while religions are continually changing and passing away, righteousness, like charity, never changes, but abideth forever. But space would fail me to tell of the unnumbered millions who have been murdered, persecuted and tortured in the name of the spirit of religion. The ten crusades alone almost depopulated Europe, and filled the land with the fiendish cruelties of a literal hell, by the insane delusions of religion. The writer of the book of Matthew might, with equal truth, have made Jesus say that "of religion shall be required all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the blood of righteous Abel unto the blood of Zacharias, son of Baruch, who was slain in the middle of the temple," 34 years after the death of Jesus. Doubtless the religions of the world have been conservators of morals, although very many of its leaders have been grossly immoral. They have been promulgators of learning, while they have kept the world under darkness of sacred superstition and of sanctified paganism. They have been protectors of the unfortunate, while the earth has been filled with the bitter cries of its inhuman intolerance and persecutions. But their authority and power are rapidly waning as a knowledge of their origin increases, while the sun of reason and righteousness is slowly rising in the moral heavens to dissipate the paganism of the long, dark night of ignorance, superstition and fear. We are fast learning that we are the products and offspring of Nature, in which we live and have our being. And through that knowledge the world will yet come into a universal brotherhood, and righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

CREDO VS. AMO.

BY C. ELTON BLANCHARD.

IT is a very common occurrence that those who cannot answer the arguments of scientific Liberals and who cannot maintain their supernaturalist position, to resort to that misappropriated appearance of things which would indicate that from the Christian church emanated all that is good, progressive and civilized. From the believers



C. ELTON BLANCHARD.

in the creed of orthodoxy have come all movements of reform, institutions of charity, halls of learning and agencies for charity, is the supernaturalist's argument.

When one party assumes that a result comes from a certain cause, and when the other party cannot prove the contrary, even though common sense and reason do not justify the conclusion, the claim will stand undisturbed. When the supernaturalist claims that our civilization, believing it to be something of which to be proud, is a result of Christianity, the naturalist has no way of proving that such a system of society and advancement would have developed if no Jesus had ever been born of a

virgin and conceived by the Holy Ghost or otherwise.

The stronghold of Christianity is its assumed premises and the conclusions drawn therefrom. This mysticism is something wonderful, It is the great sustainer. To illustrate, a believer in the "guiding hand" of Providence prays for some great need, or believes that he has received Providential care. For example:

Two gentlemen were traveling toward the Pacific coast. At a certain point the train divides into two sections, one taking one pass over the mountains, while the other section of the train kept on the main track. These gentlemen had tickets which entitled them to the choice of routes. So the matter became one of choice of scenery, or

other personal reason. After some consideration they both decided to keep on the main track. The other section of the train was wrecked, and when the junction was reached where the two parts of the train were to be united on the other side of the mountains, they saw the mangled bodies of the dead and the suffering of those who were injured.

"I see now why I felt some strange inclination to take the route we did. It was the hand of Providence saving me from harm." This man was a Christian.

"I felt no such mysterious influence. It was a mere happening, and a result of direct cause. Your escape was no more Providential than any other man's, even though he was in New York or Boston when the accident occurred." This man was a naturalist. They were both good men, and neither could prove the other in the wrong. Is it not so with all similar questions?

This prepares us for the consideration of creed or belief and the history of the two elements of Christianity, creed and love, and in the very limited measure of a short paper, the influence of these elements in ethics or human history.

The position of the naturalist, a term used as opposed to the word supernaturalist or Christian, is very well defined. He admits the value of the teachings of the Bible recorded as the teachings of Christ—he prefers to call this historical character Jesus. He accepts the doctrine of love as proposed by Jesus, but whose every teaching can be found in the records of the older sages, such as the Buddah, Confucius and others. The naturalist holds that the living of these principles of ethics has, in spite of creed, been the course of all the good we observe as resultant from Christianity. The naturalist claims that the world's progress has been retarded by its creeds and that love has wrought out all its great achievements with the mill-stone of creed hanging about its neck.

The supernaturalists ignore the demands of naturalists for proof or reason for the claims made by Christianity, so it therefore becomes our duty to assume the aggressive. Naturalists ask for proof of the existence of soul, ego-immortality, and scores of other leading tenets of creed, but they get no answer. When the application of the principles is made to the social institutions the Christian has the advantage of organization, and working forces. Both want the same results—better living, better society. Christians will not admit in fellowship the Free Thinker, if he de-

nounces the creed of the Bible and its unnatural origin. If society should ever fall into a state of decay and our present systems fall—events which have occurred in the history of other Christian nations—the church would claim it the work of unbelievers and a direct dispensation or punishment of Providence.

Without further discussion of the attitude of the two schools, or their several theories, we will attempt to search history a little to show how men have been influenced by creed, past and present.

When Jesus was no longer on earth and when those who espoused the religion or the ethics he taught were seeking to win new converts and followers, a great necessity arose for a record of his life and teaching. It was also necessary to make these writings as effective as possible. Great difficulties and opposition had to be overcome. It was natural that exaggeration and even innocent—yes, intended—misrepresentation should be used. The study of these books and their respective histories has been taken up very diligently of late—too much so to please the orthodox church. When Paul undertook to introduce the new system into Rome he greatly revised and modified the teachings of the founder, Jesus. Now begins the dreadful story of creed. Had Paul obeyed Jesus, when he commanded, "Cast not your pearls before swine," it might have been better, for Jesus never sought to convert the Gentiles. It was a great mistake—one of the mistakes of Paul. What a time that must have been! Church men were keen and energetic. They fawned to power; connived and schemed. They organized and worked. It meant everything to those who wore the insignia of Christ. The year 52 A. D. saw the church opened to the world. Men of letters were busy in these early centuries. Cellus wrote, Tacitus wrote, many others also, a true history of these years of great contention, but crafty priests saw to it that no trace of their work remained to tell the story of the victory of creed over love in the great system of Jesus. Soon it became less and less of love and more and more of creed. The contests for bishoprics at Rome ended in warfare. The streets ran with blood, so history tells us. St. Jerome and other good men have made confessions of the many practices employed by the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus to secure legacies from dying men and women, and numerous other evil practices of creed disciples.

The philosophy of these believers in Jesus as a part of the Trinity was simple enough—"There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ." There was no crime which was not committed in the name

of him who said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." The wars, the massacres, the burnings and tortures for opinion's sake were all directly resultant from the subjection of love and the supremacy of creed.

"Yes," said the cruel agent of the horrible mother of the king of France, when St. Bartholomew's massacre was on, "Yes, I am a soldier of the cross," and he thrust his blade into the hearts of his innocent victims. Today we have the same spirit. Many men are pious victims of creed, and yet they lack the first elements of Jesus' religion of love.

Paul, the author of more creed than any other Bible writer, says distinctly: "If the wickedness of man benefit the righteous cause of God, what shall we say? (Rom., iii.) If the truth of God be more plain or the church more useful by means of lies, deceit and trickery, why shall those who do these things be judged sinners?"

So the world became the poor and helpless victim of this philosophy. It was but a step from creed to greed. Brute force—war, desolation—the Dark Ages. Creed had won. Paul, with his harmful philosophy working together with the circumstances of the time, did his terrible work.

But love, a very little here and there, was working here and there. Love often went hand in hand with superstition, but love was at work. The few glimmering sparks were finally kindled into a brighter glow. Science said: Dear sister, I will help thee. And love smiled. Europe once more became the abode of races of men equal in many respects to their predecessors. Learning was revived. The arts were again brought to light. Ships set prows into unknown seas. Love was gaining great conquests. Seeing this, cunning creed again creeps into the places of trust. The church throttles the state. The progress of love, however, has gone too far. With joyous leaps the American nations have come into being. The struggle has been constant. The fights have been many and fierce. But men are too far along to care any longer for the cunning threats of creed. They are not afraid of burning hells or beves of devils. They have little respect for the tribal God of the Jews. They have more respect for the great teacher, experience, and the principles of love as set forth by any good man—Jesus, Confucius or Plato. Reason is on the throne. Science points the way. We are coming at last to realize the terrible work of Paul and the great injury he did to the religion of Jesus. We believe more and more that Jesus was a Stoic. We believe that those who live most truly his doctrines are Stoics. If we had had no Paul we would have

had the religion of the Stoics, instead of the creed religion of the Christian church, with all its inconsistent philosophy. We are drifting happily into the old and beautiful religion of the Greek and Roman Stoics.

A Stoic says the act is only to be judged by the motive. Could anything be more just than this? Of course this would not suit creed.

Stoicism said men should do good independent of the surrounding circumstances; that virtue should be sought for virtue's sake; that we should live in harmony with nature, or law; that the leading virtues are wisdom, knowledge, learning, courage, justice, temperance—aided by science and weighed by reason. This was the religion of Confucius, Buddhah, Jesus. It is the religion of all good men today, whether they call themselves Christian or Pagan. This religion has no creed; it has only love. It asks: What is truth? not What do you believe?

Is it any wonder creed has now to struggle in every conceivable manner to live? Is it any wonder that only a small per cent of this great nation are church communicants?

Paul, who said it was better to marry than to burn, meaning that it was the next thing to going to hell to marry, who has done mankind, especially womankind, an unmeasurable injury; the author of creed, the father of dogma, the greatest among great superstitionists, what can be said of him? Nothing, nothing! Peace to his sleep—he caused no end of war, but a true Stoic would say, we will offer the thought of the Master he supposedly served, "Forgive him, for he knew not what he did."

Creed is dying, love lives! Away with dogma! Let the church bells peal out the good news—Peace on earth; creed is dead, love reigns.

Then gather the children in schools, churches and places of ethical culture; organize and specialize all the forces for good. Great is the glory of human love! Creed is no more.

"THE FALL OF MAN."

BY HENRY J. MARGERUM.

FROM the beginning of the sixteenth century Christians have believed that the Holy Bible was God's unchangeable word, and that reason should be smothered whenever it conflicted with it. To doubt the truth of a single word, to add to or take from it, would result in their just damnation. These false ideas have been handed down from generation to generation and taught to little children who were too young to think for themselves. As a natural result of such bigotry, we find that the great mass of Christendom today have implicit faith in the Holy Bible.

To fully comprehend the Bible we should study it as we do any other ancient history, remembering its age and contemporaneous mythology, employing our reason, which we are expected to use in such matters. Many intelligent scholars regard the story of "man's fall" as a pagan myth. The Christian church, however, consider it a sacred truth and the great event of the Bible. They call our attention to the fact that the whole account of man's fall occupies only a part of one chapter, while all the rest of the Bible was written to help him up. Let us examine this inspired allegory, which the wise theologians have taken for the foundation of the doctrine known as the "fall of man." Many years ago God created the earth out of nothing. "He made the stars, also," but perhaps this last matter is too insignificant to mention. "He also made a man out of dust," and "God planted a garden, and he took the man and put him in the Garden of Eden to dress it, and to keep it," and he said to the man: "You may eat your fill of everything that grows in the garden except the tree of knowledge." Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field." One day Eve, while roaming in the garden, was met by the serpent. "And he said unto the woman, 'Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?'" We must infer that this loquacious serpent could also walk, fly or navigate in some peculiar manner, for when the Lord God cursed the serpent He said, "Upon thy belly shalt thou go," and we may conclude that it walked as the poet says, "with a tender grace," while its voice must have been sweet and musical. Eve must have often seen it walking and talking in the garden.

We do not find that she was startled or disturbed in the least when the serpent addressed her. Probably he was munching one of the luscious apples himself when he informed her that she "would surely die. For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened; and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat." Eve's first thought was that her husband might share with her all the good things of life.

"And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden." This marvelous feat was enough to startle them, and they hid themselves. It was a new and strange phenomena, "They heard the voice walking in the cool of the day," and the Lord God, who knew all things and saw all things, "Called unto Adam, Where art thou?" And Adam said, "I heard thy voice and I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself." And the Lord said, "Hast thou eaten of the tree?" and Adam said, "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat."

All noble men are ashamed of Adam's cowardly conduct, but they should have charity for him and recollect that he was the first man that the Lord God made, and with more practice better results might be expected. "He said to the woman, what is this that thou hast done? and Eve said, The serpent beguiled me and I did eat." Then this loving Father got angry, and this is putting it very mild. The history of the world fails to record anything like his relentless and eternal anger. The Lord God said to this champion walking serpent, "Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life." Natural history furnishes no account of dirt-feeding snakes, and Adam lived to reach the respectable old age of nine hundred and thirty years before he died. I submit that these statements reveal the Lord God in the disreputable character of a fabricator. Eve's age and death are not recorded, and woman occupies a degraded position throughout the Bible as a consequence of this tradition of the fall of man. And then this loving Father in his great and loving kindness cursed the woman also, and most cruel and bitter. He said, "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow: in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children, and thy husband shall rule over thee." And then this magnificent and loving Father said to Adam, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake. In sorrow shalt thou

eat of it all the days of thy life." This adorable God was firm but not hasty in his wrath. He delayed the unrighteous punishment long enough to skin the animals in the garden. It is not written that he killed any of the animals in his anger, but he procured the skins in some way, perhaps he skinned the animals alive. "And he made coats of skins for Adam and Eve and clothed them." We can realize that it "was a cold day" for Adam and Eve. Hell had been created with all things, and pronounced very good by the Lord God, but probably its fires had not been kindled and no steam heating plant had begun operations. "So he drove out the man; and He placed at the east of the Garden of Eden a cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life." This is the fable of Eden, containing the account of man's fall, and according to the orthodox rendering, all mankind are involved in the curse which followed Adam's sin. Isaac Watts has described man's condition in the following hymn, which true believers with angelic faith love to sing:

Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin;
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race and taints us all.

What woman of our acquaintance, while walking in a garden, would stop and chat with a serpent? On the contrary, would she not fly, at the first sound of his voice, to a place of safety?

Just what this perambulating and garrulous tempter was, we cannot say. It seems to be one of those divine conundrums which exist in such abundance in the Bible and have to be spiritually discerned by faith. It might have been a she creature who had cherished a hope to be selected as a helpmeet for Adam on the great day of the parade, and in its cruel disappointment had determined to be revenged on Adam by tempting poor Eve. How the serpent came to be in the garden "the Lord only knows." He made the serpent and arranged all the details concerning "the fall of man," and everything occurred exactly as he in his infinite wisdom and love had ordained, and the Bible says "He doth all things well," but why he should cultivate the wonderful tree of knowledge, with its luscious fruit for no one to eat, is indeed a mystery. What a blessing to the world it would be if these trees of knowledge could be procured now and one of them planted in front of every Christian church in the world, so that the eyes of the people might be opened!

The early Christian fathers claimed that "the earth was smooth as an egg, that it contained no mountains or valleys before the fall of man." Andrew White says that John Wesley in one of his sermons says "that before the sin of Adam there were no such things as volcanoes or burning mountains, no earthquakes, but all was unmoved as the pillars of heaven. Birds, beasts and insects did not devour or hurt one another. The spider was then as harmless as the fly and did not then lie in wait for blood." Dr. Adam Clark insisted that "thorns and thistles appeared upon the earth for the first time after Adam's fall." And we have always been taught by the church "That in Adam's sin we all j'ined in." As God knew all things, he knew they would eat the fruit before he planted the garden. It had been arranged that the serpent should tempt them and that they would be caught in the trap set for them. They sampled the apples and were doomed to perdition. Christian scholars tell us that Satan entered into the serpent. If this is true, was it not a case of injustice to curse the serpent? If this was Satan's first work upon our earth, is it not a fair question to ask, Why did not the Lord God destroy the enemy of all mankind then and there and protect his inexperienced children?

If God had punished Adam only for his disobedience, we would not protest, but when he damns all mankind for Adam's sake, it seems very unjust. We have been taught that he could not be unjust, but if "all things are possible with him," injustice would be included. The terrible revenge this loving Father takes on all his innocent and helpless children, for this trifling offense of Adam and Eve, paralyzes us with its horrible inequity. No earthly father would visit such remorseless vengeance on his children. If the doctrine of the fall of man had not been forced upon an ignorant world, the church would have had no use for a hell and no need of a crucified Savior, and thousands of innocent men and women would never have been cruelly put to death to propagate the dogmas of the church. It is amazing that so many good people believe this fable. In contemplating the character of this Bible God, I feel sure that any of my readers can imagine a more humane God. One who would have protected his innocent children, and a God who would have lifted them up if they had fallen. How can we conceive of that great power that controls the universe as being in any way connected with the antiquated collection of myths and fables called the Holy Bible? Christians think they believe it, but they pray continually for an increase of

faith, and they try to believe every word between its covers, but they sometimes puzzle over its dark mysteries, as the following story from Puck demonstrates: Two colored deacons were returning from church where they had listened to a sermon on the fall of man, when Deacon Wolverton suddenly remarked: "An' jis t'ink of Adam an' Eve frowin' away de garden of Eben fer a apple!" And Deacon Paunchly replied: "Dat's so! I could understan' it if it wuz er watahmillyun."

The whole world has been explored to find the garden of Eden and many nations have claimed to possess it. It has been located in the vicinity of the north pole, while our colored brother places it in Africa and affirms that Adam was a colored man. Adam and Eve were totally ignorant of good and evil; they had no knowledge of sorrow or death. In view of this, how unrighteous seems the eternal punishment for their very first offense! The fall of man is one of the foundations of the Christian faith, but there is absolutely no testimony on earth to confirm the truth of this fabulous dogma; it is a monstrous and hideous nightmare and it should not be tolerated among intelligent people. Neither should the minds of innocent children be poisoned with such degrading slander concerning the great source of all life. If further proof were needed to show that this childish tale of the fall of man was of no value, it could be traced back to the astrology of the ancient Persians, which existed thousands of years before one word of the Hebrew Bible was written.

The disobedience of Adam and Eve could not affect the rest of mankind, even supposing this unreasonable tale to be true. It is a self-evident truth that "every one will reap whatsoever they sow." Charles Darwin, the eminent scientist, has proved that no such event as the "fall of man" has ever occurred; on the contrary, man has risen from the lowest to become the highest form of animal life upon the globe. Many intelligent ministers have accepted the theory of evolution, which completely demolishes the foundations of the Christian faith, but they have not the courage to give up a good salary, an easy, pleasant life, and step down and out, and earn an honest living in the world.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

WHATEVER IS, IS BEST.

BY LUCIUS C. WEST.



LUCIUS C. WEST.

FOR me, I want the sun to
shine,
My neighbor wishes for the rain;
What brings a comfort unto me,
May rack another's soul with
pain.
Come rain or shine, come weal or
woe,
In every wind some blessings blow.
Some need the luxuries of life,
While some contented are with
crust.
The snow and rain alike doth fall
Upon the erring and the just.
Come rain or shine, come weal or
woe,
In every wind some blessings blow.

I'll be contented with my lot,
And do the work that's nearest me.
God cannot change His mighty laws,
To stay the tempest, calm the sea,
Come rain or shine, come weal or woe,
In every wind some blessings blow.
Upon life's sea my bark must sail.
If I am stranded, then 'tis best
For me, and all, whate'er betide,
And other hearts shall meet the test.
Come rain or shine, come weal or woe,
In every wind some blessings blow.

I know not what the years may bring,
 But I can face what Fate may send,
 And trust the Power that placed me here
 Without my will, best aid to lend.
 Come rain or shine, come weal or woe,
 In every wind some blessings blow.

THE OLD AND THE NEW!

BY HANS O. STOCKHAN.

RELIGION is the great regret,
 The blemish of the past.
 It taints the deeds on history's page,
 And breatheth Hell's own blast.
 It hath corrupted many a man,
 And woman it enslaved;
 It wears the mocking smile of ruin,
 Assuming virtue—though depraved.
 What is more odious than a priest?
 Effeminate, shaven monk,
 The ogre of the innocent souls,
 "God's greatest work" most shrunk.
 Why does the dire Apocalypse
 Dread truth and wholesome light?
 And why does God, the merciful,
 Make us with evil fight?
 And why does He once come in peace,
 And then with fire and sword?
 First as a welcome Prince of Love,
 Then as a most dread Lord?
 And as I read through time's recorded,
 How man his brother slew
 For the love of his creation,
 I lament his blinded view.
 Then religion's musty odors,
 From illumined parchments old,
 Stagnate the living present,
 With their clammy theories cold.

But a ray of Free Thought sunshine
Leads light to the dungeon's deep;
And dries the damp contagion
That murders the unknowing sheep.

So we hail, with glory, the dawning,
Erecting a structure new,
Which we build on the firm foundation
Of Free Thought, clean and true.

Indianapolis, Ind.

NATURE.

BY REV. WILLIAM G. BABCOCK.

WHETHER we look back or forward, we are deeply impressed with the greatness and goodness of nature. She manifests her power in everything that exists, from the lowest material to the highest organisms. We behold her glorious power in the sunlight and in human genius. The stars of inconceivable magnitude and the human beacon-lights of civilization are equally the works of Nature. Man is as much a work of Nature as the ocean and the sky. Nature herself is incomprehensible, but all her operations are of a developing character. Even the world revealed to us by our senses, the vegetable, mineral, animal world, has stages of evolution, made more conspicuous in the unfolding of humanity from the pre-human period. Nature herself had no beginning and will have no end. The immanence of nature in all her works is the only adequate explanation of the glory, beauty and wonders of the material and moral universe. In proportion to our intellectual and moral development we realize the presence, the wisdom and the goodness of Nature. The marvelous correlation and adaptation of all forms of Nature to each other prove the universe to be invested with one and the same power and disposition. Mankind have done their best from age to age to account for modes and motions, and even to this day, everything that man cannot do is ascribed to a masculine Deity, a Creator, a Superintendent, a Supernatural Mechanic and Monarch, but more observation and reflection have discarded mythological conceptions of the source of all things. That latent power, wisdom and goodness are in reserve in the universe, revealing themselves more and more in what is taking place, seems a better conclusion than the hypothesis of a personal and infinite Father in heaven.

The more versed we are in geology, astronomy, history of man, and the constitution of man, the more insufficient are former theories of theism, polytheism and atheism. The economy of Nature transcends

the scope of our reason and imagination, and yet we know enough to warrant our admiration, gratitude and co-operation. The laws of Nature are evidently immutable and beneficent. It is possible even to love and obey them fast as we are aware of them, and in so doing escape undesirable suffering and ascend in worthiness and happiness. Already the human products of Nature in ancient and modern times in India, Greece and Rome, in the middle ages and since the declaration of the right of private judgment, excite our wonder, praise and adoration.

Contemplating the natural gifts and achievements of great men and women in philosophy, literature, fine arts and mechanics excites the same uplifted emotions that we experience viewing the heavens, walking in sun-lighted groves, and on mountain land. Nature exhibits herself to great advantage in the inextinguishable affection of the sexes for each other, and the resultant ties of domestic and social life—and, perhaps, the best of all, in the unbreakable strength of moral principles and persistence in seeking the general welfare. It is just as natural to be good and do good, as to eat and drink. It is just as natural to be unselfish as selfish. It is only a matter of cultivation, of heredity and environments.

It is Nature, too, that asserts herself in instances of depravity, luxury, pride, corruption, decline and ruin, as well as in the heroic martyrdom of reformers. It used to be quite a puzzle to find out who made God, and who made the evil one, and why was sin permitted, and even now many shrink from ascribing anything wrong or evil to God or Nature, but with the light shed by knowledge and experience, by expansion of conscience and heart, we may safely say, "It is eternal and uncreated Nature herself which is responsible for both good and evil, ignorance and wisdom, and that the workings thereof through pleasure and pain for the gain of man proves the justifiableness of her course. All things work together for human progress.

The ascent of man is not a matter of coercion or miracle, but of free will, experience and acquirement. Every possible experiment in science, art, government and socialism is justifiable. No one person or era can do well rounded justice to human capability. However great were Alexander, Napoleon, Caesar or Grant, Socrates, Dante, Angelo and Franklin were needed to supplement their service to the common weal. Augustine, Leo and Calvin promulgated religious ideas to be supplemented by Shakespeare, Handel and Wagner. Nature is not satisfied with one-sided culture nor with the achievements of the past. The progressive unfolding of our reason conscience and heart is of more power and influence than alleged fixed standards or infallible revelations of the past.

Nature recognizes no sovereign outside of her universal domain. She is sufficient unto herself, and is in constant communion with every portion of the universe, especially in the constitution of man.

She gratifies and increases our deep religious emotions, our desires for perfection, our hopes of success, our gratitude, not by our appealing to an outside personal God, but by our love and obedience of her laws, by using our natural powers to discover those laws—the physical, the intellectual, the moral, the social laws of her universal sovereignty and co-operating with them with all our might. This seems a more intelligible course than addressing our wants to a personal God.

Dorchester, Mass.

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AN HONORABLE ADJUSTMENT OF OPINIONS.

BY THOMAS J. MAC NAMEE.

I HAVE just read the April number of the Magazine. It is an admirable number, and I congratulate you upon the ever-increasing improvement in its columns. Touching the criticism of Dr. Morrison of my admittedly, and designedly, severe article on Mr. Snow's abuse of Jesus of Nazareth (and more especially of his gentle mother), which appeared in the columns of the Magazine, I have to remark that I have no fault to find with my critic or his criticism. Much of what he says is just and to the point. My article, rapidly dashed off in the heat of a sincerely felt indignation, looked in my own eyes, when seen in cold type, as unnecessarily severe, pregnant with entirely too many adjectives, and of rather too personal a nature. It would have been in better taste, and quite sufficient for the purpose in view, to have simply denounced the December attack as scurrilous—which, I maintain, it certainly was—and with the earnest appeal to reject all articles of an abusive character in the future, have stopped right there. So far I agree with my own critic, Dr. Morrison. But that gentleman is himself laboring under a misapprehension, though a quite natural one, in assuming that I maintained the truthfulness of the Biblical narrative of the supernatural birth of Jesus to be established beyond question. Another reading of that article will, I am confident, convince Dr. M. that, so far from that being true, I admitted the possibility not only of its probably fabulous character, but that the historical evidence we have of the actual existence of Jesus of Nazareth had been doubted by many great scholars and thinkers; that his lofty character was thought by many to be an ideal character. Furthermore, he will see that I pointed to the admirable articles of Mr. E. D. Davis as tending to explain how the real character of Jesus—if it was a real character—came to be distorted into a supernatural one, and, therefore, with this and other evidence appearing in the Magazine itself, of which Mr. Snow was presumably a subscriber, the latter had no sort of excuse for his communication. As to the reference by Dr. M. in respect of the "Adorable Mother" expression in my communication, I have only to remark

that whether the character of that gentle lady be considered ideal, or real, it is indeed "adorable"—adorable in its purity and innocence, adorable in its motherhood, adorable in its gentleness and patience under reproof, and adorable in its anguish and suffering at the foot of the cross of her dying son. If to love and revere the character of such a woman, be it real or ideal, is to be under the influence of the "superstition of the Middle Ages," Dr. M. is quite right—I am still under that influence, and I hope I may ever be.

I am but an humble searcher after truth. But, "What is truth?" has been the question of all the ages. It is best to go slowly, and not be so dead sure we know it all. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy," said the greatest mind of earth (in the opinion of Ingersoll). For myself, I am in great doubt. I am an Agnostic. I admit I do not know. I am earnestly searching after all the little grains of truth I can find, and wherever I may find them. I read everything that comes my way, and listen to anybody who has a thought and knows how to decently express it. Shakespeare, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Ingersoll, Bishop Butler, Phillips Brooks, Gladstone, George Eliot, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Draper, the Bible Buckle, and *The Free Thought Magazine* are all numbered among my dear friends. I read and study them all. *The Free Thought Magazine* is a welcome visitor, for it has contained many able discussions and valuable thoughts. Dr. M. and myself, and, I doubt not, the majority of its readers, are as one in agreeing that while willingly admitting all lines of thought and speculation, it should rigidly exclude all personalities and scurrility. *The Free Thought Magazine* has been singularly free from everything of that nature, and I was, therefore, the more surprised at the notorious exception in the December number. However, we may all feel assured that it will never occur again, and "All's well that ends well."

EDITORIAL NOTE.

And now the editor is willing to take the most of the blame upon his own shoulders. We published Mr. Snow's article in the December number before giving it a careful perusal, and then, when we saw it was a little too irreverent, we took it for granted that Mr. MacNamee's was just the thing, as heretofore he had been one of our best contributors, but when we saw it in print we concluded he deserved what Mr. Morrison wrote, and now in the article above Mr. MacNamee has closed the discussion in a most honorable manner.

THE END OF ALL THINGS NEAR AT HAND.

BY JAMES A. GREENHILL.

A FEW days ago, I met with an article in one of our local papers purporting to give some reasons to prove that the end of all things was near at hand; and that very soon we would all be knocked into smithereens. The writer of it claimed that there was at the present time, some unaccountable disturbance among the planets of our system, indicating a wind-up of all terrestrial affairs. Now, although he is careful not to say what is meant by a "disturbance among the planets," it is pretty hard to guess what such rhapsodies mean—supposing them to have a meaning. It is also hard to guess what sort of a disturbance there could be among them that could by any possibility come within the range of our knowledge, except erratic-ness in their motions. Now, we understand that an unevenness of motion was seen in the case of Uranus from 1781 to 1846, which led to the discovery of the more distant Neptune on the 23d of September, 1846. But such discoveries, instead of indicating any end to things, as some lunatic would have us believe, show to the reflecting

mind that man's brain is developing, seeing he utilizes the facts for the benefit of his fellows.



JAMES A. GREENHILL.

No doubt many persons will give heed to the nonsense contained in the article spoke of above, and that they will believe it is not so very much to be wondered at, when we take into account the hallucinations that have excited the unthinking in the past. We have all read the fiasco of the Second Adventists, Millerites, Mother Shipman, etc. And now we have the prophecy by J. B. Dimbly, of London, England, that the final wind-up is to take place in April, of next year. He does not set the day, as has been done heretofore, but any one interested may as well have their robes ready by the first

of the month so as to be sure to be in time; and if the month should pass quietly by, and Dimbly has made a little mistake in adding or subtracting, he will undoubtedly revise his figures. There will always be plenty of Dimblys and superstitious idiots to encourage them.

About a month ago the writer had a visit from a lady who

claims to be well versed in astrology, and among other things, she informed him that it was expected the planet Jupiter would soon be close to Arcturus. To me such a statement was very remarkable, seeing it was made by a person who might be supposed to know that such a thing was impossible. Jupiter, like all the planets, is in the zodiac; while Arcturus is 22 degrees north from that belt, and as the planets never leave the zodiac, one claiming to understand astrology ought to be able to see clearer.

But aside from the above, it is safe to say that there is nothing in connection with any celestial phenomena that, when digested, seems to have anything to do with terrestrial affairs. The planetary system seems to act as a family, each one of whom have all they can do to mind their own business, an example it would be well for mankind to take due notice of, and govern themselves according. And, so far as getting away from their orbit is concerned, the Great Regulator, the Sun, will manage that, and keep each in its proper place. There is no danger of collision, no possibility of annihilation of matter, and its indestructibility proves that it has always existed. And to talk of there being no more time is very foolish. There can be no cessation of time. It is impossible to conceive of a time when there will be no time. Time is the present moment, or a little part, in the great beginningless and endless eternity.

These absurdities vanish when we use our brain in the study and investigation of facts. We should question the truth of everything that appears doubtful. Truth never suffers injury through investigation. The man who imagines he is looking for truth, and refuses to accept a fact because it conflicts with some previously accepted mistake, adds to his absurdities. He has not yet reached the first step necessary to a seeker for truth; he has not laid aside early prejudices.

And now in conclusion, I would like to add, as a sort of supplement to my article that appeared in the April Magazine on "The Play of the Planets," and concluding by making mention of the "Nautical Almanac." The impression formed in my mind from the receipt of one or two letters making inquiry in regard to the "Almanac," is that I have been misunderstood. My sole object in making mention of it was to show where I got a great part of my information; not wishing to have it supposed that I arrogated to myself great knowledge in mathematics, and was making any pretense that the abstruse calculations were my own. I know very little, in fact, almost nothing, of higher mathematics. My astronomy is not mathematical. It could more properly be called physical or mechanical. I love the science, but use it chiefly as a pastime. And now that the readers of the Magazine may learn something of the "Ephemeris, or Nautical Almanac," I will say that it is a publication issued yearly by the United States Naval Bureau of Equipment, at Washington, D. C. It is a book of 550 pages, each page is 10½

by 7 inches, making a volume over one inch thick inside of the covers. It is published two years ahead, for the guidance of marines. The price is one dollar per volume. It is very useful to those having telescopes, as it tells the ephemerides of the heavenly bodies, so that the amateur astronomer can always tell where to find what he seeks. Any one supposing it a small book would be mistaken. It can be obtained by stating what you want, inclosing one dollar and addressing "Office of the Nautical Almanac, Washington, D. C."

Clinton, Iowa, May 8, 1897.

HONORABLE LABOR.

BY HENRY CROUSE.

I DLE persons who are never occupied with useful employment have no just estimate of the dignity of labor. These, of course, raise an incessant hue and cry against "foreign pauper labor," because in their inmost being they despise every person that toils, whether with hand, head or heart; deeming the toiler not only inferior to themselves, but even vile and contemptible.

All right-minded persons cannot but know that it is not labor, neither foreign or native—no industrial activity, whether voluntary or involuntary, that is a menace to American prosperity or American institutions. But it is the organized greed of profit-sucking idlers, the covetousness of do-nothing cormorants of America, as well as of foreign countries, who labor not at all; who never produce one cent's worth of useful wealth, but consume and appropriate all the surplus products that humble toil produces.

No person—man, woman or child—was ever wronged by useful, honest, ennobling industry, no matter by whom performed. All human life is sustained by labor; not merely the life of the worthless dude and the arrogant money lord, but also that of the worthy poor, and the starving tramp, who even begs for the privilege of being a laborer.

America is the professed home of the free and the asylum of the oppressed of all nations. This is the spirit of true democracy.

Every man who depends upon his industry for his support is Nature's nobleman, and is deserving of the highest honors. The mere accident of a laborer's place of birth, anywhere on the face of the earth, is not a disgrace. The question to ask every man, born in Europe, Asia, Africa or America, is: Are you willing to earn for yourself an honest living?

There is no such thing as pauper labor. Labor is not a pauper; it can and it does help itself. But the plutocratic idler, the do-nothing profit-sucker, the sycophantic snob, the dependent Shylock, who all subsist on the fruits of labor's earnings—these are forever

seeking and receiving aid. These purse-proud beggars merit the contempt, the scorn, the loathing of ever honorable American citizen.

If our American statesmen were in earnest in their feigned solicitude to benefit labor, instead of being frantic with fear as to the great harm sustained by the American workingman from the "unskilled labor" performed by persons born in China, Japan or elsewhere, they would cease to legislate exclusively in the interest of native and foreign-born idlers.

It is not foreign labor that the average statesman fears. But it is the idleness of the honored foreign drones which he seeks to foster. These pseudo-statesmen want to protect the alien and native parasites—the fleas and lice that figuratively crawl on the body of American industry. The plutocratic idler who eats the bread produced by labor, voluntary or involuntary, should be branded a thief. The profit-sucker with all his ill-gotten capital, which is only the product of unpaid toil, is inferior to the tramp, whether the one or the other first saw the light of day in the city of New York, London, Frankfort or Paris. The tramp in America is the illegitimate offspring of plutocracy. Alien plutocrats ought to maintain their own worthless posterity at home, without begging American labor for support.

It is the money lords, who lust for homage, who live only to amass dollars without earning them, who are in agony for fear labor will withhold its blind worship of the golden calf; it is these capitalistic monstrosities that are a menace to the perpetuity of American democratic institutions; but labor—never.

Moab, Utah.

J. W. ROBERTS.

J. W. ROBERTS of Franklin, Ill., is our active agent for the Free Thought Magazine, and has procured for us a large club of subscribers from that town. The following is a brief sketch of his life: He was born May 10, 1843. His ancestry represents four nationalities—Scotch, Irish, German and English—a combination, he says, sufficient to produce anything, from a priest to a desperado, but, luckily for him, he has escaped either calamity. Tracing back through his ancestry he finds they were nearly all religious people; among them he finds as many as eighteen Christian preachers, so that it will be seen he inherited what may be called a religious nature.



J. W. ROBERTS.

He declares he has, by study and investigation, come to the belief that every one of the thirty-nine articles of the orthodox creed are nothing but fiction, founded in superstition, and so he has discarded all of them. In place of the old orthodox thirty-nine articles, he has a creed he can express in two words: "The Truth," which, "wherever found, on Christian or on heathen ground" he adopts—that is, whatever can be demonstrated to be the Truth, he accepts as his creed.

Mr. Roberts has strong faith that old style orthodoxy will, in a short time, be a thing of the past among thinking people. The church has already surrendered nearly all of its former strongholds, and the Liberal forces, composed of the Free Thinkers and Liberal Christians, are constantly gaining additional victories. "In the near future," he says, "rationalism is to take the place of supernaturalism and that we shall have but one infallible Bible and that will be Nature." He believes that the Religion of Nature that is to take the place of our present Orthodox Religion, will give us a much higher type of manhood. The old religion has taught that it is a crime to think and investigate; the new religion will teach, on the contrary, that thought and investigation are the requisites of all knowledge and improvement. Mr. Roberts declares that mankind has so long blindly followed the priest and clergy that many of them dare not think and examine for themselves. The clergy are guilty of the crime of pre-

tending that they know more about God than other people, which is certainly false. Mr. Roberts maintains that there should be no union of Church and State, and that every individual should be perfectly free to worship or not worship, as his conscience and reason may dictate. He says that "we have waited altogether too long for the orthodox God and orthodox church to save humanity; that if humanity is to be saved it must be accomplished by the people themselves." And Brother Roberts is a man who shows his faith by his works. As he believes in Liberalism, he thinks it his duty to talk and work for it, and do all in his power to promulgate this new gospel. We are glad to know he is a special friend of the Free Thought Magazine, and proposes to do all in his power to give it a wide circulation in his town and vicinity. We wish there were many more as enthusiastic for true Liberalism as is our esteemed friend, J. W. Roberts. May the number increase.

TO DRINK OR NOT TO DRINK.

BY CYRUS W. COOLRIDGE.

I DO not intend to discuss the question what effect alcohol has upon the human body and whether drunkenness can be defended. I take it for granted that no reader of the Free Thought Magazine ever sings the praise of the drunkard, or gets into raptures at the sight of a drunken man lying in the gutter. I hope there are very few Freethinkers in the world who disgrace themselves by an excessive use of liquor. The question which I wish to propose is, whether drinking in itself, no matter in what small quantities, can be defended.

I sometimes hear people ask: "Why should we not take an occasional glass of wine, or of beer, or even of whisky? What harm can it do to us? If we find pleasure in a glass of beer, why should we deprive ourselves of it?" Now, some men who have studied the subject thoroughly, claim that alcohol, even in very small doses, is harmful to the body, and to the mind of man. But, admitting for argument's sake, that an occasional glass of beer cannot injure the drinker, I contend that those who care for the welfare of humanity should never touch intoxicating drinks. I am convinced that the influence of the moderate drinker is worse than is that of the drunkard. I do not fear that any decent man will ever say: "Bill Jones came out of the saloon last night as drunk as he could be, and fell asleep in the gutter. Let us go and do likewise," but I greatly fear that many a decent man may sometimes reason as follows: "Here is Mr. A.; he is an honest man, a good neighbor, an affectionate husband, a kind father. I am sure he will never do anything wrong. Now, he takes a glass of beer or of wine with his dinner, and is never

the worse for it. Why should I not do the same?" And what follows? He takes a drink and likes it. Not being a man of a strong will, he cannot restrain himself. Mr. A. is satisfied with one glass, but Mr. A.'s imitator does not know when to stop, and he becomes a drunkard. Thus we see that Mr. A.'s one glass is responsible for Mr. B.'s ten glasses.

If moderate drinking had been an absolute necessity, Mr. A. might have been justified in saying that it is not his fault that his neighbor cannot control his appetite; but as no such excuse can be put forward, I think that not the slightest justification can be found for the drinking man. For the sake of those whose lives may be ruined by drinking, if for no other reason, we must be total abstainers. Cain's question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" must be answered in the affirmative. We are at least, to a certain extent, our brother's keepers and we must not harm him by making a drinker of him through our own example.

Oyster Bay, N. Y.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DISEASE AND PAIN.

BY JOHN SMITH KIRK.

"From fly to man,
Each shows his proper time to fall,
Eftsoons in Time's o'erwhelming tide,
And mutability goes on
With ceaseless combination."

AS rivers in their course continually take from the soil they touch, depositing sedimentary matter at certain points, filling up cavities, turning the current and overflowing occasionally the banks, damaging, yet enriching, and finally choking up the outlet by an impassable barrier, forcing the stream to abandon its channel and to seek a new outlet; so it is with the vital stream—the current blood—the nervous fluid in their constant course through the thousand arterial, venous and nervous rivers and brooks of the body. The sedimentary deposits accumulate under a law evidently exactly analogous—in fact, identical; and the obstructions, overflowing humors, diversions from the old channels, the constitutional changes of age, and finally death, are precisely the same, and are intended for the same purposes, viz., the law of change insuring the final destruction of all forms. Thus, as age advances, the channels of passion, one after another, are choked up, and new ones are opened. From the currents of confidence, hope, young love and romance, the vital stream turns into the channels of fear, distrust, ambition, avarice and superstition. The animal body, nourished by streams bearing solids in

suspension, cannot be exempt from the sedimentary law of all liquids in motion.

The higher our civilization, the more our diseases multiply. In savage life, the full and healthy exercise of the chase gives man comparative freedom from disease. The confined employment of civilized communities must be expected to interfere with the healthy action of our delicate organs. If they were less sensitive they might be better able to resist, but they would be unfit for the extremely delicate functions they have to perform.

Thus, for instance—the eye must be delicately constructed to fit it for the examination of minute objects. The subdivision of labor, which is indispensable to perfection in arts and science, requires that one class of persons shall be engaged in microscopic investigations. The fine texture which is essential to this purpose renders the organ highly sensitive, and continued imposition of the whole powers of vision upon this finer part of the eye inflames and weakens it. To be consistent all around, it could not be otherwise.

Again, the incessant use of one set of muscles in performing one kind of mechanical labor, day after day, during a whole life time, must make the accumulation of waste matter unnaturally large in particular directions. Excesses, as gluttony, inebriety, abuse of the passions, affects us in the same way. Hence the organs charged with its absorption and expulsion will be overtasked, and unless relieved, the machinery must stop.

This would be death. Disease comes in to assist us in this crisis. The patient is obliged to give the parts relief by resting from labor, and, by physic taken to save him from death, he gets rid of the obstructing humors and lives.

This is the philosophy of disease in general, and what hunger is to the stomach, pain is to disease. Dyspepsia and gout are but friendly beacons on the shoals of luxury, warning us off. If pain did not drive us to the physicians, the unfelt disease would end by hurling us suddenly and unwarned to our account. But hereditary diseases, it will be urged, cannot be justified by this reasoning. This is true. We must seek their solution in some other law. Hereditary diseases, which transmit the peculiarities of the parent to the child, are a necessary consequence of the laws of reproduction, "Like begets like." If this conservative law did not exist, to the extent we deplore in this instance, our species would soon run into other forms.

"They bred in and in, as might be known,
Marrying their cousins—nay, their aunts and nieces,
Which always spoils the breed, if it increases."

Epidemic diseases, which sweep life from the earth with unsparing hand, are the result of a different law, which will be elucidated presently. It is an interesting illustration of the philosophy of evil, that most of the powerful remedial agents of our physicians are, in them-

selves, poisonous. Yet by proper administration they become ministers of life and health.

“Through Nature’s constancy
A constant change of form is seen;
Two forms are not which quite agree;
None is replaced that once has been—
Endless variety in all.”

Sioux Falls, S. D.

GIVE THE CHILDREN LIBERTY TO REASON.

BY MRS. R. E. PATTERSON.

HOW necessary it is for the well being and happiness of the coming generation that we eradicate the poisonous weeds of fear and superstition from the minds of the children! The fear of hell and its everlasting fires fills the lives of thousands of children with misery and unhappiness. The mind of a child cannot grasp the idea of “faith” and “belief” that is not clearly demonstrated.

The Bible stories are so incredible they inculcate doubts in the minds of the children, still they dare not investigate for fear of God’s punishment. They have had this fear and dread of a just (?) God instilled in their minds from babyhood by loving parents who would hold up their hands in holy horror if any one were to tell them they were teaching their children to be hypocrites and liars. As an illustration:

I have a Catholic boy ten years old working for me. He is a bright little fellow and often asks me very queer questions. A few days ago he said to me: “Mrs. Patterson, do you believe the Bible? I don’t.” When I asked him why, he said: “Cause it tells such big lies.” I asked him if he went to confession and he said “Yes.” “Do you tell the priest that you think the Bible tells lies?” “Oh, no! ’Cause I don’t know what he would do to me if I did. I just do like the Bible does—tell him a lie.”

I wish it were a crime, punishable by the law, for any one to compel a child to read the Bible, attend church or confession against their will. Nine-tenths of the children are brought up under the fear and dread not only of earthly punishment, but eternal hell in the world to come. We cannot blame the children for living and acting a lie when we take into consideration that a large majority of the civilized world today are “Freethinkers.” Thousands of them who have not the moral courage to express to the world or teach their children their true conception of the Bible and Christianity, just through fear of the ostracism of some of their Christian friends or losing caste in business circles.

There is nothing the Christian fears so much as investigation.

They work and talk at every available opportunity to win converts to their cause. Then why should we who court investigation and advancement hesitate or fear to speak and teach our honest convictions and help to down this monster of superstition and Bible mythology? Teach the children that the true religion is the "religion of good deeds," not creeds.

I remember an incident that happened to me when I was a child. There was a young college student rooming and boarding at our home. He was a great reader and would often lend me books to read. One day I saw him reading a very nice looking book and asked him to lend it to me while he was away in the afternoon. It was "Tom" Paine's "Age of Reason." I had just got very much interested in it when my father came in the room and asked me what I was reading that seemed to interest me so much. I thoughtlessly handed him the book. A look of horror came over his face when he saw the title, and, stepping to the grate, he placed it on the fire, with the remark: "If Mr. Frost lends you any more such books to read he will have to find another place to stop, for I can't have him leading my child to hell with his infidel books." He, like thousands of parents, thought he was doing right by hampering and depriving me of the liberty to read and investigate for myself.

If every parent would place the Bible in the hands of their children to read, the same as they would "Esop's Fables," or "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen," they would be surprised to see how soon the intelligent mind would turn from it in disgust to the more interesting and instructive literature of Free Thought. For although it does not contain the fabulous stories of immorality, rapine and murder that we find in the Bible, they open a wide field of truth and freedom that is refreshing to the mind of the children. And as they wander through the green meadows and cull the brightest and most beautiful flowers of science and reason and bask in the glorious sunlight of our most noble and intellectual writers and thinkers, their minds expand and widen and their hearts are filled with grand and noble impulses that grow with their growth. When the children are given this moral and "literary freedom," we can look forward to the coming generation as a class of happy, intelligent, high-minded men and women, free from all orthodox creeds and superstitions. Give the children liberty to read, think and reason for themselves.

"Though but an armor-bearer,"
Firmly I stand,
With the "Torch of Reason" held high in my hand.
When duty calls me I'll not fear to go,
And raise our royal standard
In the face of the foe.

Rocklin, Cal.

A TEACHER'S INHUMAN EXPERIMENT.

BY AGNES L. SCOTT.

THE Boston Post of February 20th, gives a startling account of an experiment on a kitten which recently occurred in a public school in Newburg, N. Y. Miss Fannie Nearing, one of the teachers, dissected a kitten "for the benefit of the classes in physiology."

Mr. Miller, the principal of the school, says: "The class before which the operation was conducted consisted of twelve boys and girls, of the average age of 14 years."

"Before the school opened, the kitten was taken to the basement of the building, placed in a wash boiler and chloroformed. At 11 o'clock in the forenoon, Miss Nearing entered the basement, got the carcass of the kitten, and carried it to the laboratory, where the members of the graduating class had assembled. She then put the carcass on the operating table, and scalpel in hand, proceeded with the first operation of dissection that has been performed in the Matteawan public school."

Also, "during the dissection, one young girl became faint and ill, and was led from the operating room."

It will thus be seen that even the dissecting of a dead animal which some advocate for our schools is an outrage on the sensibilities of the pupils, and on the few who feel no such sensibility it is an even worse outrage. For it hardens their natures still more, and wakens the desire to exchange the tame amusement of cutting up a dead animal for that of vivisection of a living one. This abominable practice of vivisection has been introduced into many of our public schools, and is now carried on in nearly all the medical colleges and universities.

In behalf of our noble dumb friends, may every man, woman and child help to form a crusade against this barbarism. This all-important subject is a vital one, for the reason that physiologists deceive the pupils by teaching them that the dissection of animals is for the benefit of the study in physiology. This useless practice has the dangerous tendency to destroy the sweeter and spontaneous elements of childhood; on the other hand, the true moral standard of education is lost. The public has hardly awakened to the real facts of the monstrous crimes of the vivisectionists. Many think that animals operated on are under the influence of chloroform or ether.

Vivisectors inflict various modes of torture on living animals, such as scalding and baking, freezing and starving, suffocating and poisoning. Their nerves are experimented on with electricity, torn and divided. Intestines, livers, hearts and stomachs are torn from their living bodies. They are skinned alive, limbs are dislocated, holes are cut in their skulls, lead poured into their ears, etc., etc.

Anesthetics are rarely used, for the reason that it causes contrac-

tion of the muscles, and the like. Curare is commonly used, a drug which paralyzes motion, but their nerves are only rendered thereby more acute to the sufferings inflicted.

It is hoped that the readers of the Free Thought Magazine will read the courageous words of Mr. Philip G. Peabody, president of the New England Anti-Vivisection Society, at Boston, Mass. He possesses the countless facts that will convince the readers of the fiendish crimes which are being daily practiced in medical colleges in America and Europe.

It is impossible to imagine how vivisectors can accomplish their cowardly deeds. The pleading eyes of the powerless animals fail to win pity from the assassins. A crucifier blindly shackled his own soul for the greed of "miscalled science."

Many a sensitive nature shrinks from acquainting themselves with the facts, but may this sensitiveness be governed by justice and mercy, that will not allow such deeds to pass unrebuked.

When the vivisector comes from his working den, he tries to deceive you by saying that you are misinformed as to the charges made against vivisection, and that it plays a small part in the medical college.

Let woman rise in her might and help wipe this menace from our educational institutions.

Eastondale, Mass.

LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Cyrus W. Coolridge, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

"Those of your subscribers who condemned you for publishing Mr. Harman's article are bigots, not Freethinkers. As you have not indorsed Mr. Harman's opinions, and as, on the contrary, you published his article for the purpose of showing his views to be pernicious, why should your conservative readers find fault with you? I have very little patience with Freethinkers who will not give the other side a fair hearing. A bigoted Freethinker is a very pitiful sight, and yet I fear among the so-called Freethinkers there are more bigots than Liberals."

John R. Smith, Galesburgh, Ill.:

"Brother Green, I want to tell you that I am an ardent admirer of your Magazine. I have been a reader of Free Thought publications for almost half a century, and have found none that pleases me better than the Free Thought Magazine. I do not say there are none better, but I venture the prediction that the delighted members of the mightier church that shall come, whose covenant word shall be the deeds of love, when they look over the long list of Liberal publications that aided in the establishment of that church, if they do not find the Free Thought Magazine at the top "leading all the

rest" as did the name of Abou Ben Adhem, they will most surely find it very near the summit, and the name of its editor will ever be kept Green in their memories." (Thanks, Brother Smith, for these complimentary words.—Ed.)

Henry Bird, Newark, N. J.

"While our orthodox friends are spending their money in the way of Easter offerings for the perpetuation of that which, to us, as rationalists and scientists, is simply superstition, for, as the late Prof. Cope, just deceased, said a year ago: 'No scientific man could believe in the idea of bodily resurrection,' I thought it would be in order to make a small contribution to the cause of truth and science, as championed by the valuable Free Thought Magazine. I, therefore, herewith enclose \$5 for the same."

Samuel Hollis, Carnegie, Pa.

"Find subscription for another year enclosed. Would have sent it sooner, but have been moving from Hammond, Ind., to this place. Have not done but two weeks' work since August 30, 1896. There is in the Free Thought Magazine a world of most valuable reading matter. So many great minds express their valuable thoughts through its pages. I shall endeavor to get subscribers for the Magazine in my new home, as I did in Hammond. Several laboring men told me just before I left Hammond that they should subscribe for the Magazine so soon as they get to work again. I think I shall be able to get work soon in my new home." (Mr. Hollis is an honest, intelligent, worthy man, and ought to have steady employment.—Ed.)

Dr. S. W. Wetmore, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I am not disposed to increase your vanity by spinning silvered threads for the golden fabric you are weaving for the Freethinking world; yet, I feel impelled to say that your Magazine is growing better and better. The May number, taking it all in all, is to me the most enjoyable of any I have read since I became a subscriber six years ago. It is full of meat that is digestible. Such pabulum is readily prehended, assimilated and absorbed by souls who are in search of healthy growth. 'The Mythology of St. Patrick,' by Hannon, is not only entertaining, amusing and interesting, but it is highly edifying, and should be read and read again and again. His beautiful description of Ireland's Killarney, the Shannon, Limerick, Munster and the Suir was like a vitascope, for I could see everything as I saw it as a tourist in 1882. 'A Plan for the Evolution of Free Thought' is a very commendable production, and its author, Eliza M. Bliven, has mapped out on the trestle-board a scheme that is intelligent, practical and advisable. It should be adopted by every Free Thought society in the land. 'The New Ray,' by Tenney; 'Miracles' by Reeves, and 'Brotherguard,' by Guild, are particularly interesting. Such articles are a credit to any magazine, but when a Free Lover's creed is allowed space in so clean a journal as yours, it not only mu-

tilates it, but it besmears it with—ah! well, an “innominatus,” requiring a new dictionary to define.”

Geo. I. Abbott, Oswego, N. Y.

“I want to thank you for your manly course in reference to the obituary notices of the lamented champions of liberty. I can see no good in glossing over the truth when such action only serves to obliterate the great principles we are supposed to love and cherish. I have not been a Freethinker long, but long enough to read and greatly admire our late friend Putnam’s writings, but I can hardly commend the wisdom of his actions. In honest truth I have more respect for Moses Harman, since he is not afraid to live his beliefs openly. As to the young woman, Miss Collins, I greatly admired her noble face when first I saw it in your Magazine, possibly because it strikingly resembled a cousin of mine, who is dead. It would be very hard for me to criticise such a person. Better to overlook entirely any possible indiscretion, for I believe she was a true, pure-souled woman.”

Charles E. Levi, Cincinnati, O.:

“I have received the May Number of the Free Thought Magazine, also the four beautiful books, and I herein send you three new subscribers and \$3, and I certainly think this is the best offer made by any Free Thought or other periodical ever published, and I think this will do more good for our cause than anything yet offered and will also be a good business investment for your Magazine. If all the other Free Thought journals would offer such good inducements for new subscribers, I am sure the result would greatly improve the Free Thought movement.” [You are right, Brother Levi, what our cause greatly needs is a much larger circulation of the Liberal journals. It costs but little more to publish 20,000 papers than it does 5,000. If we could have a 20,000 circulation, we could pay expenses and more publishing the Magazine for fifty cents a year, and then how much more good we could do! This premium offer on the second page of our cover is bringing us good results, and, at the same time, is spreading the Gospel of Free Thought. We have concluded to keep it standing for one month longer, until July 1st. There is no reason why each one of our present subscribers should not furnish us at least one new subscriber on these very liberal terms.—Ed.]

Fred D. Sparks, Zionsville, Ind.:

“In reading the “Letters and Extracts of Letters” in the May Magazine, which are all very interesting, one of them in particular attracted my special attention, the one written by James Oldacre, of Noblesville, Ind. It made me both glad and sorry—glad to hear from him, but sorry to learn he is so poorly in health. He was one of the school teachers of my childhood. I know him well, and love him. In my opinion there is no better

man. I shall send you a subscription as often as I can. I wish I was financially able to do more for the Magazine. Find enclosed \$1, for which send the Magazine one year to William M. Gifford, Zionsville, Ind."

Jonas Scott, Jacksonville, Ill.:

Find inclosed two dollars to aid the Magazine. I am much pleased with it, excepting the Free Love contribution. B. F. Underwood officiated at the funeral of Mrs. Roberts in this town, and I was very much pleased with the discourse. I am a Freethinker and I know I fell into the arms of Nature at the very start of my being, and she has cared for me up to the present time. I know no other God but Nature, and I know I will fall into her arms at death and she will care for me. I am eighty years of age and may not live a great while, and I do not want to fall into the hands of a preacher, and for that reason I wish to have B. F. Underwood, or some other suitable person officiate at my funeral, that you, Mr. Green, may send when you are notified of my death, for which services he will find a check of \$50 on the Jacksonville National Bank, with my will, which will be in the hands of Abram Gregory, one of my executors. I am a Republican in politics, and advised freeing the slaves and arming them during the late war, for which I was burned out. I have, during my life, tried to do good and help others, and never turned a hungry man away from my door." [We hope it may be many years before Brother Scott will need any one to officiate at his funeral—the longer such men live the better it is for humanity. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven here on this earth.—Ed.]

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

A FALSE, FRAUDULENT AND UNAUTHORIZED CIRCULAR.

MR. E. C. REICHWALD, of Chicago, has recently been mailing to Liberals in all parts of the country a circular bearing the name of the President and of the other members of the Board of Directors of the American Secular Union and Free Thought Federation, and to which Mr. Reichwald's name is signed as secretary of this association, in which circular he demurs to the manner that we are editing the Free Thought Magazine, and in which he endeavors to prejudice the Liberal public against us, thinking, we judge, that by so doing he will be more successful in his attempt to raise money on pretense "to pay off the late Mr. Putnam's debts" and "to pay detectives to hunt up the manuscripts that belonged to Mr. Putnam that have never been found."

So soon as we read this circular we were sure it was a fraudulent, unauthorized document, as we knew that the other members of the Board of Directors were honorable, intelligent, scholarly men, who could not be prevailed upon to authorize, or endorse, so detestable a manifesto. That we might have the evidence to prove beyond a question that the circular was fraudulent, unauthorized and misleading, we wrote to the Honorable C. B. Waite, the President of the above-named Society, and chairman and member of the Board of Directors, inclosing the said circular, and asked Judge Waite the following questions:

First. As President of the American Secular Union and Free Thought Federation, did you authorize Mr. Reichwald to publish the inclosed circular?

Second. To your knowledge did the Board of Directors of said Society authorize "Secretary" Reichwald to issue the said circular?

To these questions Judge Waite replied as follows:

Chicago, May 12, 1897.

H. L. Green, Esq.,

Dear Sir: Yours of the 11th inst. received. I deeply regret the differences that have arisen concerning Mr. Putnam. But since you have asked me certain questions and are entitled to an answer, I answer them in the negative.

Yours truly,
"C. B. Waite."

Judge Waite's letter, it will be seen, proves conclusively that Mr. E. C. Reichwald had no authority to issue that circular as secretary of the Society above named.

If what we here claim be true, that E. C. Reichwald pretended that he was speaking by authority of the Board of Directors when he had no such authority, it will not take a lawyer to perceive that he was attempting to procure money by false pretense, and if our claim is established whatever money was obtained on the strength of such circular would be obtained by such false pretense—the pretense that he was acting by the authority of said Society, or of its Board of Directors, when he knew he had no such authority.

We have not the space to fully digest this false, fraudulent and unauthorized circular and will only call the attention of the reader to one of the things therein stated for the purpose of deceiving the Liberal public.

In the April Free Thought Magazine, on page 187, we published a short quotation from a private letter written by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago. In the circular under consideration Mr. Reichwald refers to this quotation in the following manner:

I notice in his (Mr. Green's) April number he devotes space to a Rev. Jones to prove his charges in his January issue. As Mr. Putnam had no friends among ministers it seems remarkable for Mr. Green to ask a minister for proof.

If the reader will turn to page 787 of the December Magazine for 1896 he will there learn who this "a Rev. Jones" is. Mr. Reichwald, when he wrote that circular, knew at the time that this "a Rev. Jones" was the same man whom Samuel P. Putnam invited to attend before the Congressional committee in Washington a year ago and make an argument before the committee against the attempt being made to incorporate the word God into the United States Constitution, and Reichwald also knew that it was conceded on all hands that Mr. Jones made one of the most profound arguments before the Congressional committee on that occasion, and Mr. Reichwald knows that this "a Rev. Jones" is one of the ablest, best-known and most highly respected advocate of Liberalism, not only in the city of Chicago, but throughout the great West; nevertheless, for the purpose of propping up his false and fraudulent claim, he designates this far-famed champion of Liberalism as "a Rev. Jones." The point Mr. Reichwald is endeavoring to make is that Mr. Jones is disqualified as a witness on account of his views on religion. That is Secularism with a vengeance. It

will be noticed that Mr. Reichwald does not claim that Mr. Jones did not tell the truth—his claim is that being a preacher, this “a Rev. Jones” is disqualified as a witness.

We should not consider anything that Mr. Reichwald might say of us worthy of the least attention were it not that he falsely pretends to speak by official authority.

In a letter of his, that we did not, for certain reasons, see fit to publish, and which he did not succeed in getting published in any other journal, but which he sent over the country with his circular, he has this to say: “It is a pity that there are scandal mongers in the ranks of Free Thought who wantonly, and without cause, deliberately slander a pure girl and a noble man.” We very much desire to be through with this very disagreeable subject, but we will here say to Mr. Reichwald that if we hear anything more from him in that line of invective, we shall feel compelled to publish something that will show beyond a question of doubt who is guilty of the offense of slandering the character of an innocent young woman after her death. The evidence is now in our hands, but we refrain for the present to give it publicity, out of respect for the dead and the living. The “secretary” was evidently trying to atone for his own guilt when he wrote and published in his circular letter: “I would not hesitate to inflict physical punishment upon any one who would breathe a word of scandal about her.” In the language of Shakespeare, he “doth protest too much, methinks.”

HENRY BIRD.

HENRY BIRD, of Newark, N. J., is one of the best representative Freethinkers in this country, and we are therefore pleased to present to our readers his likeness, as the Frontispiece of this number of the Magazine, and this imperfect sketch of his life. Mr. Bird made his advent to this globe at Barston, County of Warwickshire, England, in 1839. During his early years he engaged in farming—that is, he worked on a farm. When but fifteen years of age he became interested in horticulture, and a little later in floriculture. He left his native country in 1860 to seek his fortune in America. He located in Newark, New Jersey, where he has ever since lived and carried on the business of raising and cultivating flowers. He was brought up in the Episcopalian church, but soon after he came to this country he joined the Congregational church in Newark, the preacher of which was Hugh O. Pentecost. Our readers all know how Mr. Pentecost evolved out of the church, and Mr. Bird, being a man of good judgment and of an investigating turn of mind, kept pace with his pastor—in fact, he kept a little ahead of Mr. Pentecost and became a full-fledged Atheist. He became so radical that he says he fully endorses the late Samuel P. Putnam's book, entitled "Religion a Curse, Religion a Disease, Religion a Lie," and notwithstanding this assertion, we are prepared to say from our knowledge of the man that he is a faithful disciple of the Religion of Humanity, a religion that contains all that is true and good in the various religions of the world.

The subject of this sketch was married to Miss Carrie Scudder, an intelligent, worthy young lady of Newark, N. J., July 28, 1891. The marriage ceremony was of rather a romantic character, as will be seen by the following account that was published at the time in the "Niagara Falls Gazette":

As the rays of yesterday's descending sun cast their light across the beautiful gorge of the Niagara a group of persons was seen to gather at a point a short distance out on the upper suspension bridge. It was a wedding party. The groom was Mr. Henry Bird and the bride Miss Carrie Scudder, both of Newark, N. J. The one called to tie the knot was Justice E. E. Russell. The reason they had sought this queer spot for a marriage was owing to the fact that they are both infidels and were opposed to any church service or anything of a religious nature in the ceremony. They strenuously objected to the name of God being used in connection with what was to be said that

would make them man and wife. So there, while standing suspended over the mighty river and with their eyes resting on one of Nature's greatest works, they were made one.

Mr. Bird's business as a floriculturist has kept him constantly in close communion with the beauty and grandeur of Nature—in fact, for the last twenty years he has been a thorough student of science, especially of the doctrine of evolution as taught by Darwin, Huxley, Spencer and others. He often gives lectures on questions relating to floriculture. A short time since one of the Newark papers had this to say of him:

Prof. Bird is an eminent botanist, and a practical horticulturist, and there is no man in the state of higher authority in his line than he, or one more eminently fitted to show the scientific aspect of the subject.

After one of his lectures a Newark journal had this to say of him:

Henry Bird, of Newark, delivered an interesting lecture on "The Evolution of a Flower," in Decker's Hall, Orange, last night, under the auspices of the New Jersey Floricultural Society. About 150 persons, including prominent society people in the Oranges, were present, and the hall and stage were decorated with a fine collection of orchids, carnations and foliage plants.

Some five years ago Mr. Bird was elected president of the Newark Liberal League, and under his supervision the Society has become one of the most popular Liberal Societies in this country. It has acquired a national reputation. This society invites the very ablest and most progressive speakers to address it on the living questions of the day, and they thus constitute it a kind of University of Free Thought. Such a society ought to be maintained in every town in this country, and it would be if each contained a citizen of the enthusiasm of Henry Bird. Mr. Bird sometimes writes poetry. The following is from his pen, that was recently published in the "Truth Seeker," entitled:

AN ODE TO SCIENCE.

SCIENCE! We hail thee! No better friend has man.
 Savior of the race, unheralded, unsung,
 Thou, the "rock of ages," wert, ere worlds began,
 Always right, though oft cajoled by wrong.
 Science! Jewel fair! Thou art the king of kings;
 We know thou art, no matter what thy name.
 The cosmos yields to thee, the scepter flings,
 And plumes thee victor in the vast domain.

Science! Thou Alpha and Omega art! To thee

E'en sky and sea, the vast and great unknown,
Their secrets yield. Thou hast the key.

Humanity, posterity, will never thee disown.

Science! Thou handmaid fair! We thee adore!

We bow to thee alone, our only hope.

As time rolls on, we love thee more and more.

Friend thou art, more dear than priest or pope.

Science! Thou all in all! E'en must it be

In the great realm of fact thou stand'st secure.

Thy citadel is safe, without dogma or decree—

Defenseless, yet fortified by all that can endure.

Science! Crucible of all! 'Tis true that thy fair name

Has been assailed. By bigots crushed to earth,

Thou risest up more valiant, and with wider fame.

It still rolls on, this "rock" of priceless worth.

MAY L. COLLINS—HER BIRTHDAY CELEBRATED—
MONEY BEING RAISED TO ERECT HER A MONUMENT.

WE have been severely censured by some persons who did not know what they were talking or writing about for what we said of May L. Collins on page 58 of the January Magazine. We



MAY L. COLLINS.

ask the reader to turn to that page and read what we there stated. It will be noticed that we expressed no views on the subject, but the evidence there presented went to show that Miss Collins was not entirely satisfied with our marriage laws. Since writing that article we have been convinced, by most reliable evidence, that this honest, sincere, brilliant, truth-loving girl had become so enamored with the

spirit of Liberty, and so horrified with the tyrannizing of man over woman, that she was almost, if not quite, inclined to the opinion that marriage was a despotism to be avoided. If any one doubts what we here say we are prepared, at any time, to present conclusive evidence of the fact. But, however much we may differ with the views she had seemingly arrived at, those opinions that she entertained do not in the least diminish the great admiration that we had for her when living, and now have for her memory, for we are sure they did not originate from any low, debasing motives, but from the holiest and purest aspirations of her nature. And we greatly honor her for the courage she exhibited in this, as in every other instance, by being perfectly true to, and having the courage of, her honest convictions.

And we will say right here, that notwithstanding our strong disapproval of the doctrines of the Free Lovers, we hold the honest advocates of those doctrines infinitely higher in our esteem than the cowardly hypocrites who, in fact, believe and practice Free Love, but who are destitute of the honesty and courage to publicly express their real sentiments. We are sorry to say that if the woods are not full of that class of Free Thinkers (?) there are altogether too many of them.

As to the late May L. Collins, we have this to say of her: We think she was one of the most remarkable personages the world has ever produced. Her brilliant literary qualifications were unsurpassed by any other person of her age that we have any knowledge of. The vast amount of valuable information that she had acquired for a person of her age and limited advantages was most wonderful, but the characteristic for which she deserves a monument more than for all her other grand qualifications was the courage and bravery that she exhibited for what she believed to be the Truth. When she became satisfied that an idea was true she was willing to advocate it if every other person in the world was opposed to her. She was composed of the material that martyrs are made of, and if she could speak today we know she would say to her friends: "Do not falsely represent me in any way for the purpose of making my character popular with the multitude. If you have anything to say of me, represent me as near as possible as I was when on the earth."

We know we speak the truth when we say that there was one thing in which the historical Jesus and May L. Collins perfectly agreed—they both detested a hypocrite, the cringing coward who is constantly on the lookout to keep his "views" in accord with the popular current.

It seems May L. Collins was born on the 1st day of May (which fact suggested her name), and for that reason, on the first day of last month her birthday was celebrated in Lexington, Ky. This is what "The Daily Argonaut" of that city has to say in relation to the celebration:

The twenty-first anniversary of May L. Collins, of Midway, the noted young Kentucky rationalist, whose tragic death a few months ago in Boston electrified the country with horror, was celebrated at 2 o'clock this afternoon at the Cemetery Chapel.

A representative audience of Free Thinkers was present to witness the exercises, which, on account of their novelty, were intensely interesting.

The inclemency of the weather prevented as large an audience as was anticipated, but many who failed to be present sent messages of regret at their failure to do so. The occasion was a historic one for Kentucky. Never before have the silent precincts of Lexington's beautiful city of the dead, where so many have been laid in the last long sleep with the assurance of a glorious resurrection, witnessed an assemblage to pay tribute to one who had been consigned to the tomb in what she believed to be an eternal sleep. But, whatever may be the issue beyond the shadowy confines of her tomb, with the brilliant and erratic young Kentucky iconoclast, those to whom she was dearest must needs know and feel that she passed to silence not unloved.

Hon. Moses Kaufman read the telegrams of regret and expressions of admiration for the dead girl. Mrs. Henry delivered the principal address, and Editor C. C. Moore made a few remarks on the character of Miss Collins, all of which were beautiful and appropriate.

Mrs. J. K. Henry, her lifelong friend and most ardent admirer, made the address of the occasion, and we much regret that our limited pages will not allow us to publish this masterly production. The following is a short extract that we clip from it:

The world of Faith has always been at war with Reason, the most regal attribute of the human mind. It put its seal of condemnation upon a Humboldt, a Voltaire, a Paine, a Franklin, a Gibbon, a Shakespeare, a Newton, a Buckle, a Draper, a Darwin, a Spencer, a Mill, a Huxley, a Tyndal, an Ingersoll, and all the noble army of martyr thinkers who have contributed more light and liberty to the human race than all the theologians of all the ages.

This young student discovered how the human mind had been intimidated, cowed, cramped and dwarfed by priestly power. She discovered also that the schools feared most of all things to face Truth, and before the giant evils of slavery, intemperance, war, oppression of labor by capital and caste, the oppression of women by Church and State, that sublimation and "high art" of all slavery, she discovered

that Christianity, when it had not defended these great wrongs against humanity, had retreated and trembled, or denied that these were evils at all.

It is now proposed to erect a monument over the grave of Miss Collins, as will be learned from the following letter from that most indefatigable worker in the Liberal ranks, Louis Levine, of Charleston, S. C.

Editor Free Thought Magazine: Possibly it is not known to your readers that there has been started a fund to place a suitable monument and inscription to mark the last resting place of the gifted and high-minded May L. Collins. This simple announcement, I trust, will move all who have felt the sorrow of her loss to give what they will to secure this memorial at the earliest day. I understand there has thus far been subscribed, by Dr. C. C. Burns, Greensburg, Ind., \$20; C. C. Moore, Lexington, Ky., \$10; Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, Versailles, Ky., \$25; Hon. Moses Kaufman, Lexington, Ky., \$20; J. A. Jackson, Culler, N. C., \$2; David Clark, Springfield, Mass., \$5; A. B. Bennett, Norwalk, Conn., \$1; S. S. Bryan, New Orleans, La., \$10; L. B. Silver, Cleveland, O., \$25; C. Shukinski, Cincinnati, O., \$2; T. D. Rutledge, Yelvington, Ky., \$1; Geo. W. McCormick, Moultrie, Ga., \$22. To which sum I now gladly add \$5 for myself. Make your donation or advise amount you will be ready to send to Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, Versailles, Ky., or to either Mr. C. C. Moore or Mr. Moses Kaufman, of Lexington, Ky., who will duly acknowledge. Add, if you will, any useful suggestion you may have. The entire matter will be duly organized, and competent committees named later to acceptably carry out this undertaking.

Think of Miss May L. Collins, on Feb. 17, 1896, not yet twenty years old, writing determinedly and seriously (pondered over for I know not how many years before): "My chief aim in embracing Free Thought is that through it I may achieve good for the race, and if I can do my part toward setting free the human mind I shall feel most pleased. Then, the thought of having done so would be as good a religion as I want, when the time comes to die."

Noble girl, one of a hundred thousand! Dead, on the threshold of her attempt to make good her high resolve. Yet she has done enough to inspire to duty. Let us remember her.

Long live May Collins!
Charleston, S. C.

LOUIS LEVINE.

We earnestly request our friends to contribute what they can afford, to this most laudable and worthy movement. As we are depending on the generosity of the Liberal public for our support and livelihood, we cannot consistently contribute money toward paying for the monument, but if any one of the many admirers of Miss Collins will obtain a club of ten subscribers for this Magazine, at one dollar

each, he or she may send the ten dollars to C. C. Moore, editor of the *Blue Grass Blade*, to assist in the enterprise. We wish the movement the greatest success.

TWENTY THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS—FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.

WE propose during the next three months, with the help of all our good friends, to increase the circulation of the *Free Thought Magazine* up to twenty thousand subscribers, and then put the yearly subscription price down to fifty cents a year, and then we shall be prepared to spread the gospel of Free Thought as it has never been promulgated before.

When after the late war everybody was discussing the question: "How shall we resume specie payment?" Horace Greeley settled the question by an article in the *Tribune*, entitled "The Way to Resume is to Resume." And now we say the best way to arrive at a fifty cent subscription price is to start at once a fifty cent subscription price. And we propose to do it in this way: For the next thirty days we will allow each subscriber of this *Magazine*, and every other person in America to send us a club of five subscribers or over, at 50 cents a year. We will not only allow this, but we earnestly request each person who believes in Free Thought to take up the work in earnest. We expect, at least, that every one of our present subscribers will take an active part in this undertaking. Any person who will not do it cannot be counted among the real friends of this *Magazine*.

In the July *Magazine* we will fully report how this work has progressed—state just the number of fifty cent subscriptions we have received—and if the work is encouraging we will extend the time thirty days longer.

Only think what a vast amount of good could be accomplished if this *Magazine* could go into twenty thousand homes each month! Think of what the influence would be in a village of five thousand inhabitants to have the postmaster hand out each month one hundred *Free Thought Magazines*!

When we obtain the twenty thousand subscribers we will have a special department devoted to organization, and the aid of our public lectures—make a special effort to get a *Free Thought* club organized in every town where we have ten subscribers, so that when our lec-

turers start out they will not have to spend all their receipts paying railroad fare from one society to another. And when we get 20,000 subscribers it will greatly aid all our weekly Free Thought Journals, for when a person commences reading Liberalism monthly, he will soon desire a weekly installment.

Then when we have 20,000 subscribers it will be very easy to double the number, for the love for Liberal literature will then become contagious.

Reader, you are the man or the woman that we are now talking to. Do not wait an hour before you go out into the "highways and by-ways" and see what you can do. We remember years ago Mr. Abbot of the "Index" offered to send that paper six months for twenty-five cents, and we went out into the streets of Syracuse, N. Y., and in three days obtained over three hundred subscribers. After we got the first fifty on our list most everybody we presented the list to would put down his or her name and hand us the twenty-five cents. After you get ten 50-cent subscribers for the Magazine you can very easily increase it to three times that number.

Friends everywhere, will you now awake from your lethargy and go to work in good earnest to make this undertaking a success? It can be done! It must be done!! And it shall be done!!!

CONTRIBUTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED.

CONTRIBUTIONS received from April 25th to May 25th, 1897: Each \$10—Elizabeth Smith Miller, Henry Bird, C. F. Blakslee, D. A. Blodgett, "A Friend," Guy C. Irwine, Henry M. Taber; \$5—Louis Levine; \$2—Haydn Brown; \$1 each—Maria Schoefield, Mrs. Anna Boyle, Mrs. R. J. Glover, R. H. Bliss, B. M. Bland; 50 cents—F. A. Dunham; 25 cents—John Rhoads. Total—\$82.75.

ALL SORTS.

—What constitutes a miracle? The best definition we can think of is this: To make two and two five.

—We desire five hundred of our subscribers to respond to our special offer on the second page of the cover.

—We request every reader of this number of the Magazine to read our special offer for subscribers on the second page of the cover.

—S. C. Adams, a "reformed preacher," furnishes a most valuable article for this number of the Magazine entitled: "Religion and Righteousness." Do not fail to read it carefully.

—Mr. C. L. James says in *Lucifer*, the Free Love organ: "I have long regarded the Free Thought Magazine as an avowed enemy to progress." As Mr. James means by progress, Free Love, we think he has a pretty correct opinion of this Magazine.

—Miss Grace E. Gruber, our able fifteen-years-old contributor, goes out in her town and with a little labor procures twelve new subscribers for this Magazine at one dollar each and forwards us the money with the names. Why cannot some of our other young readers follow her noble example?

—"A great many people sleep between these walls," the verger said, as he showed some visitors through the church, under whose floor had been buried many of the dead of former ages. "Same way over in our country," was the reply. "Why don't they get a livelier preacher?"

—Helen H. Gardener is to be guest of honor at the Pacific Coast Woman's Congress this year. She gives one lec-

ture and takes part in the discussions. The Santa Cruz Surf says that her trip to California will cost the Congress \$600, of which one-third has been contributed by wealthy women.—The Women's Tribune.

—He—Yes; I put a small offering in the contribution box, and I feel better for it, too.

She—Do you mind telling me what it was?

He—No; it was a plugged quarter I've tried to work off on the butcher and baker for the last month.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

—"Our wagon roads throughout the country," said Bill Nye, "are generally a disgrace to civilization, and before we undertake to supply underwear and sealskin-covered Bibles with flexible backs to the Africans, it might be well to put a few dollars into the relief of galled and broken-down horses that have lost their health on our miserable highways.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

—It must be evident to every observing person that the greatest enemy our citizens, known as laboring people, have is the liquor saloons and other rum shops, but, notwithstanding this we have never known them to denounce these institutions in their conventions or in their public journals. Will some one, authorized to speak for the labor societies, please inform us in a short article why this is never done?

—If the friends of this Magazine will go to work and give us twenty thousand subscribers we will put the price of the Magazine down to fifty cents a year. If each one of our present subscribers will at once send us a club of five at

50 cents each the task will be nearly accomplished. How many will comply with this request? Only think how much good missionary work we could do with a circulation of twenty thousand!

—We will give a copy of Ingersoll's "Prose Poems" to the person who writes the best article for this Magazine on the treatment of our dumb animals, not to exceed one thousand words. The referee to decide the question will be Phillip G. Peabody, Esq., president of the New England Anti-Vivisection Society, whose address is 179 Tremont street, Boston. The articles must be in Mr. Peabody's hands on or before July 1, 1897.

—C. Elton Blanchard, of Cleveland, O., has recently entered the Free Thought lecture field. We know of no young man in this country better qualified for the position than is Mr. Blanchard. He is a scholar, a deep thinker, an enthusiastic lover of Truth, an eloquent and forcible speaker and possessed of a high moral character. We feel sure if Liberals will give him a living support he will do a splendid, good work for the cause of mental emancipation and progressive ideas.

—B. F. Underwood has returned from his second trip east this season, where he has given lectures in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Cambridge, Providence and other cities, and has been speaking later in Geneseo, La Salle and Peru, Ill. He will lecture in June in Illinois and Indiana. Those who wish to arrange for lectures by him during the present season may address him at this office. It is a good time now for grove meetings, and why not have a number in West this season?

—Grace E. Gruber, the lady who wrote the poem entitled "Myth" for

the May Magazine, is but fifteen years old. In a private letter she writes: "It is my earnest desire to become, if possible, a progressing factor in a cause so grand, which will elevate the mind from pools of stagnation, for in this age progress is what all liberty-loving men and women demand." It is very gratifying, especially for the old workers in the Liberal field, to see young people enlisted in the cause of Rationalism.

—Parker Pillsbury writes in a private letter: "I cannot write as formerly, so other minds and hands must carry on the Free Thought work. It seems to me you never had so great encouragement in your reform movements as today. The whole universal church, with all her mighty machinery, already feels the tread of your chariot wheels. See to it, ever, that no virtuous, uplifting sentiment towards the higher divine life ever suffers at your hands. We must be better than the church, a great deal better than it is today, to redeem and save the world. And is not that really what all good men and women desire?"

—"Let us labor for the security of free thought, free speech, free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments and equal rights and privileges for all men, irrespective of nationality, color or religion; encourage free schools; resolve that not one dollar appropriated to them shall go to the support of any sectarian school; resolve that neither state nor nation shall support any institution save those where every child may get a common school education, unmixed with any atheistic, pagan or sectarian teaching; leave the matter of religious teaching to the family altar, and keep church and state forever separate."—Ulysses S. Grant.

—President McKinley has made at least two worthy appointments, Andrew D. White as ambassador to Germany and Lyman J. Gage secretary of the treasury. For anything that we know many of his other appointments may be equally as good, but we speak of these two especially, as we happen to know both men personally. They are broad, liberal-minded men, as free from superstition as is Col. Ingersoll, and if not as out-spoken, are just as Liberal in their opinions on religious questions as is Col. Ingersoll. Their Christianity is of the same character as was that of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln. Our Presbyterian president has, in these appointments, shown that he is no bigot.

—The New York Mail and Express publishes the following truly humanitarian letter from our highly esteemed friend Taber:

To the Editor of the Mail and Express.—Sir: In your issue of the 3d inst., the caption to an article on the aid being furnished here for the suffering Greeks is "Christians Give Aid," and the inference of said article is that the money being raised is because the sufferers are Christians.

So far as I am concerned, my modest gift was not at all in consequence of the fund going to Christians, but because it was wanted for suffering humanity. It makes no difference to me if I can aid such, whether they be Christians, Mohammedans, Jews or (what Christians sneeringly and improperly call) infidels. HENRY M. TABER.

New York, May 6, 1897.

—I frankly say to you, friends, that, as I study carefully the history of the last fifteen hundred years, I find myself wondering sometimes as to whether the world would not have been better if the Church had not existed. For the Church—note this, please—the Church has originated and taught no ethical ideas that did not exist before, nothing

higher, finer, sweeter, diviner, more human, than can be found in India, in Egypt, in China, in ancient Greece, in Rome. While the Church has asserted its sovereignty over man, it has done all it could to prevent the free growth and development of intellect. It has made it a sin to think; and those nations that have submitted to the dictation of the Church most completely have been crushed down intellectually to a level below mediocrity.—Rev. M. J. Savage.

—B. F. Underwood recently delivered three lectures in Genesee, Ill. At the first lecture he was introduced to the audience by Mr. B. M. Bland in the following short address, which we clip from the Genesee News:

"He who destroys weeds, thorns and thistles is a benefactor, whether he sows grain or not," but clearing the land and preparing the soil is not all there is of agriculture, nor is the freeing of the mind from the fetters of a fear-inspiring faith all there is of Rationalism. The common charge is, that "the Free Thinker tears down without building up, takes away faith and gives nothing in its place." Well, the lecture tonight, although based very largely upon the testimony of Christian writers, is somewhat destructive to some preconceived ideas concerning prevailing theological belief. Tomorrow night and Friday night the lectures will be constructive, building up an enduring edifice of Ethics, firmly founded upon faith in Reason, the quintessence of Liberalism in religion. It is a pleasure to introduce, not only a veteran soldier of the late war of the Rebellion, but a warrior, tried and true in many a conflict upon the battlefield of Free Thought—Mr. B. F. Underwood, who will now tell you some of the influences of civilization upon Christianity.

—A person who believes in a God who will torment his children eternally in the next world as a matter of course thinks it right to severely punish his own children in this world. The Rev.

Christmas, below named, was a consistent Christian.

Rahway, N. J., April 17.—The Rev. J. H. Christmas, pastor of the Ebenezer Methodist Episcopal Church, went to the office of Police Justice Frazee for a warrant for the arrest of his daughter, Amelie, sixteen years old. He alleged she was wayward, and had not been home since Monday night. She was found at the home of a friend and locked up.

Chief of Police Wright accused the minister of flogging the girl cruelly on slight provocation. The chief said this was one reason why the girl ran away from home. He said she was at a party on Monday night, and did not start for home until the hour she should have been at home, according to her father's orders. Mr. Christmas admitted that he flogged the girl, but said it was necessary to do so to make her walk in the narrow path. The justice and the chief took turns in lecturing the minister, until he promised not to beat the girl.

As much as we are opposed to hell, we would not object to a small one for men who whip their wives and their girls.

—Judge Carpenter, of Michigan, it would seem from the following that we clip from the Chicago Tribune, understands the principles of Religious Liberty:

Detroit, Mich., May 8.—[Special]—Judge Carpenter today granted a mandamus upon the relation of Conrad Pfeiffer for the Board of Education to show cause why the reading of the Bible should be further continued in the public schools. Mr. Pfeiffer set up in his petition that his son, as a pupil at the schools, was obliged to attend a place of religious worship, and that himself, as a taxpayer, was compelled to assist in maintaining places for the dissemination of religious teachings, contrary to the constitution of the state. A book entitled "Readings from the Bible" was introduced in the public

schools by the board. Teachers read aloud extracts from it each day. The court declared that constituted religious instruction, and that the petitioner as a taxpayer was clearly compelled to aid in supporting the instructor.

In conclusion, Judge Carpenter said: "Our constitutional provisions respecting Religious Liberty mean precisely what they declare. They forbid any legislative authority compelling a person to pay taxes for the support of a teacher of religion or diminishing or enlarging the civil rights of any person on account of his religious belief."

—"Young fellow," said the elderly man of severe aspect, who was driving along the country road, "do you know you are violating one of the ten commandments?"

The cyclist, who was about to pass him, stopped and dismounted.

"No," he answered. "Which one?"

"The fourth."

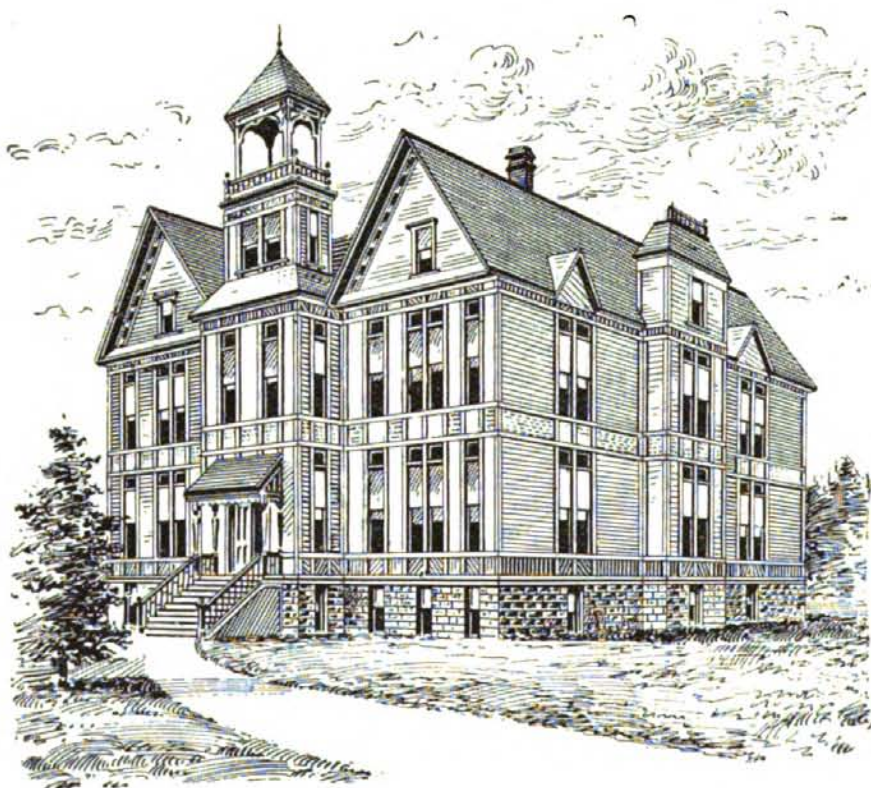
"The fourth commandment, as I remember it," rejoined the young man, "says 'thou shalt not do any work' on the Sabbath day, 'nor thy cattle,' but it does not say 'thou shalt not ride thy bicycle.' Without entering into any argument as to the Jewish Sabbath being our Sunday, I submit that if either of us is violating the fourth commandment it isn't I, my friend."

"But, look here, young man! I am a preacher, and I am on my way to keep an appointment."

"So am I, brother; so am I. The difference between us is that you can afford to keep a horse and buggy and I can't. Sorry I haven't time to talk longer with you, but I am due in half an hour, and I have five miles yet to go. Good morning!"

Whereupon he remounted his machine and pedaled on ahead at a ten-mile pace.—Chicago Tribune.

The Liberal University Building.



WE are pleased to present to our readers the above sketch of the Liberal University Building, soon to be erected in Silverton, Oregon. The school was commenced in a hall in Silverton some months ago, with a number of teachers and a fair number of students, and it is proposed to have the building completed in time for the fall term. As a matter of course the founders of this school are in need of money, and any one who desires to aid the school may send their contribution to John Hicks, Treasurer, Silverton, Oregon. This is a grand movement, and every lover of human progress should take an interest in it.

St. Solifer WITH OTHER WORTHIES AND UNWORTHIES

By James Vila Blake

CONTENTS: St. Solifer; Motive and a Story; Yima; Sprinkling the Thermometer; A Story from Meuleville; The Tripling of the Muses; A Dying Speech; A Like Case; From the Dabistan; Morning; Death as a Neighbor; Thamyras; Syrinx; Antæus.

Mr. Blake has that kind of literary industry which is not content to tread the beaten paths, but strays into the byways of literature and culls many a rare plant and many a sweet flower that has long blushed in the desert of past ages. These he arranges for us with all the charm and all the skill of a master hand. There is a freshness about Mr. Blake's writing, an unaffectedness and simplicity, that reminds one strongly of Charles Lamb. Mr. Blake possesses a rich vein of poetry, his conceits are never unhappy, nor his metaphors obscure. His style is correct, and with a special charm of its own, and he is never wearisome or otherwise than interesting.—*Detroit Sunday News*.

This pretty book of 175 pages contains some fourteen chapters, or stories, or essays. One can call them what he likes. They are certainly hardly chapters, for they are on different subjects; nor stories, for while they contain many curious tales and bits of folk lore, they have no unity. They are just genial, rambling chats, and very quaint and curious, and readable. The author certainly has a style of his own, very graceful and very antiquated, and very charming. His book is well worth any one's reading.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

We do not remember to have read any book of essays in modern times which are so suggestive and which are written in such classic English. These essays should have a wide circulation if for nothing else simply as models of style.—*Tacoma Morning Globe*.

The papers are the recreation of a finely touched mind; we should suppose that any one who can appreciate their delicate qualities might be warranted in complimenting himself.—*Literary World*.

A delightful book, and restful to the worried and wearied soul. There are fourteen stories in it, quaintly told like the fables of La Fontaine; and like them, each with a moral humorous and wise. Mr. Blake has caught the knack of story telling in the idiom and style made familiar to us by the old English masters of the art; a style which, even to imitate well, requires genius, and a cultivated sense of humor. There is wit of good flavor in the artful puzzles made out of Mr. Blake's imagination, by which a little mental exercise is forced upon us as we wonder and wonder whether the characters he presents to us are in reality strangers, or old acquaintances clothed in poetical raiment entirely new, and made by Mr. Blake himself, as the boy made the wooden ship, "all out of his own head." * * * We are never sure the stories are not where they seem to be, nor are we sure that they are not. It is true that in the preface Mr. Blake has placed a signpost warning us where we must not go; but his illusions counteract his warning; and we wander pleasantly along, not certain whether we are in the lawful pathway, or walking on the grass. * * * In many respects these little stories are better than Rudyard Kipling's, and they ought to be widely read.—*The Open Court*.

12mo., 179 pages. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents, postpaid.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

A BRIEF DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH OF

Ædœology,

A TREATISE ON GENERATIVE LIFE,

By **Sydney Barrington Elliot, M. D.**

One Volume in Three Parts:

"It is the right
of Every Child
to be
Well Born."

"Some means
ought to be pro-
vided for check-
ing the birth of
sickly children."
—
MINOT J. SAVAGE.

- I. PRE-NATAL INFLUENCE. II. LIMITATION OF OFFSPRING.
III. HYGIENE AND PHYSIOLOGY OF GENERATIVE LIFE.

"THIS is a book that every man and woman should read, and possess for frequent reference. It is a valuable treatise on Generative Life, and deals more particularly with one special phase of the subject to which little or no attention has been given—the power and possibilities of pre-natal influence."—*Medical Brief.*

Pre-natal influence is the influence, physical, mental and moral, which, acting through the parents, affects the unborn child, not only during actual pregnancy, but for sometime prior to it. The author has clearly demonstrated that having well born children is within the reach of almost all parents. The physical, mental and moral development are each separately considered. It is shown how to impart good physique, strong vital organs and desirable mental and moral qualities even under unfavorable circumstances. "Talent for special pursuits can be imparted, and numerous cases in point are given—cases of many of the world's most renowned men, showing why they were so, when their parents, brothers and sisters were entirely lacking in the qualities they possessed."—*School Journal, New York and Chicago.*

Many opinions and upwards of five hundred cases from the most eminent medical authorities in this country and Europe are given as corroborative evidence of the author's position..

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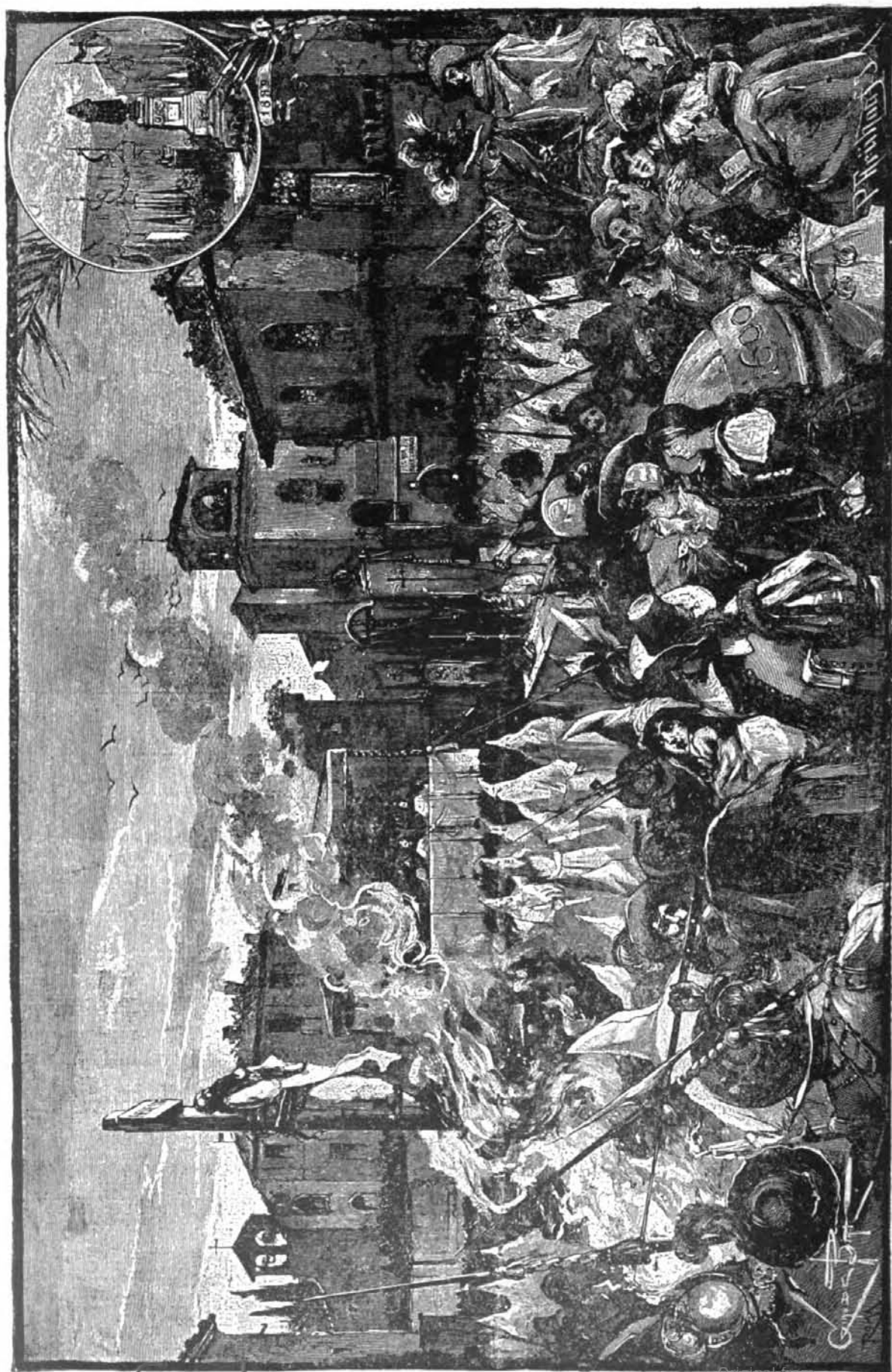


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CHRISTIAN'S BURNING BRUNO AT THE STAKE.

THE MYTH OF THE GREAT DELUGE.

BY JAMES M. McCANN.

I.

"The master said, 'Does Heaven speak? The four seasons pursue their courses, and all things are continually being produced; but does Heaven say anything?'—Confucius.

"And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. * * * And, behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein *is* the breath of life, from under heaven; and everything that *is* in the earth shall die. * * * And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation. * * * Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by sevens, the male and his female; and of beasts that are not clean by two, the male and his female. * * * Of fowls also of the air by sevens, the male and the female; to keep seed alive upon the face of the earth. And they went in unto Noah into the ark, two and two of all flesh, wherein *is* the breath of life. And every substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven. * * * And Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark."—*Genesis*.

"For my part I am certain that God hath given us our reason to discern between truth and falsehood; and he that makes not this use of it, but believes things he knows not why, I say it is by chance that he believes the truth, and not by choice; and I cannot but fear that God will not accept of this sacrifice of fools."—*Chillingworth*.

AN Omniscient Creator—a Deity of Infinite Mercy, a God of Love—could never have justly destroyed the human race for its disobedience and sin. No creature of His could ever have wrought a deed or dreamed a dream that He had not foreknown

before the first nebula had been condensed into a star! He could neither have been surprised at the conduct of any living thing, nor could He ever have repented of His acts. We read in Grecian fable that Deukalion's universal flood was providentially sent to extinguish the fearful conflagration which Phaethon's unskillful driving of the steeds of the sun had occasioned. The gods of Greece had blundered—the earth was wrapped in the flames of the sun which they could subdue only by a deluge, for they were never believed to have been all-powerful or otherwise. But they were the friends of the human race, and had taught men arts and arms; they loved the beautiful earth and sent the waters to save it. The God of Israel, we are told in Bible myth,* was grievously disappointed in His creatures.

Though He had formed man in His own image, and the ape in the image of man,† they had not behaved themselves as He had expected them to have done, and now, in His wrath, He would destroy some of them, at least, in the waters of a universal flood. An All-wise Deity, it might seem to us, would have swept them all from the earth forever, in order that their places might have been taken by new and *better* races. He would not, we may reasonably conclude, have preserved, by millions of miracles, remnants of these degraded creatures for the purpose of again repeopling the earth with teeming myriads no better than those that the waves had washed away. We are told that Noah, divinely chosen chief from all the sons of earth, though the storms of six hundred years‡ had cooled his blood and tamed his passions, could not resist the allurements of the grape when once ashore; and that he cursed with perpetual slavery,§ for a

*The Old Testament is rich alike in legends and in myths. We may take as examples the stories of the first human pair, the fall, Cain and Abel, the deluge, the tower of Babel, God's appearance to Abraham, and Jacob's wrestling. These stories have no historical foundation whatever.—*Knappert's Religion of Israel*, page 25.

† We know that for every bone, muscle, tooth, and even pattern of tooth in man, there is a corresponding bone, muscle, tooth and pattern of tooth in an ape.—*Huxley's Critiques and Addresses*, page 242.

‡ The possible term of human life under influences the most favorable, is supposed by one physiologist—the only one, I believe, who allows it that capacity—to reach the length of nearly two hundred years.—*Hedge's Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition*, pages 150, 151.

§ As the time is coming when there will be no slaves anywhere upon the earth, Noah's drunken prophecy must have been false. Not one of the great races has ever been enslaved.

trivial thing, *all* the posterity of a son whom the Ancient of Days had accounted worthy to be saved from the waters of a drowning world! Had the animals of the sea sinned less than those of the field and forest? Why must the dove and the oriole die, and the shark and the devil-fish still paint the sea with blood? It is nowhere pretended that the tiger is less cruel, the monkey less obscene, or the serpent less malicious and venomous than those that the waters are said to have swallowed up. What would we think of the mental condition of a *man* who planted an orchard, tested the fruit when the trees were laden, condemned it all as bitter and worthless, cut down date-tree, orange and apple, being careful, however, to preserve seed and slip from which to grow another like it? Or of a human inventor who, manufacturing various machines, destroyed them all when finished; preserving, however, an exact model of every one, from which to fashion others not one whit better? The rocks contain the fossil remains of unnumbered animals that have vanished from the earth forever. The mammoth and the cave bear, the mylodon and the saber-tooth had perished long before the ark is said to have plowed the waters of the universal sea.*

“So careful of the type? but no,
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, ‘A thousand types are gone;
I care for nothing, all shall go.’”

A universal deluge would not have destroyed all life upon the earth. As the trees of every forest would have been floating upon the waters, many laden with fruit and seed, all arboreal animals would have found a refuge on them, and the birds would have soared above the waters, resting on the floating branches when weary from their flight. Monkeys, parrots and sloths would have had food in abundance; squirrels and other rodents would have stowed away a supply of nuts in hollow branches, and the wild bees, having their homes in the cavities of trees where they would have floated in safety above the water, would have lived upon their store of honey. Birds of prey would have eaten doves and thrushes, and as the waters of the universal sea must have been covered with the bodies of all the great land animals of the

* We live in a world which is zoologically very impoverished, and from which the hugest, wildest and strangest forms have now disappeared.—*Schmidt's Mammalia in their Relation to Primeval Times*, page 73.

earth, vultures and other carrion birds would have fared sumptuously every day.

After all the fruit, nuts and seeds had been consumed, all animals that live solely upon these must have starved, but those that had hidden away a store would have survived. Carnivorous animals, other food failing, would have eaten each other—the kite and the crow would have become the prey of the eagle, and the lynx and the sable the food of the cougar. It is a well-known fact that all carnivora can survive long fasts—*snakes even for years*—and as many species of serpents are strictly arboreal they could easily have found secure retreats in cavities or hollow branches.

Thousands of species of insects live solely in decaying wood, and as it is their only food they would not have been at all inconvenienced by the waters of the great deluge! Now as the whole family of *Woodpeckers* feed exclusively upon such insects, and always rest on trees, the waters would in no wise have injured them, and they would have carried safely with them through the flood a swarm of parasites. What would have destroyed the seabirds—the gulls and stormy petrels? Surely not a deluge!

The waters then could not have destroyed all life upon the earth, and other causes that would have killed these animals would also have been fatal to those within the ark. The animal world has been improved and perfected by variation from the common type, and the survival of the fittest. Low and imperfect forms have been slowly transmuted by the law of evolution into better and higher ones. If an All-wise Creator had determined to destroy all life upon the earth He would surely have employed a method less cruel and more efficient than a universal deluge.

II.

“We now know monuments and writings compared with which all that formerly was regarded as most ancient, Homer and the Bible included, appears almost modern.”—*Geiger*.

“Seven thousand years have passed since the fourth king of the first dynasty built the first pyramid of Cochoime, the first which greets the traveller going forth into the desert from the gates of Cario.”—*Maclean*.

“Four thousand years before Christ the sphinx was suffering from age, for we possess a decree by which Cheops provides for its repair.”—*Sir John Lubbock*.

"The work of Ptahhotep dates from the age of the pyramids, and yet it appeals to the authority of the ancients. It is undoubtedly the most ancient book in the world."—*Rev. James Freeman Clarke.*

"The monuments of the two most ancient civilizations of which we have any knowledge—the Egyptian and the Chinese—contain no account of, or allusion to, Noah's deluge."—*Rev. Frederic Henry Hedge.*

"No allusion to a deluge occurs in any of the Vedic hymns."—*Max Muller.*

"On an Egyptian monument, dating so far back as the fourteenth century before Christ, there is to be seen in a grouping of various races of men, consisting of Egyptians, Negroes and Semites, also a representation, of masterly fidelity, of a man having a thoroughly white skin, blue eyes and blonde hair. Champollion already recognized a European in this surprising picture,"*

If Noah and his family belonged to the white race, how did the black, the yellow and the red originate? There has not been time since the date assigned to the deluge for natural selection to have accomplished it, if, indeed, it could ever do so.

"The great races, black, brown, yellow, white, had already settled into their well-known characters before written record began, so that their formation is hidden far back in the prehistoric period. Nor are alterations of such amount known to have taken place in any people within the range of history."†

If only eight persons, all belonging to the same family, were saved, and all the rest of the human race destroyed, only twenty-three hundred years before Christ, the blue-eyed, fair-haired German, the red Indian, the brown Mongolian, the yellow, cat-eyed Celestial, and the black African must all have originated from them since that time.

Now we know that they could not have done this, "for the representation of Negroes upon the ancient monuments of Egypt shows that from the remotest historical period there was a marked distinction between the peoples, and that from that early time till now the Negroes have not changed in the smallest particular of ethical character."‡ "In the sixth dynasty, about 2,000 B. C., the celebrated inscription of prince Una makes mention of

* *Geiger's Development of the Human Race*, page 126.

† *Tylor's Anthropology*, page 3.

‡ *The Dawn of History*, page 220.

the *Nahsi*, or Negroes, who were levied and drilled by ten thousands for the Egyptian army." *

"The power of climatic conditions is no doubt great; but many facts show that it never succeeds in breaking down the original type of a human family. The Jews, Arabs, Teutons, Kelts, Negroes, Mongols, preserve the same characters for thousands of years under wholly different external circumstances." †

Primitive man was in the lowest stage of savagery—a dweller in dens and caves, fighting fierce animals, that no longer find a lair in the dingle of any forest, with a knife of flint and an ax of stone. His advance toward civilization has been by slow and painful steps, marked everywhere in blood; until now, in the lands of the nobler races, Science

" — reaches out her arms
To feel from world to world, and charms
Her secret from the latest moon."

Man must, therefore, have been more degraded and less moral 10,000 years before Christ than he was twenty-three hundred; and yet we are told that his overwhelming punishment came not then. We now know that man has lived upon this earth for hundreds of thousands of years, and that the race has never been destroyed by a flood or any other cause whatever. "At least four hundred thousand years ago the American continent was inhabited by human beings." ‡ When we take into consideration the length of time that has elapsed since man first appeared upon the earth, we can understand how the slightest variations may have produced the white, the red, the black and the yellow races. If the family of Noah spoke only a single tongue, how did the nine hundred and ninety-nine other languages originate? Have they existed only during the last 4,000 years? In its beginning language consists wholly of monosyllables and signs. It contains no words expressing any abstract idea; and thousands of years are required in which to polish and perfect it. Now we know that "there existed 2,000 B. C. two important languages not belonging to either the Aryan or Semitic family; these were the ancient Babylonian and the ancient Chinese." § Is it possible

* *Tylor's Anthropology*, page 3.

† *Ten Great Religions*, vol. II, page 36.

‡ *Fisk's Excursions of an Evolutionist*, page 148.

§ *Tylor's Anthropology*, page 12.

that the immediate posterity of Noah could at once have originated and perfected these independent languages, in every way so unlike their own Semitic tongue? Would they have created inferior languages when they had a nobler one already? The annals and monuments of China take us back to about 2,500 B. C., and from that time till now the Celestial Empire has been a densely populated country, devastated at no time in all her history by any but merely natural and local floods. According to the best authorities the written records of Egypt go back to at least 5,000 B. C., at which time this land of the Nile and the Sphinx was a densely populated country, rich in splendid cities and magnificent works of art; and the only deluge of which her historians seem ever to have heard was the annual inundation of its valley by the waters of the wonderful river. In the tombs and temples of Egypt are paintings 5,000 years old, with their colors still bright and unfaded, as when they came from the brush of the artist in the morning of the world. Had these pictures been, for more than a year, in the waters of the universal sea, they must have been wholly obliterated; and the waves of the deluge would have left traces of their presence upon the granite blocks and marble slabs of the Pyramids themselves! They have not even swept away the ashes from the craters of the extinct volcanoes of France!

III.

"Legendary, mythical, magical and wonderful ships have abounded in all ages. The oldest traditions of these are connected with the deluge myth, and the ark is the type of mythical vessels abundant in after ages."—*Bassett*.

"The Israelites adopted many myths from the Canaanites. This appears especially in the cosmogony, the narratives of Paradise, of the deluge and others."—*Tiele*.

Noah had no way by which to control the movements of the ark. As it was unprovided with either sails or rudder, it must have drifted at the will of winds and currents. Now the waters of a universal deluge must have been covered with the wreck of cities, the trees of every forest—everything in all the world that would float on water. Through all this driftwood, we are told, the ark moved safely, and grounded at last on the snowy mountains of Ararat. Without continual supernatural interference,

would not its sides have been broken in by collisions with this floating timber?

It was never anchored, and yet it floated only a short distance from where it was launched. "The trade-wind covers no less than 56° of latitude; 28° north of the equator, and 28° south of it. In this large tract the trade-wind blows during the whole year, either from the northeast or from the southeast."* "We know by experience that while trade-winds blow with the greatest regularity across the great ocean plains, they are greatly hindered by the masses of the main-land. In certain circumstances indeed, the great continental masses are able to completely throw back the trade-winds."†

"The speed with which the tidal wave runs round the ocean is very far from uniform; it varies according to the obstacles presented to its advance. If the whole globe were covered by an unbroken sea of equal depth, the crest of the tidal wave at the equator would have an hourly speed of 1.014 miles."‡

Now, as the ark must have floated over a globe entirely water covered, with trade-winds blowing wildly everywhere, would not these, the tidal wave or the ocean currents, have swept it round the world? But the breezes touched it lightly, and it landed all its passengers alive and well on snowy Ararat. Sir Robert Ker Porter, writing in 1817, says, "Various attempts have been made to ascend these tremendous mountain-pyramids, but in vain. Their form, snow and glaciers are insurmountable obstacles, the distance being so great, from the commencement of the icy region to the highest point, cold alone would be the destruction of any person who should have the hardihood to persevere."

The eagle and the condor, the musk-ox and the polar bear might have escaped from the mountain into the plain below, but the snakes and tender tropical animals, that cannot endure the cold, must all have perished in the snow! How did the 2,000 species of snails§ escape over the ice fields of these Arminian

* *Mayen's Geography of Plants*, page 42.

† *God's Glorious Creation*, page 335.

‡ *Klein's Earth, Sea and Sky*, page 91.

§ It is well known that these animals cannot survive for any length of time the effects of salt water, and this water is almost immediately fatal to the vitality of their eggs.—*Heilprin's Geographical and Geological Distribution of Animals*, page 53.

mountains; cross every river and sea; colonize every continent; discover and occupy every ocean island in so short a space of time?

"And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord; and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt-offerings on the altar."

Then he must have sacrificed 1 giraffe, 52 deer, 149 oxen,* sheep and antelopes, 375 doves and pigeons, 640 warblers, 600 humming-birds, 100,000 beetles, and a swarm of locusts and grasshoppers, 400 gallinaceous birds, and a whole menagerie of other animals preserved by supernatural aid from the waters that changed the green earth into an ocean bed! The rainbow, we read, was now painted on the clouds, as a token that "the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh." Before the year 2,348 B. C., there was, therefore, never a rainbow seen on the bosom of any cloud; and consequently no rain fell anywhere upon the earth before that time! Now we know that millions of years before the appearance of man upon this planet the magic of sunbeams had woven this glory into the heart of the dewdrop and the vapor of the sky. "Then as now the rainbow scattered ten thousand colors upon the dull-gray clouds, but no eye drank in the diverse stimulation from its gorgeous undertones of melting orange and exquisite green. Then as now the sunset crimsoned the west with dying glory, and bathed the horizon in floods of golden light, but no living thing beheld its loveliness or reveled in its changeful wealth."†

IV.

"We might almost as well accept the Greek or Hebrew fables of a universal deluge, a phenomenon which we well know to be physically impossible; for the most tremendous rain-fall does not exceed six inches per hour and so completely desiccates the atmosphere that it can last but a short time; whereas, even if it continued in full force for forty days and nights, the entire amount would only be some 6,000 inches, or 500 feet. If all the aqueous vapor in the atmosphere were to be condensed at once, it could not elevate the sea level by 50 feet. Nor is modern science aware of the existence of any fountains of the great deep to be broken up to supplement the deficiency."—*Prof. J. Peter Leslie.*

"Supposing the vast canopy of air, by some sudden change of internal constitution, at once to discharge its whole watery store, this precipitate would form a sheet of scarcely five inches thick over the surface of the globe."—*Encyclopedia Britannica.*

* *I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats.*—*Isaiah.*

† *Grant Allen's Color Sense*, page 35.

There must, therefore, have been created more than 56,000 times the existing amount of water contained in the atmosphere in order to drown out the world; and as water covering a square mile to the depth of one foot weighs 720,000 tons, and as the earth contains 197,000,000 square miles, therefore the weight of the water necessary to cover the entire globe to a depth of twelve inches would be 141,840,000,000,000 tons; and as the summits of the highest mountains are nearly 30,000 feet above the level of the sea, *the weight of the water created for a universal deluge must, therefore, have been 4,255,200,000,000,000 tons!** What became of the waters of this supernatural ocean covering the snowy crests of Everest and Ararat?

As there must have floated in the waters of the deluge the decomposing bodies of the entire human race, and of all of the great land animals of the world, excepting those in the ark alone, together with the entire vegetable matter of the earth, and as the waters of the deluge would have contained but little salt—unless we are to suppose a supply to have been created for this especial purpose, and afterwards wholly removed from the earth—would not the air and the waters have become so corrupted as to render life everywhere impossible?

And as the salt waters of the earth would have constituted only a minute part of the aqueous covering of the drowned world, all those animals and plants that can exist in salt water alone must have perished; if its saltness was miraculously increased then all those animals and plants that can live only in fresh water must have been completely destroyed. A universal deluge would have killed the plants of the sea, and without these marine animals could not exist or the waters retain their purity. If the vegetable kingdom could have existed, under a weight of water six miles in depth, it must have been in perfect darkness; and it would, therefore, have given out carbonic acid like the animal world, and thus have poisoned the air so that nothing could breathe it and live. As the heat of the sun never penetrates water to such a depth, the bottom would have been icy cold, and this alone would have destroyed all that is most beautiful and useful to man in the flora of the earth. But “at a depth

* The weight of the earth, according to the most recent estimate, is 5,425,092,500,000,000,000 tons.

of one hundred fathoms all plants containing chlorophyl cease to grow."*

The trees of every forest must, therefore, have perished and their brown and withered leaves been swept afar by the waters. Where then could the wandering dove have found the green olive leaf with which to make glad the hearts of the sailors of the ark? Herodotus tells us that Babylonia grew no olive trees, and that its inhabitants made use of oil of sesame.† "It is certain that a country so subject to inundation was not at all favorable to the olive. It thrives in dry climates like that of Syria and Assyria."‡ Now if this desert-loving tree will not permit the waves of the Euphrates to even kiss its feet, how could it have kept its foliage green for more than a year with the waters of the deluge flowing over its head, high as towering Everest? There are banyan and dragon trees still green upon the earth, that were not young at the time when the ark is said to have floated over the waters.§ Now as all fruit trees must have been destroyed by a universal deluge, how did the fruit-eaters live after the "wind had blown away the water?" Where would the cattle have found either grass or grain, and upon what would the carnivora have fed, after they had eaten all the defenseless animals that Noah had not already sacrificed? Would not all arboreal animals, as squirrels, sloths and monkeys, have been exterminated by ravenous wolves and starving tigers, in a treeless world? Where would the insectivorous birds and bats have found their food, and where would the insects have found flower, leaf, fruit and blood? Where would those birds that always build their nests in trees have found a home? As few insects live in their perfect state for a whole year—many, indeed, for only a few hours—Noah must, therefore, have been under the necessity of watching over their eggs and feeding and caring for their larvæ!

The author of Genesis knew nothing whatever about the metamorphoses of insects. It was the microscope that first made known the interesting fact that the transformations were only

* *Semper's Animal Life*, page 53.

† *Herodotus*, bk. 1, c. 193.

‡ *De Candolle's Origin of Cultivated Plants*, page 285.

§ Adanson supposes many of the baobab trees of Senegal to be as old as the pyramid of Egypt; and Humboldt thought that the dragon tree of Orotava must have been 5,000 or 6,000 years old. The banyan tree covers ten or fifteen acres, and, as it continually throws down new trunks, it really never dies!

phases in the evolution of the insect, and not a complete transformation of one animal into another, as all the world had believed before. "The beetles are born in a comparatively imperfect state, and no one could guess from their immature forms that they would eventually become what they do. In the first stage of their existence, after having escaped from the egg, they are grubs or larvæ, and they generally remain in this condition for a considerable time before changing into the quiet and motionless nymph, pupa, or beetle chrysalis. But the life of the mature insect, which escapes fully and elaborately formed and decorated from the shroud of the nymph, is usually limited to a few days."* The perfect insect no longer grows, and, having laid its eggs, it generally dies, like a flower that has ripened its seed.

It is certain that Noah could never have fed and cared for millions of larvæ, some of which are strictly carnivorous, and yet the perfect insect is a vegetarian and never touches blood. Neither could he have known, nor did any one know for thousands of years, into what species of insect these larvæ would develop.

V.

"Neither plants nor insects would be what they are, but for the influence which each has exercised on the other. Some plants, indeed, are altogether dependent on insects for their very existence."—*Sir John Lubbock.*

"Flowers and fruit have been rendered conspicuous by brilliant colors in contrast with green foliage, in order that the flowers may be easily seen, visited and fertilized by insects, and the seeds disseminated by birds."—*Charles Darwin.*

Admitting that lily and rose, apple and orange, came safe and uninjured from the waters of the deluge, and grew again as luxuriantly as before, how could they have been fertilized so as to produce seed that would germinate, seeing that they are indebted for this service to the insect world alone? Bees and butterflies have been swept from the earth, excepting the few individuals preserved by Noah in the ark; and these, if not at once snapped up by the thousands of insectivorous birds and bats turned out among them, would have been too few to have accomplished anything, even if we suppose them to have been miraculously re-

* *Prof. Duncan's Transformations of Insects*, page 5.

turned to the lands from which they came. "To insects, and especially to bees, we owe the beauty of our gardens, the sweetness of our fields. To their beneficent, though unconscious action, flowers owe their scent and color, their honey—nay, in many cases even their form" *

If the story of the deluge is true, the earth must have lost its fruits and flowers—its beauty and perfume. It would have been a new world, emerging from its shroud of waters with all the higher animals, and even man himself, fully developed upon its surface. Is this the way in which the Creator wrought in that earlier morning of the world? Not at all. Then, at first there appeared only the very lowest vegetable forms—the simple seaweed floating on the water, and the lichen staining the granite rocks with gray and gold. The young earth waits patiently for millions of years for the first hum of an insect in Devonian twilight, and æons longer for the song of the bird and the perfume of the rose. The animal and vegetable kingdoms have been developed harmoniously together, each aiding and perfecting the other—not a few animals turned out of an ark upon the summits of inaccessible mountains to perish in the snow!

"While man has only tilled a few level plains, a few great river valleys, a few peninsular mountain slopes, leaving the vast mass of earth untouched by his hand, the insect has spread himself over every land in a thousand shapes, and has made the whole flowering creation subservient to his daily wants. His buttercup, his dandelion, and his meadow-sweet grow thick in every English field. His mint clothes the hillside; his heather purples the bleak gray moorland. High up among the Alpine heights his genitian spreads its lakes of blue; amid the snows of the Himalayas his rhododendrons gleam with crimson light. The insect has thus turned the whole surface of the earth into a boundless flower-garden, which supplies him from year to year with pollen or honey, and itself in turn gains perpetuation by the baits that it offers for his allurements." † "It is a striking confirmation, on a large scale, of Mr. Darwin's beautiful theory—that the gay colors of flowers have mostly, or, perhaps, wholly been produced, in order to attract insects which aid in their fertilization—that in New Zealand, where insects are so strikingly deficient

* *Sir John Lubbock's Fifty Years of Science*, page 17.

† *Allen's Color Sense*, page 95.

in variety the flora should be almost as strikingly deficient in gaily-colored blossoms." *

To earth-worms the world owes much of its fertility and beauty, and thousands of them exist in every acre of land outside of the frozen zones. Now, as all of these must have been destroyed by the waters of a universal deluge, have all those now in the earth originated, within less than 5,000 years, from single pairs of each species said to have been preserved by Noah in the ark? "It is a marvelous reflection that the whole of the superficial mould * * * has passed, and will again pass, every few years through the bodies of worms. The plough is one of the most ancient and valuable of man's inventions; but long before he existed the land was in fact regularly plowed by earth-worms. It may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as these lowly organized creatures." † A study of the worms alone is quite sufficient to show the absurdity of the deluge myth. As they live under ground in all parts of the world and number many different species, how could Noah "bring them in"? If they had all been destroyed only a few centuries ago the surface of the earth would now be quite different from what it is, and far less beautiful. If all species of carnivorous plants had survived and come out of the waters of the deluge uninjured, where would they have found their *insect* food? How did they obtain it during the whole year that they are said to have been at the bottom of the sea? They can no more live without animal food than a tiger can live without blood. *Could the vegetable world have enjoyed its necessary evening sleep, or the air and desert-loving plants have existed for more than a year with the waters of an ocean over them?* There is a species of land-snail, the female of which cannot be fertilized by the aid of a single male, but requires the services of *three* or more in order to accomplish it. Now, as all snails were accounted unclean animals, only *two* of this remarkable species could have been admitted into the ark, and these had quite as well been left outside.

"In some species of gall-fly males are entirely wanting." ‡ How

* Wallace's *Geographical Distribution of Animals*, vol. 1, pages 462, 463.

† Darwin's *Vegetable Mould and Earth-worms*, page 313. Hensen estimates that there must exist 53,767 worms in every acre of land.

‡ Sir John Lubbock's *Fifty Years of Science*, page 12.

then could Noah have taken into the ark "the male and his female?" "Many naturalists have observed that the species of *solenobia*, one of the *Tineidæ*, have a most exceptional power of reproduction. The maiden females of the genus lay eggs which can be hatched so as to produce larvæ, and a naturalist may breed a species for years without a male *solenobia*. This extraordinary fact is not without parallel amongst the *Lepidoptera*, and is common among the bees and aphides." * "The aphides, which may be seen in the spring and early summer, and which are commonly, but not always, wingless, are all of one sex, and give birth to a brood of similar aphides, which come into the world alive, and before long go through a like process of multiplication. As many as from seven to ten successive broods may thus be produced in the course of a single season; so that from a single aphis, it has been calculated that no fewer than ten thousand million millions may be evolved within that period." † Did the Creator give commands to Noah that could by no possibility have been obeyed? If all insects had perished, as we are told in Genesis, except those preserved in the ark, and these would not have furnished food for a single day for those animals that eat nothing else, every insectivorous bird and mammal must have starved. "The Antirrhinum is especially adapted for fertilization by humblebees. The stamens and pistil are so arranged that smaller species would not effect the object. It is, therefore, an advantage that they should be excluded, and in fact they are not strong enough to move the spring. The antirrhinum is, so to say, a closed box of which the humblebees alone possess the key." ‡

Were it not for the aid of humblebees red clover would perfume no meadow, nor redden any hill-side, for without those insects it can nowhere exist.§ Now if we admit that this grass came from out the waters of a universal deluge uninjured by the brine, and uncropped by marine animals, can we believe that the pair of humblebees that Noah is said to have turned out of the ark above the clouds on Ararat, could, by any possibility, have fertilized these fields of clover that beautify the continents and

* Professor Duncan's *Transformations of Insects*, page 157.

† Dr. Carpenter's *The Microscope*, page 757.

‡ Sir John Lubbock's *Flowers, Fruits and Leaves*, page 23.

§ Humblebees alone visit red clover, as other bees cannot reach the nectar.—Darwin's *Origin of Species*, page 57.

fill the ocean islands with perfume? The seeds of plants could not have been dispersed over the earth without the assistance of animals; and a year's soaking in brine would have most effectually destroyed the vitality of all the more useful varieties, so that it would have been necessary to have recreated the vegetable kingdom at the close of the deluge!* And, "without the plants, the animals would soon decline and perish, in consequence of the increasing impurity of the atmosphere; and, on the other hand, the plants could not exist without the carbonic acid which the vital process of animals is constantly imparting to the air."† Now will any one maintain, for a moment, that the few animals liberated from the ark, could have given to the atmosphere as much carbonic acid as would have been required, or as had been furnished daily by the unnumbered millions that are said to have perished? So that even if we admit that every tree and plant came out of the waters uninjured in either leaf or branch, all must soon have withered and died because the animal world had been destroyed, *and the one cannot exist without the other*. "If insects had not been developed on the face of the earth, our plants would not have been decked with beautiful flowers, but would have produced only such poor flowers as we see on our fir, oak, nut and ash trees, on grasses, spinach, docks and nettles, which are all fertilized through the agency of the wind."‡

Now among bees and wasps§ the queens and males are not workers—they make neither honey nor homes; they care for neither eggs nor larvæ; so that if a pair of each species of these insects had been turned out of the ark they would have starved and left no offspring! Without them we would have had only such flowers as the wind and moths can fertilize; fruits, lilies and clover would have vanished from the earth forever. The Amazon ants are entirely dependent on their slaves. They do no work; they show no care for their young, and will starve before they will feed

* A great ship was laden with pairs of beasts, *and seeds of every kind of plants*, and was steered safely through the floods by Vishnu under the form of a great fish, who ultimately moored it on the mountain Naubandhana, one of the Himalayas in Eastern Kashmere.—*Sagas from the Far East*, page 336.

† *Dr. Hartwig's Harmonies of Nature*, page 17.

‡ *Darwin's Origin of Species*, page 161.

§ Few are aware that about 4,500 species of wild bees are known, and of wasps 1,100.—*Sir John Lubbock on the Senses, Instincts and Intelligence of Animals*, page 242.

themselves. How then did a pair of these insects live in the ark for more than a year without their slaves? How did they manage to perpetuate their race after the waters of the deluge had been blown away? "We may truly say that our English ants possess a much greater variety of domestic animals than we do ourselves. Andre gives a list of no less than 584 species of insects, which are habitually found in association with ants, and of which 542 are beetles."* Now, if the alliance of these animals was not of mutual benefit it surely would not exist; it could neither have been maintained while in the ark nor re-entered into after the flood—so the ants, like the worms, proclaim the deluge a myth.

VI.

"In the course of conversations with the Mohammedan Arabs or Eastern Christians on the dimensions of the ark, I have frequently read to them the account given in the Bible, but was always vehemently opposed, as they asserted that in my book there must be some mistake in the translation, and that some larger measure should be substituted for cubits; a remark which, if the ordinary idea of a universal deluge be accepted, is certainly not unreasonable."—*Pierott*.

According to the calculations of Sir Isaac Newton the ark was 515.62 feet long, 85.94 wide and 51.56 deep. The measured tonnage was 18,232. The Great Eastern is 780 feet long, 83 feet wide and 53 feet deep, and she measures 28,093 tons. If the ark had only one small window and one door, and was covered inside and out with pitch, it must have been perfectly dark and utterly without ventilation. Noah was commanded to take on board 4 elephants, 4 hippopotami, 18 rhinoceroses, 12 camels, 14 giraffes, 16 horses, 2,086 bovine animals, 728 deer, 44 swine, 30 bears, 132 lions, tigers, leopards, etc., 108 dogs, wolves and foxes, 438 apes and monkeys, 112 kangaroos, 50 crocodiles, 184 gluttons, weasels, skunks, etc., 12 tapirs, 54 porcupines, 80 hares and rabbits, 200 civets, genets, etc., 44 opossums, 24 sloths, 30 ant-eaters, 34 armadillos, 400 squirrels, 660 rats and mice, 890 bats, 2,520 owls, 2,660 crows, 4,280 woodpeckers, 476 birds-of-paradise, 2,660 honey-suckers, 4,970 doves and pigeons, 2,550 hawks and kites, 9,954 shrikes, 1,540 larks, 3,528 weaver finches, 5,404 parrots, 5,600 gallinaceous birds, 4,256 tanagers, 2,520 cuckoos, 6,126

* *Sir John Lubbock's Ants, Bees and Wasps*, pages 73. 74.

finches, 6,230 thrushes, 3,038 American creepers, 1,728 sun-birds, 1,750 kingfishers, 2,520 ducks, geese and swans, 1,946 bulbuls, 3,962 fly-catchers, 8,960 warblers, 8,400 humming-birds, 2,232 lizards, 1,794 snakes, 114 toads, 103 tree-frogs, 2,510 moths, 20,000 butterflies,* 1,400,000 beetles,† 4,000 snails and a vast array of tortoises, land shells, worms,‡ spiders and other animals. Noah must have packed into the ark more than 6,000 mammals, 4,000 reptiles, 112,000 birds, and at least 500,000 species of insects,§ and unless the *parasites*|| of every animal within the ark had been miraculously destroyed, their numbers would have vastly exceeded the single pair of every species of such creatures permitted to survive. There are more than thirty species which prey upon man alone, and no animal whatever is without both external and internal parasites. . "There is no organ which is sheltered from their invasions: neither the brain, the ear, the eye, the heart, the blood, the lungs, the spinal marrow, the nerves, the muscles or even the bones. The very animals which live as parasites, harbor others in their turn. We find parasites on parasites."¶ In the far North, under the many-colored lights of the Aurora, is sometimes seen snow red as blood, or green as emerald. This is due to minute forests of vegetable forms and thirty-seven species have been already enumerated as belonging to the flora of the Arctic snows; and this flora is associated with a fauna equally minute. How could Noah have preserved in the heated ark these microscopic animals that can live only in the frozen snows of the North? "Every particle of matter is to be conceived of as a garden full of plants, or a pond full of fishes; but every twig of each plant, every limb of each animal, every drop in its humors,

* There are probably at least ten thousand species now living.—*Scudder's Butterflies*, page 226.

† There are more than 100,000 described species of beetles in the museums of the world, and as it was a clean animal fourteen of each species must have been admitted into the ark.

‡ There are worms in Ceylon five feet long, an inch thick and of a fine sky-blue color.—*Haeckel's Ceylon*, page 296.

§ *The Geographical Distribution of Animals*, by Alfred Russell Wallace, is the main authority used in this essay, as to the number of species. Since the publication of this great work many new forms have been discovered, belonging to no known species, and much of the earth's surface is still unexplored.

|| Every insect has more than one parasite.—*Prof. P. Martin Duncan*.

¶ *Van Benden's Animal Parasites and Messmates*, pages 91, 92.

is again such a garden, or such a pond, full of decreasingly minute lives, similar in kind." *

Now, in addition to this living cargo, Noah must have found room for food enough to supply the wants of his family, and all the animals within the ark for one year and seventeen days. His cargo must have been more than doubled, both in bulk and in weight. Millions of living animals must have been taken on board to serve as food for carnivorous mammals, reptiles, birds and insects.† The food for a single lion is twenty-five pounds of fresh meat a day; he would consume 9,550 pounds during the 382 days that he remained a prisoner in the ark. An elephant will eat 400 pounds of hay each day; and the four within the ark would have required more than 600,000 pounds. The ark was not large enough to have contained the necessary food alone! The interior of the ark must have been divided and subdivided into millions of compartments, in order that the carnivorous animals might have been separated from their herbivorous neighbors—the lamb and gazelle must have been protected from the fang of wolf and claw of tiger. The rattlesnake and cobra could not have been permitted to crawl at will over the floor of the ark, or they would surely have been crushed beneath the feet of other captives, and would have inflicted deadly injuries in return. Birds of prey must all have been carefully caged, or they would have fed on doves and birds-of-paradise. Carnivorous insects must have been separated from each other, and from the flower-lovers, and passage-ways left for the use of Noah and his family while giving the animals food and drink,‡ and removing the ever accumulating filth from this worse than Augean stable. These millions of necessary compartments would, of course, have greatly diminished the space available for the living cargo, and would have rendered any ventilation whatever impossible; so that no animal known to us could have breathed the noxious vapors of the ark for a single hour and lived. The ark was by no means

* *Papillon's Nature and Life*, page 41.

† Prof. Duncan says that the dragon-fly is the most blood-thirsty of living animals; and as there are 1,700 species, Noah must, therefore, have had the care of 3,400 of these sanguinary insects.

‡ The rain-water of the deluge when mingled with the waters of every sea and ocean would have contained salt; and as the decomposing bodies of the human race, together with all the great land animals of the whole earth, would have been floating in this universal sea, it could not have been fit for any animal to drink.

the largest vessel ever afloat—"ships of the same proportions have been built, notably in Holland, and possessed a great carrying capacity,"* but did ever ship put to sea with such a tonnage?

Admitting that it had stowage room for such a cargo—and it most certainly had not—would it not have gone, with all its living freight, to the bottom like a stone?

VII.

"The earth is divided into separate zoological provinces, each with its own peculiar animal and vegetable world. The kangaroo, for instance, is found in Australia and there only. By no possibility could the aboriginal kangaroo have jumped at one bound from Mount Ararat to Australia, leaving no trace of his passage in any intermediate district."—*Laing*.

We are nowhere told that divine agency was any way employed in collecting together the animals of the earth. The Lord commanded Noah to bring them into the ark. Now we know that he could not have brought these animals home with him, even if he had explored every mountain-slope and valley, and discovered every cape and island on the earth from pole to pole. Neither would his scientific attainments have enabled him to classify or distinguish the different species even had the entire animal world been assembled around him. The male and female of many species of birds are of different colors and quite unlike each other—the one brilliant in crimson or orange, the other dressed in sombre gray; in many species of insects they have not the slightest resemblance whatever.

"Not only do single islands, however small, often possess peculiar species of land shells, but sometimes single mountains or valleys, or even a particular mountain-side, possess species or varieties found nowhere else upon the globe."† A small islet called Round Island, only about a mile across, and situated about fourteen miles northeast of Mauritius, possesses a snake which is unknown in any other part of the world, being altogether confined to this minute islet."‡ "The Bornean yellow bulbul (*Otocampus montis*) has only been met with on the peak of Kina-Balu, and

* *Bassett's Legends and Superstitions of the Sea*, page 483.

† *Wallace's Island Life*, page 74.

‡ *Wallace's Island Life*, page 402.

the red bird-of-paradise (*Paradisca rubra*) only within the narrow limits of the island of Waigiou." *

"The great volcanic peaks of Chimborazo and Pichincha have each a peculiar species of humming-bird confined to a belt just below the limits of perpetual snow, while the extinct volcano of Chiniqui in Veragua has a species confined to its wooded crater." † Can we believe that this snake was lifted by the hand of God from the ocean island, and the humming-bird from the mountain crater, transported through the air for thousands of miles, caged and cared for in the ark for more than a year, and then returned in safety to their former homes?

"New Zealand, an island as large as Great Britain, has only a single living indigenous mammal—a rat of doubtful origin." ‡ Were a pair of these rodents carried safely over seas and oceans by the Creator of ten thousand million suns, handed over to Noah to feed and protect from the waste of waters, and then carried back again over the Southern seas?

But we are nowhere informed that any supernatural means were employed in returning the animals again to the lands from which they were taken. The plain inference is that they were left to make their own way back again as best they could. How did our own tortoise accomplish such a journey? When would our garden snail have gotten here?

If all living animals have dispersed themselves over the earth from Armenian mountains within the last 5,000 years, how does it happen that the humming-bird is found on the American continent alone? How did the 1,794 land snakes when turned out of the ark cross snow-fields and glaciers and spread themselves over the earth? Why is it that no crows exist in South America while they are found in every other part of the world? If the snail has reached Patagonia, might not the crow have arrived by this time on the Orinoco? If the mole is already in our flower-gardens, why has it never set its foot upon the soil of Africa? §

* *Heilprin's Geographical and Geological Distribution of Animals*, page 17.

† *Wallace's Island Life*, pages 15, 16.

‡ *Grant Allen's Life of Darwin*, page 54.

§ It has already been remarked that the interposition of extensive and elevated mountain-chains and large bodies of water, and also sudden changes in the physical character of a country, are insurmountable obstacles in the way of migration or dispersion of certain classes of animals — *Heilprin's Geographical and Geological Distribution of Animals* page 41

"The moas of New Zealand have only recently become extinct, a specimen mounted in the British Museum being eleven feet high."* "There is reason to believe that the æpyornis, a gigantic bird, lived in the island of Madagascar less than 200 years ago."† "The great Irish elk, a huge antlered deer, probably existed almost down to historic times."‡

Were these gigantic animals preserved in the ark from the waters of the deluge only to perish miserably before they were even seen by enlightened men? Not thus has nature wrought!

Principal Dawson says "it is now an established conclusion that the great aggressive faunas and floras of the continents have originated in the North, some of them within the Arctic Circle." "All the evidence at our command points to the Northern hemisphere as the birthplace of the class mammalia, and probably of all the orders."§

Instead of setting out on their travels from Armenian mountains, less than 5,000 years ago, the animal and floral worlds came down from the North long before man had appeared upon the earth; colonized Europe and America while they were still united; entered Africa on dry land before the Atlantic had burst through the Pillars of Hercules; spread themselves over Asia and into the islands of the Pacific before they had been separated from the great continents of the North; higher forms being continually evolved from lower ones—bird from reptile and man from ape—imperfect creatures transformed by the magic touch of Selection and Time into higher and nobler ones, but never all swept away, at any time, by the waters of a deluge!

"It is certain that no universal deluge ever took place since man existed, and that the animal life existing in the world, and shown by fossil remains to have existed for untold ages, could by no possibility have originated from pairs of animals living together in the ark, and radiating from a mountain in Armenia."||

* *Wallace's Geographical Distribution of Animals*, volume 1, page 164.

† *Ibid*, volume 1, page 164.

‡ *Ibid*, volume 1, page 110. As the Irish elk—an animal as large as a horse—was clean, there must therefore have been fourteen of them taken into the ark.

§ *Wallace's Geographical Distribution of Animals*, volume 11, page 544.

| *Modern Science and Modern Thought*, pages 251, 252.

VIII.

"And take thou unto thee of all food that is eaten, and thou shalt gather it to thee; and it shall be for food for thee and for them."—*Genesis*.

Now as there is not in all the world a plant, nut, fruit, flower, leaf or seed, that does not in some way contribute to the support of animal life, the entire vegetable kingdom must have been represented among the food supplies of the ark; and Noah must have been the greatest traveler and naturalist that ever walked the earth! As many species of animals feed exclusively upon one particular kind of insect, fruit or plant found only in the snow of an Arctic mountain, and nowhere else upon the earth, or under the gold of laurel leaves in some lonely island of the ocean, this food must have been collected from moorland and marsh, forest and stream, prairie and desert, lily and rose—everywhere under the sun! There is, perhaps, not a single plant but what has insects peculiar to itself; and some trees, as the oak and pine, give sustenance to several hundred different species. Now these creatures can exist nowhere else than on the living tree. How then did Noah manage them? How did he feed all his fruit-eating mammals, birds and insects? Could a supply of fresh fruit have been kept constantly on board for more than a year, and served out daily to ape and monkey, bird and insect? It would have been an impossibility to have done so; and thousands of animals eat nothing else.

Could every species of plant on the earth have been kept growing in the ark without light or earth or root? "Hundreds of species of lepidoptera, for example, can subsist in the larval state only on one species of plant; so that even if the perfect insects were carried to a new country, the continuance of the race would depend upon the same or a closely allied plant being abundant there. Other insects require succulent vegetables all the year round, and are therefore confined to the tropical regions; some can live only in deserts, others in forests; some are dependent on water plants, some on mountain vegetation; many are so intimately connected with other insects during some part of their existence that they cannot live without them."*

"The humming-bird has resisted all efforts to acclimate him

* *Wallace's Geographical Distribution of Animals*, volume I, page 33.

in Europe, though they have not unfrequently survived the passage across the ocean." *

Alfred Russell Wallace, the distinguished naturalist, while on the Amazon tried to rear two young humming-birds. "Thinking," he says, "that the young birds were fed by their parents on honey, I tried to feed them with a syrup made of honey and water, but though they kept their mouths constantly open as if ravenously hungry, they would not swallow the liquid, but threw it out again and sometimes nearly choked themselves in the effort. At length I caught some minute flies, and on dropping one of these into the open mouth it instantly closed, the fly was gulped down and the mouth opened again for more; and each took in this way fifteen or twenty little flies in succession before it was satisfied. They lived thus for three or four days, but required more constant care than I could give them." †

Mr. Goss, who relates many interesting experiments which he made, in reference to the possibility of keeping them in confinement, thinks that by each of those which he had in a room, and which he also fed on syrup, there were taken at a low estimate three insects per minute, and that with few intervals, incessantly from dawn to dusk. The above calculation, granting to the bird a minute's rest after each pursuit, would give ninety flies per hour, or five hundred and forty in six hours; and this would bear out the assertion of a distinguished ornithologist, that humming-birds "*eat their own weight of insects daily.*" ‡ Let us suppose their average weight to have been only one-fourth of an ounce each, the 8,400 humming-birds that must have been taken into the ark would have weighed, in round numbers, 131 pounds; they would eat, therefore, in 382 days, 50,042 pounds of insects, all of which must have been kept in the ark alive, and some fed to each bird regularly every few minutes through the day! The eight persons in the ark could not have fed and cared for the humming-birds alone, if they had given their whole time and attention exclusively to them! If 50,042 pounds of insects would have been required for the humming-birds alone, how many tons would have been needed to supply the wants of all the insectivorous mammals, birds and reptiles? They would have filled the whole

* *Marsh's Earth as Modified by Human Action*, page 112, note.

† *Tropical Nature*, page 153.

‡ *Allen's Humming-birds*, page 144.

ark so densely that neither man nor beast could live! And as very many insects are strictly carnivorous, another mighty swarm must have been admitted to serve as food for these!

"Mr. Dobson obtained a living margined fruit bat in Calcutta, and gives the following account of its voracious appetite: He gave it a ripe banana, which, with the skin removed, weighed exactly two ounces. The animal immediately, as if famished with hunger, fell upon the fruit, seized it between the thumbs and the index fingers, and took large mouthfuls out of it, opening the mouth to the fullest extent with extreme voracity. In the space of three hours the whole fruit was consumed. Next morning the bat was killed, and found to weigh one ounce, half the weight of the food eaten in three hours!" *

"Professor Treadwell, of Massachusetts, found that a half-grown American robin in confinement ate in one day sixty-eight worms, weighing together nearly once and a half as much as the bird itself; and another had previously starved upon a daily allowance of eight or ten worms, or about twenty per cent. of its own weight." † The ark had not storage room for the food of the birds alone! Insects and worms intended for their use must all have been kept alive and supplied with food—earth would have been necessary for the worms as they cannot live out of it. The food intended for the different animals must have been carefully separated, fed to them at regular intervals, and the people of the ark must have remembered just what kind of food each animal required. Many species of animals are insectivorous—feeding on one particular kind of insect alone. "The African ant-bear (*Oryctoropus capensis*) is a great excavator, living in burrows of such dimensions that the wild boar is in the habit of making its home in them after they are deserted. The ant-bear feeds almost wholly on the termites." ‡ How did Noah obtain, and how did he manage to keep alive, the tons of these insects necessary to supply the thirty ant-eaters with food?

Would he not have had trouble in feeding the *imitative animals*?

"The true leaf-insects of the East, forming the genus *Phyllium*, are the size of a moderate leaf, which their large wing-covers and

* *Short Studies from Nature*, page 11.

† *Marsh's Earth as Modified by Human Action*, page 113, note.

‡ *Wood's Nature's Teachings*, page 227.

the dilated margins of the head, throat and legs cause them exactly to resemble. The veneering of the wings, and their green tint exactly corresponds to that of the leaves of their food plant; and as they rest motionless during the day, only feeding at night, they more easily escape detection. The larger wingless stick-insects are often eight inches to a foot long. They resemble sticks so exactly in color, in the small rugosities of the bark, in the knots and small branches, imitated by the joints of the legs, which are either pressed close to the body or stuck out at random, that it is absolutely impossible, by the eye alone, to distinguish the real dead twigs which fall down from the trees overhead from the living insects."* "Sir Emerson Tennent describes the leaf-insects as possessing all varieties of hue, from the pale yellow of the opening bud to the rich green of the full-blown leaf and the withered tint of decay."† "A leaf-like butterfly of the Malay Archipelago always rests among dead or dry leaves which it resembles in all their varying hues, even appearing to be spotted with small fungi."‡ "But perhaps the most astonishing of these imitative forms is that of a moss-like insect, the larva of a phasma, which is prolonged into curious green filaments to mimic the moss in which it lives."§

Would there not have been danger in the midnight darkness of the ark of neglecting such creatures as these? Many species of land animals feed exclusively upon fresh-water fish. Noah must therefore have kept a supply for them in aquaria, which would have taken up room and are always difficult to manage. There would have been trouble, too, in providing for the comfort of burrowing animals, such as moles; darkness, however, is agreeable to them, but the polar bear and the Arctic fox must have suffered from heat in the crowded ark and pined for the ice-fields and the Northern lights!

IX.

"My own belief is but the reflection of the growing sentiment of the whole geological world—a conviction strengthened every day, as you may with little trouble see for yourselves by glancing through the magazines of current scientific literature—that our race has been upon the earth for hundreds of thousands of years."—*Lesley*.

* *Wallace's Tropical Nature*, page 92.

† *Ceylon*, page 251.

‡ *Wallace's Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection*, page 64.

§ *Bell's The Naturalist in Nicaragua*, page 382.

"It is, I think, now well established that man inhabited Europe during the milder periods of the glacial epoch. Some high authorities indeed consider that we have evidence of his presence in pre-glacial and even in miocene times."—*Sir John Lubbock*.

"He has seen the mammoth and rhinoceros flourishing in Siberia in the midst of a rich fauna; he has seen them driven by the cold into the midst of Europe; and he has assisted in their extinction. From quaternary ages to the present time many races have inhabited Europe. None, undoubtedly, have entirely passed away."—*Quatrefages*.

"It is indisputable that artificially chipped flints and the artificially cut rib of an extinct species of manatee have been discovered in mid-miocene strata in France."—*Fisk*.

Man had long been an inhabitant of the earth before the great winter of the glacial period had hidden the magnolias and tree-ferns of Greenland under the ice; and *I believe that the true explanation of these world-wide deluge myths is to be found in the great inundations caused by the melting of the ice at the close of this epoch.*

The deluge mentioned in the written records of China as having occurred about 2000 B. C., is not described as universal—"the waters covered the low hills and bathed the foot of the highest mountains." "It was caused by the bursting of its banks by the Yellow River.* Fabulous accounts of a deluge are found among the traditions of almost every people."† "In Peru they relate that the entire country was covered with water some centuries before the Incas; a few men took refuge in the mountains, and when the waters began to go down they let loose some dogs, which came back wet; a few days later they were sent forth the second time, and came back soiled with mud. At this sign the men knew that the waters had retired; they left their retreat and their posterity peopled the country."‡ "Similar myths are found among various Indian tribes; the legend of a deluge and a savior and benefactor of the human race extends to the Alaska tribes. § "It is obvious that a mistaken zeal to bring them as near as possible to the Biblical tradition has been at work. An attempt has even been made to find a Mexican Noah, coming out of the ark, in a fish-god emerging from a kind of box floating on the water."||

* *Lyell's Principles of Geology*, volume I, pages 10, 11.

† It is a significant fact that no traces of a tradition concerning a universal deluge have ever been found among the black races either in Africa or Oceanica.

‡ *De Nadaillac's Prehistoric America*, page 529.

§ *Ibid.*, page 531.

| *Reville's Native Religions of Mexico and Peru*, page 95.

"The glacial period began about 240,000 years ago and ended 80,000 years ago."* The whole of North America down to the fortieth degree of latitude was covered with a solid sheet of ice and snow—"Finland, Scandinavia and Scotland, with the North and Baltic seas, was buried under a stupendous sheet of ice, varying from 1,000 to 2,000 feet in thickness."† The savage hunters of the North came down with the mammoth and the reindeer toward the equator; and the stories of a universal deluge are the traditions that linger even yet among the descendants of these people of the great floods that must have devastated the continents on the melting of this enormous mass of ice and snow. Many of the inhabitants of the lowlands escaped, no doubt, in boats or on rafts to the neighboring mountains, carrying with them dogs and other domestic animals, and this may have given rise, in after ages, to stories of mythical arks or magical ships. There has been more than one great Ice Age on the earth, and however wide the devastation they have wrought, "universal destruction of existing forms, revolutions covering the whole surface of the earth with ruin, have most assuredly never occurred in the annals of our globe."‡

"The ink of the scholar is more precious than the blood of the martyr," and beliefs are dross but deeds are gold.

X.

"The god of the savage, represented as having intelligence scarcely, if at all, greater than that of the living man, is deluded with ease. Even the gods of the semi-civilized are deceived, make mistakes, repent of their plans; and only in course of time does there arise the conception of unlimited vision and universal knowledge."—*Herbert Spencer*.

"In the Old Testament we find the Hebrews still dwelling in caves in the time of Saul and David."—*Syrian Stone Lore*, page 49.

Mantheo and the Greek schools say nothing of the deluge, though they treat of events long anterior. "Noah, tenth patriarch of the Jews from Adam, or Xisuthrus, the tenth king of Western Asia, from Alorus or Orion, were no doubt identical, for Xisuthrus resided at Sipporah, north of the sea of Galilee, and Noah's tomb is shown in the same country, and he lived in Caelo Syria, the valley between the Lebanons. Both are said to

* *Croll's Climate and Time*, page 325.

† *Fisk's Excursions of an Evolutionist*, page 38.

‡ *Hartwig's Subterranean World*, page 9.

have escaped from a deluge in the same manner, and both to the Caucasus." * It is said that the god Iiu warned Xisuthrus of a flood by which the human race would be destroyed, and commanded him to write a history of all things and to bury it in the city of the Sun. This was a precaution which the god of the Jews neglected, and consequently all the knowledge then in the world, not possessed by Noah and his family, must have been utterly lost. The author† of the book of Genesis was in profound ignorance of either the size or the form of the earth. He had no knowledge of the fact that a western world existed; or that in the bosom of an unknown ocean an island continent, larger than his earth, was cradled. The greater part of Africa was to him an unknown land; and China, India, Japan, Spain, France, England, Scandinavia and Russia were not upon his map. He had never dreamt of the existence of the gorilla, the grizzly bear, the kangaroo, the Tasmania devil, the rattlesnake or the skunk. He did not know that there was a condor, a turkey, a peacock, a bird-of-paradise, a dodo or a humming-bird in all the world. He did not believe that his earth was only a speck of matter in the sky, which might be removed and never missed, while around it everywhere were giant worlds and many-colored suns. He might now be taught by little children in the free schools of this western world of which he had never heard.

"And the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more every thing living, as I have done."—Gen. viii: 20.

Man had been driven from Eden because he had done what his All-wise Creator had hoped he would not do; and now, only 1,656 years later, he had again so disappointed the expectations of an Omniscient Deity that it was decided to try the experiment of drowning the entire human race, except eight selected persons, whom, it was hoped, were to become the founders of nobler nations on a purified earth. But God is again mistaken—the race has been destroyed in vain, and, sadly admitting his disappointment, he concedes the uselessness of further experiment, *"for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth."*

* Phillip's *A Million of Facts*, page 323.

† Genesis has not the slightest hint as to its authorship, nor any clue that links it with Moses.—Newton's *Book of the Beginnings*, page 30.

The tsetse fly is common in Central and Southern Africa, and its bite, while perfectly harmless to leopard, lion or ape, is certain death to all the more useful animals. The horse, the cow, the dog cannot exist where it is found, and without these animals a land is doomed to perpetual savagery. Were this pest removed millions of human beings might find happy homes where a fly has made a wilderness. Were a pair of these insects taken from an unknown land by an All-wise Deity, placed in the ark to be fed for more than a year on the blood of nobler animals and then returned to curse the Dark Continent and make civilization forever impossible in the districts where they abound?

Two-thirds of all the snakes in Australia are venomous, and in South America another fly has ruined the prosperity of one of the fairest states. Are we to believe that the All-merciful not only deliberately created these miserable creatures, but that he also wrought innumerable miracles that they, and others quite as harmful and vile, might be preserved from the waters of the deluge, with the chosen ones of earth, again to carry on their warfare against man and his allies?

Seeing how absurd the story of a universal deluge is, it has been explained that where the Bible *says* the whole it *means* a part; and that only the fairest lands of Asia were really submerged. Now, as the summit of Ararat is 17,750 feet above the sea, if it was under water then the whole habitable earth must have been inundated and all the human race destroyed.

If the waters of this supernatural deluge covered only the plains of Asia, then all the most civilized and religious races anywhere upon the globe were swept away, and the lowest living types of man—the beast-like cannibals of Africa, America and Oceanica—must have escaped the wrath of an avenging God! Nor would an ark have been necessary, as all the animals inhabiting this region are common in others, and the birds would have flown into other lands. Noah and his family, having foreknowledge of the coming of the waters, could soon have journeyed beyond the limits of any local flood.

“Among the myths, however, most widely spread over the world and common to races in all stages of culture, from the most barbarous to the most civilized, a prominent place is due to the legend of an all-destructive deluge, a legend which, arising as it probably did in many different places from exaggerated

memories of purely local floods, must, in spite of seeming universality, remain a merely local myth, entirely destitute of all bearing on the question of the unity of the human race, or of any connection with the story in Genesis."* The fact that a deluge myth is to be found in most parts of the earth, among so many tribes and nations, is no evidence whatever that such a catastrophe ever drowned out the glory of the world and left it a voiceless desert.

The witch superstition has been, perhaps, more widely spread than any other, no race anywhere having escaped from its paralyzing power.† Millions of innocent people have been tortured to death in obedience to the Biblical decree—" *Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.*" Luther, Calvin and Wesley were all firm believers in the truth of this wild delusion,‡ and it has cost the earth more lives and tears than all the wars of Cæsar and Napoleon. Who now believes that a witch ever walked the earth?

In the reign of Ogyges, 1764 B. C., a deluge so inundated Attica that it lay waste for nearly two hundred years. Buffon thinks that the Hebrew and the Grecian deluges were the same.§ Lenormant says, "The monuments and original texts of Egypt, with all their cosmogonic speculations, do not afford a single, even remote, allusion to such a cataclysm. When the Greeks told the story of Deucalion's deluge to the Egyptian priests, they were informed that the valley of the Nile had been preserved from that calamity." "The Jewish history, which claims to have the monopoly of miracles, is not a whit more extraordinary than Greek history. If supernatural intervention is the sole explanation of the one, so it must be of the other. I will even add that, in my opinion, the greatest miracle on record is Greece herself."||

Miracles belong only to an age of fable. When science brings

* *Farrer's Primitive Manners and Customs*, pages 16, 17.

† In the Old Testament we find the most serious evidence of the belief in demonology and witchcraft. The laws against them set the example of the unrelenting severity with which sorcery was treated for so many centuries.—*Supernatural Religion*, volume I, page 156.

‡ The most extravagant relations in "The Thousand and One Nights" are not in general regarded, even by the educated classes of Egyptians, as of an incredible nature.—*Lane's Arabian Nights*, volume I, page 14.

§ *Hayden's Dictionary of Dates*, page 161.

|| *Renan's History of the People of Israel*, volume I, page 10.

enlightenment they cease forever. Tribes living in tents and caves, offering the blood of human victims to cruel gods as the Hebrews did, even to the time of David, may believe that a savage soldier stayed the march of the sun, or that a naked prophet charmed away the rain until he had made a fruitful land a desert, but the sun is larger now than in the days of old,* and the rain-cloud hears no more the voice of living man!

"When we shall be able to bring into Semitic studies the same liberty of scientific criticism which is conceded to Aryan studies, we shall have a Semitic mythology; for the present, faith, a natural repugnance to abandon the beloved superstitions of our credulous childhood, and, more than all, a less honorable sentiment of terror for the opinion of the world, have restrained men of study from examining Jewish history and tradition with entire impartiality and severity of judgment."†

NOTE.

The deluge is said to have begun December 7th, year of the world 1656. The following are the epochs of the deluge according to Dr. Hales:

Septuagint	B. C. 3246	Clinton	B. C. 2482
Jackson	3170	Playfair	2352
Hales	3155	Usher	2348
Josephus	3146	Marsham	2344
Persian	3103	Petavious	2329
Hindoo	3102	Strauchius	2293
Samaritan	2998	Hebrew	2288
Howard	2698	Vulgar Jewish	2104

There are two versions of the deluge—the Elohist and the Jehovist—written by different hands, but neither by Moses; and as one is as mythical as the other, it is not necessary to discuss the matter here. Genesis was probably written about the time of the Babylonian captivity, and its authors are, and will remain forever, quite unknown.

* If the sun be compared with the size of the earth, its stupendous bulk becomes still more apparent. Suppose his globe were cut up into one million parts, each of these parts will appreciably exceed the bulk of our earth.—*Bali's The Story of the Heavens*, page 26.

† *Prof. De Gubernati's Zoological Mythology*, volume II, pages 410, 412.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE RELIGION OF WHITTIER.

BY J. J. GURNEY DIXON.

TO whatever "poetical and other sins" the Quaker bard may confess, his most captious critic of the future will hardly discover anything religiously or dogmatically narrow even in his earliest poems, nor can he fail to note an evolutionary progress toward a higher plane of thought throughout his literary career. Advancing years, instead of contracting his vision, seem rather to have brought broader and more liberal views of human life and destiny. Indeed, we do not have to dig deep, or read between his lines, to see that in his quieter old age he had drifted far from the "discipline" of his sect and had thought thoughts only possible to minds emancipated through reason as the final arbiter.

It is true, that the "Society of Friends," to which he belonged and to whose outward forms he submitted, was not at its inception classed with what is generally understood as orthodox Christianity. At the time George Fox began to make converts he and they were often persecuted for "unbelief" and railed at as infidels. A contemporary, an eminent clergyman of the Church of England, wrote a book in opposition to the views of Fox and Penn entitled, "Quakerism not Christianity," and with some degree of truth, charged them with relegating the holy scriptures to a secondary place in authority and of preferring as a truer guide "The still, small voice, speaking to the inward ear"—the which he characterized as a "Socratic delusion, more likely to be the voice of a demon than that of the Holy Spirit."

But however Quakerism may have been regarded by contemporaneous sects in the days of Fox and Penn, it is now recognized and admitted to the circle of orthodox and evangelistic churches. Relatively, it has not advanced in liberality. In some cases its early persecutors have outstripped it. There has been much of change; and it is a question whether Whittier drifted away from the early faith or Quakerism from Whittier. It may be observed that the Quaker minister of today no longer claims to "speak as the Spirit gives him utterance." He carries a bible and seems to rely on it more and more.

In the United States—especially in the west and south—Quakerism has become of late years largely imbued with Methodism and kindred emotionalisms. Whittier had scant sympathy with this intrusion of

"camp-meeting methods." He voices his protest in "The Brewing of Soma," in which he characterizes emotional religious exaltation as

"Some fever of the blood or brain,
Some self-exalting spell,
The scourgers' keen delight of pain,
The Dervish dance, the Orphic strain,
The wild-haired Bachant's yell."

"The desert's hair-grown hermit sunk
The saner brute below;
The naked Santon hashish drunk,
The cloister madness of the monk,
The fakir's torture show!"

* * * * *

"And yet the past comes round again,
And new doth old fulfill;
In sensual transports wild as vain
We brew in many a Christian fane
The heathen Soma still!"

While fluctuating between heart and brain, probably never doubting the still, small voice, and adhering from force of habit to the outward forms of plainness and moderation in speech and garb, our Quaker poet often gave a rein to his Pegasus which was the cause of "uneasiness" to his brethren of the "facing bench." The grave elders, though proud of him and loving him, were at times "exercised on his account," but if, as is customary in cases of heresy among Friends, a committee was at any time appointed to "labor" with him, it is not on record. There must have been some murmurings of dissent, however, to have called forth the following verses, entitled,

"ETERNAL GOODNESS."

"Oh friends! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness of your zeal for God
And love of man I bear."

* * * * *

"But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads."

* * * * *

"Ye praise His justice; even such
His pitying love I deem;
Ye seek a King; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam."

* * * * *

"The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of His hate—I know
His goodness and His love."

* * * * *

That the Quaker poet had not a semblance of belief in the doctrine of eternal pain is certain, for in "The Cry of a Lost Soul" his lines are as full of hearty scorn and condemnation and as forceful as can be found in the vocabulary of Col. Ingersoll. Hear him:

"In that black forest when the day is done,
With a snake's stillness glides the Amazon
Darkly from sunrise to the set of sun."

"A cry, as of the pained heart of the wood,
The long, despairing moan of solitude
And darkness and the absence of all good."

"Startles the traveler, with a sound so drear,
So full of hopeless agony and fear,
His heart stands still and listens like his ear."

"The guide, as if he heard a dead-bell toll
Starts, drops his oar against the gunwale's thole,
Crosses himself, and whispers, 'A lost soul.'"

"No, senor, not a bird. I know it well;
It is the pained soul of some infidel
Or cursed heretic that cries from hell."

"Saints strike him dumb! Our Holy Mother hath
No prayer for him who, sinning unto death,
Burns always in the furnace of God's wrath!"

* * * * *

"Thus to the baptized pagan's cruel lie,
Sending new horror to that mournful cry,
The voyager listens, making no reply."

The writer remembers when a boy to have heard a story that neither flowers, grass nor vegetation of any kind could be made to grow over the burial place of "Tom Paine, the infidel." Whittier doubtless heard the same, or similar stories in his youth; for in those days there was scarcely a difference of opinion among the simple country folk as to the fate of infidels, or doubts as to the doom of the heathen. If such folk-lore impressed Whittier in boyhood, he could not have listened patiently to such narrations when he penned "The

Grave by the Lake," for in that exquisite poem he voices sentiments broad and lofty as the domed sky that arches "Ossipee and its hundred isles":

"Where the great lake's sunny smiles
Dimple round its hundred isles,
And the mountain's granite ledge
Cleaves the water like a wedge,
Ringed about with smooth, gray stones
Rest the giant's mighty bones."

* * * * *

"Strange that on his burial sod
Harebells bloom and golden rod,
While the soul's dark horoscope
Holds no starry sign of hope!
Is the unseen with sight at odds?
Nature's pity more than God's?"

* * * * *

"Not with hatred's undertow
Doth the love eternal flow;
Every chain that spirits wear
Crumbles in the breath of prayer;
And the penitent's desire
Opens every gate of fire."

Further along the poet concludes:

"Therefore well may Nature keep
Equal faith with all who sleep,
Set her watch of hills around
Christian grave and heathen mound,
And to cairn and kirkyard send
Nature's flowery dividend."

If other proof of our poet's unbelief in the doctrine of eternal pain and the orthodox idea of a selfish heaven is needed, the lines entitled "Divine Compassion" are in evidence:

"Long since a dream of heaven I had,
And still the vision haunts me oft;
I see the saints in white robes clad,
The martyrs with their palms aloft;
But hearing still in middle song
The ceaseless dissonance of wrong;
And shrinking with hid faces from the strain
Of sad, beseeching eyes, full of remorse and pain."

* * * * *

"Is it a dream? Is heaven so high
That pity cannot enter there,
Its happy eyes forever dry,
Its holy lips without a prayer?"

* * * * *

"Then through the gates of pain, I dream,
A wind of heaven blows coolly in;
Fainter the awful discords seem,
The smoke of torment grows more thin,
Tears quench the burning soil, and thence
Spring sweet, pale flowers of penitence;
And through the dreary realm of man's despair,
Star crowned an Angel walks, and lo! God's hope is there!"

Even more happily he voices a like sentiment in "The Two Angels":

"Arise, He said, my angels! A wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven and saddens all within."

"My harps take up the mournful strain that from a lost world swells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light and blights the Asphodels."

"Fly downward to that under-world, and on its souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine and Pity tears like rain."

"Two faces bowed before the throne, veiled in their golden hair;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark abyss of air."

"The way was strange, the flight was long; at last the angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world, red wrapped in rayless flame."

"There Pity, shuddering wept; but Love, with faith too strong for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness and smiled a smile of cheer."

"And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame whereon it fell,
And with the sunshine of Love's smile hope entered into hell!"

Whittier has been called the "American Burns" by his European admirers, and rightly, too, for his heart was as tender as his great prototype, and he could as readily have sympathized with "Auld Hornie" had occasion demanded. Though he could sound a war note to stir the blood when the battle was on for truth and right, he was so broadly charitable and tolerant that had he been with Elijah of old, at the time of that memorable contest with the priests of Baal, he could not have joined in mocking them at their discomfiture. It is a true picture that he draws of himself in "My Namesake":

"He dared not mock the Dervish whirl,
The Brahmin's rite, the Lama's spell;
God knew the heart—devotion's pearl
Might sanctify the shell!"

* * * * *

"He saw the old time's groves and shrines
In the long distance fair and dim,
And heard, like sounds of far off pines
The century mellowed hymn."

* * * * *

"The arrows of his straining sight
Fell quenched in darkness: Priest and sage
Like lost guides calling left and right,
Perplexed his doubtful age."

* * * * *

"So scattering flowers with pious pains
On old beliefs; of later creeds
What claimed a place in truth's domains
He asked the title deeds!"

This latter stanza brings to mind a not altogether reverent thought, that, even in spiritual matters, his native Quaker shrewdness predisposed him to look well to the title deeds.

There are many other gems bearing on the subject of Whittier's religious beliefs which, if space permitted, would be a pleasure to quote, but the foregoing excerpts from his most thoughtful poems are sufficient to show that our "Quaker bard" was often disposed to stray from beside the still waters of his "First-day Meeting" and somehow, despite his birthright garb, get over into the green pastures of Universalism and Unitarianism.

There is one poem of his, which in concluding this article, must be given almost entire, because it is both a poem and a prophecy:—

THE REFORMER.

"All grim and soiled and brown with tan,"
I saw a strong one in his wrath,
Smiting the Godless shrines of man
Along his path."

"The Church, beneath her trembling dome,
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm;
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm."

"Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in;
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din."

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;
That grand, old time-worn turret spare."
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear!"

"Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old, accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff and wept to find
His seat o'erthrown."

"Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold,
'Why smite,' he asked, in sad surprise,
'The fair, the old?'"

"Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;
Trembling and sick at heart, I woke,
As from a dream."

"I looked; aside the dust cloud rolled,
The Waster seemed the Builder, too;
Up springing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

"'Twas but the ruin of the bad—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still."

"Calm grew the brows of him I feared;
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day."

"The grain grew green on battle plains,
O'er swarded war mounds grazed the cow;
The slave stood forging from his chains
The spade and plow."

"Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay
And cottage windows, flower entwined,
Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind."

"Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red,
The lights on brimming crystal fell,
Drawn sparkling from the rivulet head
And mossy well."

"Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed,
And with the idle gallows rope
The young child played."

"Where the doomed victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school-girls answering to the bell
Came crowned with flowers."

"Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That, where the share is deepest driven,
The best fruits grow."

"The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud, transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone,"—

"These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve today;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay."

* * * * *

"Idly as thou, in that old day
Thou mournest, did thy rise repine;
So, in his time, thy child grown gray
Shall sigh for thine."

* * * * *

"Take heart!—the Waster builds again;
A charmed life old Goodness hath;
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death."

"God works in all things; all obey
 His first propulsion from the night;
 Wake thou and watch!—the world is gray
 With morning light!"
 New York City.

THE A B C OF MATERIALISM.

BY OTTO WETTSTEIN.

I AM conscious. I think. Nothing cannot think, hence I am something.

Being something—an entity, a fact—proves that something exists, has being and occupies space. It proves that something is reality not fiction.

Thinking, reflecting, I find myself a material organic structure composed of something we call substance or matter.



OTTO WETTSTEIN.

I find I am a species of animal, possessed of five senses, numerous functions, faculties and attributes, all produced by the peculiar construction of the physical body which constitutes my person or individuality.

This body is a necessity to my existence, because I have no recollection or knowledge of a time when I was conscious without this body. Before it came into being I was not in existence; I could not then think; where it is not I am not, hence my body is the I or ego, and the I or ego is my body.

Reflecting further and observing, I see other bodies similar to my own, which bodies also are conscious and intelligent, but where such animal forms are not I never see evidence of thought, feeling or intelligence.

This proves to me that animal life and intelligence are cause and effect—dependent one upon the other, and where the former is not the latter is not manifest.

Looking around, I find myself surrounded by innumerable other beings, objects, forms, bodies, fluids, forces, etc., both within my immediate surroundings and off in space as far as I can see through strongest lenses.

These objects I know to be real, substantial entities, because if

not real I would not be conscious of their existence, and their existence would not be corroborated by all other persons of sound mind, of ordinary intelligence and in possession of all their senses, and who see them precisely as I do.

An absolute demonstration of the actual existence of things, regardless of our consciousness, is supplied by photography. I look at an object, have it photographed and find the view precisely as it appears to my consciousness (color excepted—though photographing the original colors is now said to be a fact). Others observe the same object and corroborate the correctness of my view by affirming that to them also the object and picture appear alike.

Most all objects of reality modern science can classify, define and analyze, and state definitely the kind of material—chemical elements, of which there are known about 75—they are composed of. And this science, called chemistry, has ceased to be speculative; it is now positive, empirical and authoritative in its formulas and conclusions as mathematics.

Webster defines an "element" to be: "One of the simplest parts of which anything consists or upon which the constitution or fundamental power of anything is based. The ultimate, undecomposable constituents of any kind of matter." Matter, he says, is: "That of which anything is composed." "That of which the sensible universe and all existent bodies are composed; anything which has extension, occupies space or is perceptible by the senses." "Solid, liquid or aeriform."

This definition covers and includes everything that exists in the vast domain of nature, terrestrial, celestial and intermediate. It implies that whatever is and has actual existence is matter and that that which is not matter is not anything. And the inference is correct, because if not matter, "solid, liquid or aeriform" (includes the ether and electricity), it is nothing.

Knowing positively that all objects within our reach (the ether and electricity perhaps as yet excepted) can be resolved into these ultimate, eternal, unchangeable elements of matter, and the spectroscope having demonstrated that our sun, all other suns and planets, are composed in large proportion, if not entirely, of the same elements of matter as the constituents forming the basis of our own bodies and all the objects of our environments, we are forced to the necessary conclusion that the entire universe is composed of material identical in its qualities and possessing the same cogencies as the material composing the very small portion of nature which we inhabit and with which we are familiar.

From nothing nothing can come. Knowing matter to exist now, proves that it has always existed. If at any time in the beginningless past matter had not existed, it could not possibly exist now. Hence existence today proves eternal existence—not indeed of special forms or bodies, but of the elements constituting the same.

Matter being eternal, it could never have been created—hence no Creator. And being itself, or containing within itself all the potentialities necessary to produce all the various forms of organic life and cosmic motion, proves that a God is not needed to produce them, and a superfluous God is an anomaly.

Science recognizing no God, supernatural power or being, here within the visible universe, and knowing all discernible phenomena and events to occur through or to be caused by the physical forces and chemical elements existing concomitant with the substance constituting such phenomena, it is irrational to conclude that such a God, a supernatural power or an "unknowable" something exists off in boundless space, a supreme factor of all existence.

An infinite series of natural events necessitates infinite agencies, which infinite substance and its ubiquitous potencies, but not a solitary agent, alone can supply.

All these myths or theories formulating such agencies on the ground of a logical necessity existing for such agencies to explain nature and its manifold operations, fall to the ground as long as the totality of our knowledge comprises natural agencies only, and those affirming have no material or tangible basis for their Gods, Supreme Power, Infinite Spirit, Unknowable, Underlying Reality, etc. Affirming, they must prove. In the absence of such proof, empty phrases, meaningless words, though sanctioned by priest and preacher—or a vast unknowable something (which in the nature of the thing cannot exist)—cannot be accepted as the underlying reality of all existence.

The sole reality—not underlying, but overlying, being and constituting all existence, here and everywhere throughout boundless space, is simply matter and its wonderful and manifold cogencies, and nothing more. It is simply matter, matter, more matter, infinite matter, all matter. Matter here, there and everywhere. Plainly comprehensible in segregation, decomposable in the laboratory, tangible, comprehensible and knowable in its finite aspect and activities, but of course, beyond the limitations of our senses and inscrutable in its vast infinite aggregate and modes of operation. But to infer the existence of exterior, supernatural or intrinsically different agencies than those we know to exist in the elements composing the objects of knowledge surrounding us, is irrational, because if actual existing entities, these would, when also subjected to chemical analysis, be found to be composed of the chemical elements of matter also. If not this, nothing. Positing therefore the existence of an "unknowable" something underlying phenomena is but a vestige of theistic mysticism.

All things, objects, forms or beings are transient, all begin, all end and all are but temporary forms of greater or lesser aggregations of matter. These forms have no existence separate and apart from the matter composing them, and all such objects vanish when

disintegrated, the material alone is eternal. The doctrine of eternal individual life must therefore also be peremptorily discarded.

Idealism implies the grotesque proposition that the subjective creates the objective; that mind creates phenomena or objective existence; the senses the universe. It implies that each individual mind creates not only its own body, but with the first concept creates its environments—its own father, mother, house, city, world and all! With the origin of consciousness occurs the origin of everything else; with the end of mind all ends accept the “sub-strata which is at the root of all appearances”—phenomena.

The facts are that all existence in the abstract, all substance, all real being is precisely the same in the absence of our senses as with them. If this were not so, mind or anything else would not exist now, because mental states would not have been possible if physical conditions favoring animal life, alone producing mental activity, had not pre-existed. This theory that the subjective creates the objective seemed reasonable from the facts posited by scientists that in the absence of mind there is no light, color, fragrance, sound, heat, etc., ignoring the fact that these are not objective entities themselves, but simply qualities of objects or conditions, which of course cannot appear or be seen in the absence of consciousness. Phenomena implies mind—without mind noumena alone exists. But to infer that this underlying reality—simply matter in its various forms—is void of all qualities is a great mistake. Existence—being in the abstract—is confined strictly to the material possessing such attributes and producing such conditions and states. Matter or forms of matter without numerous qualities do not exist. The material conditions causing light, for instance, when impinging upon the retina of a living organism, are precisely the same in the absence of consciousness as in its presence, though the effect of light is not produced. In the absence of eyes one of the effects of the ether undulations or light-waves cannot be produced, but the material wave-motions occur the same, eyes or no eyes. If we place a potato in a dark cellar near a window, admitting the rays of the sun, other conditions being favorable, the “potato-shoot” will find its way up and out toward the light. Whether mind exists in cold climates or not, whether consciousness can feel the heat or cold or not, the heat of the sun—or the material conditions producing heat—will melt the ice, though heat per se relates only to sentient forms. The properties of an apple are precisely the same though a living person sees its color or tastes its acidity or not. The color and degree of acidity is imparted entirely regardless of the presence of any one. Our senses create nothing, though in their absence color, flavor, fragrance, weight, form cannot appear or be felt.

According to these transcendent philosophers a man's library or house in his absence vanishes—an underlying unknowable substratum alone remaining—but, presto change! is instantly restored when he returns. All this is reasoning gone mad. Though in the absence

of consciousness the universe is clad in universal darkness and silence, the eruption of ten thousand craters belching forth their fiery contents not breaking the dreary monotony, yet it is the height of folly to conclude that because of such absence a single one of nature's activities or conditions should be changed or not occur.

I am accused of bigotry, presumption, etc. But I confine myself to plain facts which can be proved as easily as that twice two is four. I simply divest nature of the mystery with which it has been invested. I affirm only what I know and what everybody can know, and deny only what nobody knows or can know. When a God proves his existence I will kneel and worship him.

Rochelle, Ill.

THOMAS PAINE.

BY HENRY J. MANGERUM.

OF all the eminent men who labored to secure our country's freedom no one is so little known of at the present time as Thomas Paine. No statue of him adorns any of our public parks or buildings, and it must be recorded to the shame of our nation that even his name has been omitted from its history. If we turn back to the early part of 1776, when many wanted to speak but nobody had the courage, the voice of Thomas Paine rose first and loudest, urging a full and final declaration of independence in his pamphlet, "Common Sense," and the Pennsylvania journal said, "that the author ought to have a statue of gold."

No words of mine can be any addition to what has been written of him, by Vale, Carlile, Eckler, Conway, Ingersoll and many others, but if this hasty sketch of his life should help any one to a better and higher estimation of Thomas Paine, I shall be well paid for my labor. Memory carries me back to my schooldays for my first intelligence of him. The cold shivers again possess me as I remember the words and manner of our teacher, as she informed us about the "arch infidel, Tom Paine." She imparted to us what many other pious teachers have told other children; she repeated the same old falsehoods that she had received from her religious teachers, and as scandal ever increases with repetition, it has heaped disgrace and dishonor upon a name which should have been highly exalted. Thomas Paine was born on the 29th of January, 1737; he died June 8, 1809, at the advanced age of 72 years and 5 months. "When he was but seven years of age he heard a sermon read upon the subject of redemption by the death of the Son of God. After the sermon was ended he went into the garden, and as he was going down the steps he revolted at the recollection of what he had heard, and thought to himself that it was making God act like a passionate man, who killed his son when

he could not revenge himself any other way, and as he was sure a man would be hanged that did such a thing, he could not see for what purpose they preached such sermons."

He held these sensible opinions throughout his long and useful life, to the hour of his death. He came of a respectable family, his father being a Quaker, who gave him a good education. Paine's first literary effort brought him before the public and led to his acquaintance with our Benjamin Franklin, then in London. Franklin formed a just estimate of Paine, and he advised him to go to America, where his literary ability would be appreciated by the people. Franklin gave him letters of introduction and Paine arrived in Philadelphia a few months previous to the Revolutionary war. His first work in the new world was a vigorous protest from his pen against slavery, which he found in America, and to Thomas Paine belongs the honor of inaugurating the anti-slavery reform. Up to this time Paine says "he had no thought of becoming a political writer, and he should never have been known to the world as an author, but for the affairs of America." His renowned pamphlet, "Common Sense," appeared at the beginning of 1776. It encouraged and enlightened the American nation. Vale says that "'Common Sense' produced what Paine's writings generally did produce, a change of opinion." "It was ordered by congress to be read at the head of all the armies, and by Washington at the head of every captain's company."

"He gave the copyright to every state in the Union, and the demand ran to over 100,000 copies." Paine's conduct, considering the vast quantity sold, shows us his true character. He was a poor man, and could have made a handsome profit on "Common Sense" and "The Crisis," while he rendered a most important service to our country. Thomas Paine stands alone as an extraordinary example of great generosity and patriotism. Eckler informs us in his life of Paine that, "one incident which gave a stimulus to the pamphlet 'Common Sense' was that it happened to appear on the very day that the king of England's speech reached this country, in which the Americans were denounced as rebels and traitors, and 'Common Sense' came forward to touch their feelings with the spirit of independence, in the very nick of time." Many believed in the dogmas of "the divine right of kings," and that it was a "sin to take up arms against God's anointed," and Paine had to overcome these superstitions in his wonderful pamphlet "Common Sense," whose value no one can estimate. Bryant says, "this book 'Common Sense' calling the American people to arms and to set up a free government, may be called the book of Genesis, for this was the beginning. From this book sprung the Declaration of Independence, that not only laid the foundation of liberty in our own country, but the good of mankind throughout the world."

Paine joined the continental army and became a great favorite with all the officers. During all the long and cruel war he labored for

America. Vale says of Paine, "His pen was an appendage almost as necessary and formidable as its cannon." From "Eckler's life of Paine" we learn the following facts: "In 1780, our army being in a most forlorn condition, the public treasury empty, the country overburdened by taxation, Thomas Paine, then a clerk of the Pennsylvania assembly, proposed a prompt subscription, laying down \$500 as his own contribution. The scheme was successful, the subscribers formed themselves into a bank which supplied the wants of the army. He published "The Crisis" during the war to encourage and stimulate our soldiers, bringing out the work after reverses and during the most disheartening times. It was read by our men around the camp fires, and it gave new life and hope to the sacred cause of Liberty. The first "crisis" contained these memorable words: "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph; what we obtain too cheap we esteem too lightly." He also gave us his inspiring sentiment, "The religion of humanity," in "The Crisis." He perceived that the people of this world had been so thoughtful in caring for God that they had forgotten humanity. No man stood higher at the close of the war than Thomas Paine. Col. Ingersoll says of him, "He proposed the present federal constitution, he furnished every thought that now glitters in the Declaration of Independence, he was the first man to write these words: 'The United States of America.'" Paine not only gave the copyright of "Common Sense" to every state in the Union, but for his next great book, "The Rights of Man," he refused an offer of £1,000 for the copyright, but gave the copyright to whoever would print it, notwithstanding he had so high a price offered for it. He said, "They were works of principle, written solely to better the condition of mankind." This was in accordance with his creed, "The world is my country, to do good my religion."

Thomas Paine was a grand, broad minded man, and it was considered an honor to have his acquaintance. He was a favorite with the eminent men of England, France and America. He was the intimate friend of our immortal Washington, as the following letter shows:

"Rocky Hill, Sept. 10, 1783. I have learned since I have been at this place that you are at Bordentown, whether for the sake of retirement or economy I know not; be it either, for both or whatever it may, if you will come to this place and partake with me, I shall be exceedingly happy to see you in it. Your presence may remind congress of your past services to this country, and if it is in my power to impress them, command my best exertions with freedom, as they will be rendered cheerfully by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works, and who with much pleasure subscribes himself your sincere friend,

G. WASHINGTON.

No man who slanders Thomas Paine is worthy to be a citizen of the United States of America, because Paine in his zeal and faithful work did more to procure our independence than any other individual. This fact was fully realized by our government, and after the war congress gave him \$3,000, Pennsylvania presented him with £500, and New York gave him a fine estate of 300 acres, with a good house at New Rochelle, where his ashes rest beneath a sculptured monument, which tells of his worth. After the war he went back to England to visit his aged mother, and while there he wrote a book entitled "Prospects on the Rubicon." He was the author of many books and poems, but I can only mention the principal events of his life. The first part of his great book, "The Rights of Man," appeared in March, 1791. He dedicated it to George Washington, the president of the United States. The second part came out in February, 1792. This work was an answer to Burke's attack on the French revolution; it was a grand and powerful reply, and so potent that England endeavored to destroy it by a declaration of war against France. Wakeman tells us that "the present generation has had no adequate or true idea of the leading part that Thomas Paine played in that great drama of the revolutions. He showed how a democratic republic should be firmly founded upon the religion of humanity, and in this he has no successor. The education of every young American is fatally defective unless he is well grounded in the historical value of the works of the great leader of the American and European revolutions from 1775 to 1804." Carlile has said, "The proper principles of a government by the people are so correctly laid down in the 'Rights of Man,' that the book will stand, as long as the English language is spoken, as a monument of political wisdom and integrity."

Thomas Paine was the greatest political writer the world has ever known. He was also the friend and companion of three presidents, Washington, Jefferson, and Monroe. He was called to the French national convention as an advising statesman, by five constituencies, which was a great honor.

While he was a member of the national convention he voted for the king's trial, but exerted himself to prevent the sentence of death.

Paine's object was to destroy the monarchy, but not the man who had filled the office of monarch. "Louis the King fell under the guillotine," and Carlile informs us that Paine's deprecation of that act brought down upon him "the hatred of the convention." Paine was arrested, thrown into prison, and confined for eleven months, during which time he was seized with a violent fever. His love of humanity caused his imprisonment and nearly cost him his life. He wrote his renowned book, the "Age of Reason," late in life, and during the dark days of the French revolution. His friends and companions were daily being led to prison and the guillotine, and Paine among others was marked for death. He felt that his own life was uncertain, that he was writing his last book, but he calmly faced death and gave to

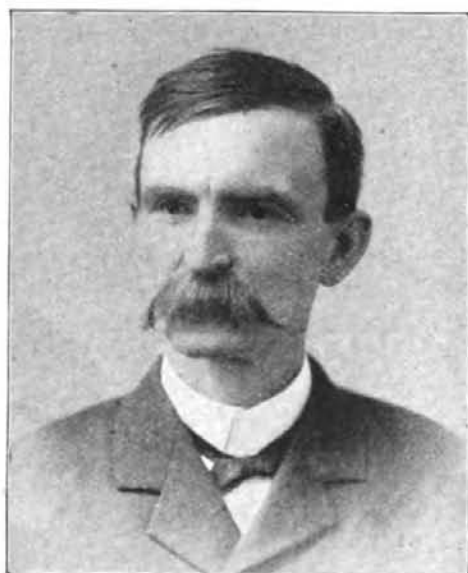
the world his honest opinions concerning the Bible in the "Age of Reason." This famous book has successfully combated the superstitions of the Christian world for a hundred years, and today its logic cannot be refuted or its arguments answered. In 1802 Paine came back to his adopted country, where he died tranquilly, and firmly convinced of the truth of the religious opinions he had given to his fellow men. His long and eventful life was filled from youth to old age with generous and self sacrificing deeds for his fellow men. He stands with the great leaders of the world, as the "apostle of political and religious liberty."

Many unkind things have been said of Thomas Paine by God's ambassadors, and I now ask that justice be rendered to his memory. I fully endorse the words of the Rev. John Snyder in his "Tribute to Thomas Paine," when he says: "I sincerely trust that the Fourth of July orator this year will pay at least a meager tribute to Thomas Paine. America may hate this man for his religious views, but it should hold him in reverence for the services he rendered his country." In closing, I can only reiterate the above sentiment, and when we assemble to celebrate our national holiday throughout this land of liberty, let our speakers and all American citizens lay aside their bigotry and render to the memory of Thomas Paine not a "meager tribute of praise," but a generous share with gratitude and honor that should ever be his just reward.

WHAT WE SHOULD TEACH.

BY CHARLES KENT TENNY.

HABITS and lines of thought once acquired are difficult to shake off. The first instructions received in our childhood, and the impressions left upon our youthful minds therefrom, linger almost with the tenacity of life. The old maps hanging on the school room walls, showing the great American desert, being that country lying



C. K. TENNY.

between western Iowa and the Rocky mountains, and locating the mountains of the moon, with their lofty peaks, in central Africa, were pure products of imagination on the part of the geographers, yet they were taught as truths. The remarkable bravery, skill and patriotism of William Tell, and the heroic acts of Pocahontas, in saving the life of Captain John Smith, were thrilling alleged events in history, duly illustrated in our school books, and taught us as solemn truths, and yet they are now known to be no nearer the truth than that Rome was founded by Romulus and Remus. If we were to now say that we still believed these things, there are some, we fear, in the Christian faith, who would set us down as

at least very stupid, perhaps dishonest, and yet these fictions are but trivial in comparison with those these same worthy people firmly adhere to, in spite of knowledge and reason, and wholly refuse to acknowledge the evidences of their own senses, and allow their children's minds to be impregnated and dwarfed by false teachings.

These myths, taught us in our childhood, and many others of similar import, were instilled into our youthful minds, and while we now know they were mere fiction, yet they were difficult to unlearn, as they were cherished memories with which we disliked to part, but the way was made easy from the fact that when the truth was known the public immediately relegated them to their proper place in the mythology of the past.

There is another class of myths and mythology, however, which still clings, with a tenacity worthy of a better cause, to a very large majority of so-called civilized beings, and who have long since dis-

carded the more modern article. Their whole lives, minds and beings seem to have become so impregnated with false teaching, so imbued with mythical absurdities, so saturated with mythical and supernatural happenings, that their mental vision seems to be so obscured they cannot see the absurdity of that which they profess and honestly believe, because they know no better, or disbelieving, dare not admit, for fear these things may be true. We should not blame the honest of this class, for their mental training has been such, and their bondage to priest and pastor of such long duration as to preclude independent thought, and their wily masters forestall all thought of investigation, by the simple, but all powerful, argument, that it is the devil tempting, and with the fear of the promised torments for those who doubt, the victim of his own deficient mental creation ceases to think, and is chained more firmly in his dungeon of mental darkness, and sinks deeper in his degree of ignorance and superstition. But while we are inclined to be charitable to those whose intellects do not comprehend the truth, we despise the hypocrite, who knowingly deludes his victims. But should we be any more charitable to the modern believer in supernatural powers and in an imaginary God, located at some imaginary point, than to those of less strength of mind who delegated these same powers to images or reptiles, or than to—

“Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind,
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in wind”?

Our judgment would be there is not so much excuse for the modern worshiper of the supernatural, as for those of barbaric days.

Our friends claim that all reforms and advance in knowledge must come through the Christian church. Experience teaches the exact reverse. That whenever and wherever it has its grip upon all the people, there the densest ignorance reigns. We are advancing, it is true, but the advance has been in spite of and in direct opposition to it. Inch by inch it has contested every advance in knowledge, and of investigation, that was not in direct accord with its mythical teachings, and by so doing, it has retarded the world's onward progress for more than a thousand years, and during that period brought bitterness and woe and dire distress upon the human race.

For years it fought the rotundity of the earth with all its energy, for it never lets go of an idea until forced to do so. It has fought all science and scientific men, as the agents of hell, and launched its cowardly and malignant shafts to turn the public against them. Especially has it been bitter in its opposition to geology, and well it might be, for nature has left its history imbedded in the rocks, and in the earth's formation, in so plain and distinct a manner as to give the lie to its preposterous claims. There is not a star or planet, mountain or valley, hill or dale, animal or plant, animate or inanimate thing, which does not point with unerring certainty, and lend its

silent protest to the falseness of its claims. To study nature is to know the truth. To blindly follow the behests of organized superstition and bigotry, irrespective of truth, is denying to the individual the right to assert his own independence.

And so it is that all human progress in the world is due to men of independent thought, who, in spite of persecution and taunts, and threats of dire punishment, have led mankind out of the bondage of church domination and superstition, and made it possible for men to live and act free and independent.

Having pointed out the way, slavery and blind fealty to church rule and dictation is rapidly disappearing, and our present duty is to assist in a speedy and complete emancipation of the race from its present bondage; to shake off the shackles which have been worn so long and patiently, and lead the sufferer out into the sunlight of nature and nature's laws.

To accomplish this work, we should begin with our children—older people will cling more closely to their earlier teachings and notions. Teach the child to love its parents; and to respect the rights of all others. Teach it that it owes its existence to natural causes and that to preserve its life it must obey natural law. The Adam and Eve story can be dispensed with—also that its life is in the keeping of an imaginary God. Teach it to be self-reliant—that prayers to an imaginary God are but empty mockery, and it alone can help itself by its own sturdy and determined character. Teach it to use its reasoning only upon ascertained facts; to disregard that which is unnatural and unreasonable; to swallow no whale or Sampson stories, from whatever source they come, without careful investigation, to ascertain their accuracy. Teach it the truth, and to be truthful in all things, not from fear of punishment by an angry God, but because truth will bring its own reward; and teach it honesty for the same reason. Teach it to use all its opportunities, and to gather wisdom and strength from its surroundings, and that there is no plant, or rock, or thing, animate or inanimate, which is not in itself a lesson teaching the relation of its own life to nature and its laws. Teach it that its right and duty is to think, and act, and investigate, free and independent for itself, subject to dictation and limitation of action, from no one, but not so as to interfere with the equal rights of all others. Teach it that it is not here to live for itself alone, nor simply to prepare itself for a pair of wings, or as a preliminary preparation for an incarnate fiend to forever torture, but is here to make the most possible use of life, and to so conduct itself in its relation with others as to afford them the greatest amount of happiness and joy. Teach it to love and respect its fellows.

Let us teach our young these things; let us teach them the truth; to be honest, sincere, sober, upright and just men and women; that wealth and power and glory acquired by dishonor or dishonest means will bring no comfort or peace of mind; that honesty and truth and

justice and a life in full accord with nature in its sweet simplicity alone brings happiness, peace and contentment, and when its life ceases, and it shall have returned to the elements from which it came, its pure and simple life will be an inspiration for those who follow.

Madison, Wis.

FREDERICK P. MAN, M. D.—OBITUARY NOTICE.

LETTER FROM HENRY M. SABER.

DEAR MR. GREEN: I regret to inform you of the death recently of Frederick P. Mann, M. D., of San Francisco, Cal.; a thorough and fearless believer in mental freedom. He was born in Suffield, Conn., in 1829, studied under Oliver Wendell Holmes, graduated at Harvard, practiced medicine in Brooklyn, N. Y., and afterward in San Francisco. He was a gentleman of intelligence, culture and refinement; one of the most devoted of husbands and kindest of fathers; a writer of poetry, some of which has appeared in your Magazine. In the November number of 1894 is a poem of his, entitled "Age of Reason," of much literary merit, from which I quote a few lines, viz.:

"So man unshackled, freed from selfish pelf,
Shall learn to think and reason for himself;
Shall draw from nature and from nature's laws
Her closest secrets and their hidden cause.

* * * * *

"And man shall know this truth and he shall read
From nature's open book the only creed
That is divine, that doth embrace
In its far-reaching kindness, every race,
Christian or pagan. * * * * *

Dr. Mann's father was a clergyman (Rev. Joel Mann). His grandfather was William Ellery, of Newport, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. His wife was Susan E. Martin, granddaughter of Simeon Martin, governor of Rhode Island. Dr. Mann leaves a wife, four sons, a daughter and hosts of admiring friends to mourn his loss.

HENRY M. TABER.

New York, June 12, 1897.

LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Isaac Perry, Military Home, Kansas:

"I have received the sample copy of the Free Thought Magazine, which I find to be a sparkling gem of Free Thought and education, for which please accept my heartfelt thanks and gratitude. To say I am well pleased with it does not half express my feelings, and though my present financial circumstances render me unable to subscribe for the Magazine at present, it will be only two weeks until I will be able to have its monthly visits, and in the meantime I will endeavor to get others to unite with me in sending for it, for I consider it the duty of every lover of Liberty and Freedom to give their support to all such advocates of mental emancipation. I think the lessons taught in the Magazine are far superior to anything to be found in the Bible. Your Magazine and the Progressive Thinker will constitute a sufficiently good Bible for me. That kind of literature should constitute the Bible for the twentieth century, and I think it will."

[Since Mr. Perry wrote the above he has become a subscriber and he is now earnestly engaged in procuring other subscribers, with encouraging success.—Editor.]

Dr. L. S. Stoll, Sioux Center, Ia.:

"I am a Freethinker and my Free Thought views have cost me during the last six years no less than \$5,000, all because I would not obey the dictation of a bigoted catholic priest, whose church I was three years ago a member of, and was at that time the postmaster of Grandville, Ia. I was a member of that humbugery church for forty-eight years before I got my mental eyes open. I consider my loss of \$5,000 as nothing in comparison to the happiness I now enjoy of being a free man. My blood relations, numbering about 150 persons, are all still Catholic dupes, and two-thirds of the number will not speak or write to me any more, because of my fight with the lying, despotic, ignorant priest. Let them all go to h— or purgatory, I will never again pay a single dollar for prayers to get them out. When I die I shall need none of their prayers for me, for I shall live as good a life as the best of them. Find enclosed \$1 for the Free Thought Magazine and the premium books you offer."

[Dr. Stoll seems to be a brave, earnest, intelligent man, and we heartily congratulate him for having at a great cost secured his emancipation from the tyranny of the church.—Editor.]

G. W. McCormick, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

"Find enclosed \$1 to pay for the Free Thought Magazine one year. I cannot afford to do without the Blue Grass Blade, the Independent Pulpit and the Free Thought Magazine, as I consider these

three publications the three beacon lights that have and will lead the reasoning intellect of our race further up, further on, and further out of the slough and despond of religious fraud, deception and superstition, than all other publications combined that do now or ever have existed in America, of course leaving out the works of Thomas Paine and Robert G. Ingersoll."

James A. Greenhill, Clinton, Ia.:

"I take pleasure in letting you know that I have very much enjoyed the perusal of the article by S. C. Adams in the June Magazine, entitled "Religion and Righteousness." I think with such writers as Adams and Tenny the Free Thought Magazine ought soon to become a power for good. Wishing you well and hoping that since my friend Putnam is now speechless, his memory may be left without any more criticism, as no good can result from it. With all his faults I loved him and revere his memory."

V. Anderson, M. D., Deweese, Neb.:

"Not wishing to be considered as not a real friend of the Magazine, I have taken your proposition in hand, and as a result I enclose you money order for \$5 and list of ten persons who I have induced to subscribe for the Magazine. I wish to say, however, that this effort on my part has been but a labor of love, and I sincerely trust that all Liberals will have the cause sufficiently at heart to do their part in securing you the 20,000 subscribers or more. Think what a power for good such an army would be, if they were all determined and enthusiastic!

"Personally I am a subscriber to five Free Thought periodicals—about all that are published, as far as I know, in this country, but of all these I think the Magazine is the best. And for the price at which it is published it is not such a hard matter to get subscribers."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE LATE SAMUEL P. PUTNAM—OUR LAST WORD.

WE had decided to say nothing more in these pages about the life and death of Mr. Putnam, but we have found there are a few persons whom we hold in high esteem who think we were in error when we made the following assertion in the January Magazine:

That quite early in life he became an honest convert to the doctrines of Free Love, and that he conscientiously believed and followed the teachings of the apostles of that school of "reformers" for the balance of his life, that he considered the practice a virtue in place of the generally held opinion that it is a crime—a great advancement on the old-fashioned marriage institution.

Mr. E. C. Walker is one of the ablest and most noted advocates of what he terms "social freedom" in this country. He is one of the editorial writers in "Lucifer," and has been, for a number of years, connected with the "Truth Seeker," as an editorial writer, and has, for a long time, been intimately acquainted with Samuel P. Putnam, and next to George E. Macdonald of the Truth Seeker is probably best qualified to give Mr. Putnam's honest opinions, of any one living, and this is what Mr. Walker says of them in "Lucifer," of May 26th:

As a matter of indisputable fact, Mr. Putnam accepted in theory and applied in his life the principles of social freedom. Well posted Free Lovers recognized him as a comrade, and he freely fraternized with them. Whenever opportunity presented, in New York and elsewhere, he attended the meetings of the active propagandists and spoke in defense of their and his convictions. * * * * For instance, I never heard him make a speech in which he was not careful to say that there should be complete liberty for all men and women. He said this in such a way as to show unmistakably that he had in mind all the interests and activities of human life.

Now it appears to us that Mr. Walker states the Free Love views of Mr. Putnam even stronger than we did. We ask the reader to go back and read again what we said, and then re-read Mr. Walker's statement.

It having now been established beyond question that what we stated in the January Magazine is absolutely true, the question occurs: Who is the guilty party, the one who correctly represents the opinions and practices of a deceased person, or the one who misrepresents them?

FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION.

EVERY man should be free to speak his thoughts on all subjects which concern himself or the public, due regard being had for the rights of others in what he says and how he says it, as well as in choosing time and place for the utterance of his thoughts. There is no subject too sacred for discussion. A man has a right to present to the public any views which he believes to be true and right. The doubt of others as to their truth or as to the wisdom of expressing them does not affect this right.

Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and in times of war or of peril from mob violence private rights have to be subordinated to public safety; this is no more true of the rights of free speech than of other rights; the exercise of which may, under certain circumstances, be suspended for the public good.

The right of free expression does not imply the right to speak under arrangements made by others, where we are not invited and are not wanted. It does not imply our right to a hearing at a meeting in opposition to the object for which the meeting was called, nor does it imply our right to the use of the columns of a paper for the advocacy of views to which the proprietors and editors of the paper are opposed. Nor, when a journal is open to the discussion of a question from different points of view, is it under obligation to print all the articles it receives bearing on the subject. It should see that all sides of the question are presented, and the readers have a right to expect that the editor's selection of contributions from those submitted will be the best and all that his space and the interests of the paper will permit him to use. The author of a rejected article, when all sides have been presented, cannot justly complain of the violation of the rights of free expression because his contribution was not available.

A free platform should not mean that it is free to everybody who wishes to talk; it means only that in the discussion of a subject the different views respecting it shall have a hearing. A well-conducted journal, open to free discussion, will give its readers as much and as varied thought in a controversy as possible, and with the least possible prolixity and repetition and irrelevancy of statement. This may involve the rejection of a number of articles of different degrees of merit and from entirely impersonal considerations.

A well-conducted platform discussion is often impossible when anybody who wishes to speak, whether he knows anything about the subject or not, is permitted to take up the time. Readers of papers and audiences have some rights, and among them is the right not to be bored by persons who have more conceit than common sense, more confidence in their powers than ability to instruct or entertain.

A question may be a fit subject for discussion, and yet it may not be germane to the objects of a paper or a society, and refusal to consider it may be entirely right and proper.

One may have views on a subject which have been thoroughly considered, and which, though generally rejected, are regarded as true and of great importance by a few individuals. There are persons who still believe that the earth is flat and that the sun revolves around it every day, and there are others who believe that the earth is a hollow sphere and that we live on the inside, not on the outside of it. Those who thus believe are desirous of repeating the arguments for their theory again and again, when to others they are not any interest or importance whatever; and they do not care to be bored with them. An editor may not care to devote space to them, for the reason, first, that he regards the arguments as fallacious, and second, that the subject is not a matter of difference of opinion or of current interest among his readers. The right of those who hold the peculiar views to present them whenever they have a chance is admitted, but one who does not share the views may feel under no moral obligation to make opportunities for the repetition of these wild ideas and reasonings—the result of defective education, it may be, together with an idiosyncrasy or extreme opinionativeness.

Freedom of expression does not mean, of course, that one may with impunity incite to murder, or the destruction of property, or to riot and bloodshed. It does not mean that one should be exempt from the liability of punishment if he utters slanders and lies to injure those against whom he holds malice. It was Benjamin Franklin who said that if there is to be unlimited freedom of speech there should also be freedom of the stick. There is a limit to which a self-respecting man will submit to calumny and abuse of himself and family without invoking the authority of the law to protect him. Freedom of expression by tongue or pen, and freedom in all the acts of life, should be limited by the equal rights of others.

In these days, in the more enlightened portions of this country,

there is not much restriction on reasonable freedom of speech or of the press, but the fact that there are anywhere in this republic laws under which a man may be punished for expressing his honest thoughts on any subject is sufficient reason for agitation in favor of the repeal of such statutes. Laws against freedom which excite no concern because they are regarded as practically obsolete, may be, like sleeping lions, dangerous when revived, as such laws sometimes are in times of reaction and religious excitement.

B. F. U.

"TWENTY THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS."

IF the reader did not peruse our article under the above title, on page 304 of the June Magazine, we ask him, or her, to do so in connection with this one. The success of the attempt to procure a circulation of 20,000 subscribers has not been, during the two weeks' trial, what we expected, but notwithstanding, the prospects now are, on the 20th of June, the date we are writing this article, that before the close of the month some two or three hundred names will be added to our list. A number of clubs of 50, 30, 10 and 5 have been received, and we hear of friends in various parts of the country who are working for large clubs, but the difficulty has been, we think, that, as in our June article we called for nothing but clubs of five and over, many have made no attempt to procure subscribers, as they did not think they could procure five, the requisite number. And so, for the next month, to August 1st, we earnestly request every friend of the Magazine to send us all the subscribers he or she can get, at the low price of 50 cents, be the same more or less. Even one subscriber at that price, 50 cents, will be thankfully received.

Now, under this arrangement, no one can have an excuse for not doing a little something. We shall certainly expect that every one of our present subscribers, who have not already done so, will at least send us one new subscriber, at 50 cents a year. It will be no excuse to say "I have no time to canvass," for if you are so well employed you can afford to put your hand into your pocket and get 50 cents and subscribe for some other person, as a missionary duty, as our orthodox friends send millions of dollars to the "heathen" to teach them that God died for them 2,000 years ago. Friend, you can do that much at least.

Some may say that it is an impossible thing to procure 20,000 subscribers. Let us see: There are in the United States some 85,000 postoffices, in Canada some 15,000, in all 100,000 postoffices. Now, to get 20,000 subscribers only requires that we get one at every fifth postoffice. Cannot that be done? At a few postoffices we now have from 50 to 75 subscribers, but in each of these places there is some live, energetic man or woman who has spent a little time to procure the club. Within the past month Mr. H. J. Margerum, of Springfield, Mass., in a few hours procured 50 new subscribers, giving us in all from that city some 70 subscribers. George E. Dahlestrom, of Alton, Ill., has already sent us 30, and is constantly adding to the number. W. Z. Ryder, of Monticello, Ill., went out in his town, and in a short time obtained 20 subscribers. Mr. Charles E. Levi, of Cincinnati, in a few hours procured 10, and others have done nearly as well. We mention these few cases to show what can be done by a little energetic work.

Now, friends, we ask of each of you: Can you not afford to spend at least one-half day during the present month in procuring subscribers to this Magazine at this low price? To make it a great success every one must do a little. And to encourage you we will state that when our list reaches 15,000 we will put the regular price down to 50 cents a year.

We do not give a full account of what has been done up to this time, as we promised, but will more fully state in our next issue, when we hope to report at least 1,000 new names.

Friends, we propose to press this movement for 20,000 subscribers until it is fully accomplished. We shall know no such word as "failure," and we most earnestly ask each of our readers to come to our aid and do all that they can to assist us. Remember, that one such subscriber will be thankfully received. If there be one of our friends who claims he cannot procure one subscriber we ask him to send us a postal card and tell us the reason why. Now for the next month let us have a united effort to accomplish this grand work. "It can be done! It must be done!! And it shall be done!!!"

ALL SORTS.

—Fifty cents.

—Fifty cents only.

—Only fifty cents a year for the next thirty days.

—“Faith or Fact,” just out, and for sale at this office.

—Reader, what have you done to aid the 20,000 subscription movement?

—Only fifty cents a year is the price of this Magazine, to new subscribers, for the next thirty days.

—The flood story is pretty well dried up in our first article in this number—it might have been a wet season.

—“Faith or Fact” is the title of Mr. Taber’s new book. Every reader of this Magazine, we judge, will desire a copy.

—Please request the most intelligent clergyman in your town to read “The Myth of the Great Deluge,” then ask him what he thinks of it and send his reply to this office.

—Robert L. Bean, of Atlanta, suicided at Grant’s Park, last Saturday, by drinking laudanum. The suicide was prompted by his inability to overcome the drink habit.—People’s Party Paper.

It would seem that such suicides that are so often taking place ought to be a warning to every young man who has just commenced the drinking habit.

—We desire to warn our friends that it is very unsafe in this “Christian country” to send cash in letters. Purchase a postoffice or express order or get your letter registered or send by check or draft.

—“The Myth of the Great Deluge,” by James M. McCann, that occupies so much of this number of the Magazine, is

one of the best missionary documents we have ever published. It is in pamphlet form and can be had for fifteen cents or ten copies for one dollar.

—Henry M. Taber’s new book is entitled “Faith or Fact,” in place of “Christianity Criticised,” as we announced in the May Magazine. It has an interesting preface by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. It consists of articles from the pen of Mr. Taber that have heretofore appeared in the Free Thought Magazine. It is a most valuable publication and is for sale at this office. Price, one dollar.

—“When I was out West,” says a business-man quoted in Hardware, “a young man registered at the hotel and proceeded to make things lively. The first night he played poker with the landlord and cleaned him out, the next right he came home drunk and whipped the cabman, the third night he went up and down the halls singing at the top of his voice and daring the chambermaids to come out and embrace him. In the morning they asked for the key of his room and gave him his bill. He looked it over, and then said, with surprised pathos: “Don’t you make any discount for ministers?”

—John Wanamaker, the millionaire merchant, was in Chicago a few weeks ago and spoke with “Commander” Ballington Booth. John said “there was no remedy for the hard times but the Gospel of Christ.” What is the Gospel of Christ according to the record? “Sell all that thou hast and give it to the poor,” said Jesus. When John does that there will be a wave of prosperity for a few of the poor, but John

is not that kind of a Christian. The New York World proved a few years ago that he kept his shirt-making girls at work on starvation prices. "O ye hypocrites," said Jesus.

—Mr. W. W. Kelly, an American, who is managing a play produced in Wolverhampton, when interviewed by the local Express and Star said: "I began my career, strange though it may appear, in connection with the church, so to speak. I took Talmage, who, by the way, was my old Sunday school teacher, on tour. I can't say that I was particularly impressed by my connection with the reverend gentleman; but then that was only a matter of opinion. My next 'star' was Colonel Bob Ingersoll, with whom I traveled all over the states. I have heard all the great orators in this country, I have listened to the most brilliant public speakers on the other side, but above them all stands R. G. Ingersoll. If ever a man spoke with a tongue of silver, it was he; and a more perfect gentleman I have never met." —The (London) Freethinker.

—Prof. Daniel T. Ames, our highly esteemed friend, and valuable contributor to this magazine, is considered one of the best, if not the best, expert judge of hand writing in this country. The Associated Press reports the following of him:

San Francisco, May 28.—Another expert, Daniel T. Ames, was called upon by the plaintiff in the Angus-Craven case to testify as to the handwriting upon the various documents already introduced.

In order to prove that the witness was qualified to testify in such matters it was shown that he had been called upon to pass upon handwriting some 1,200 times in twenty-two states, Canada, Paris and London, and that he was the expert of the United States courts in New York, New Jersey and the District of Columbia.

Washington, D. C., May 26.—The Rev. A. G. Harrison, pastor of the People's tabernacle, and his family, disappeared from their home here yesterday, and it is reported that Mr. Har-

rison is \$9,000 short in his accounts. He was given entire charge of the church funds, and, according to the charges, failed to pay bills for furniture, carpets and a church organ, for which the money was given him, and also borrowed large sums from his parishioners. W. L. Bruen, the builder of the tabernacle, is a loser to the extent of \$7,000.

When Mr. Harrison learned that an investigation was to be made by the church he departed hastily, leaving his household goods. He came to this city from Texas three years ago, engaged in mission work, and gained so large a following that the tabernacle was built, chiefly through the efforts of Mr. Bruen, to give him a following.

Brother Harrison ought to write a letter to those brethren that he has borrowed money of and quote that good old orthodox hymn: "Jesus will pay it all—will pay the debt I owe." That would probably satisfy them.

—General Booth's Missionary Tea League has been started in New South Wales. The Salvation Army has prepared a special blend of tea, and all joining the league are required to pledge themselves to use no other for the space of twelve months.

O' I'm glad salvation's free;
And prepared for you and me
Is a special blend of tea!
'Allelujay !

For the next twelve months to come
We will knock off beer and rum,
And we'll make the tea trade hum!
'Allelujay !!

Matthew, Mark, and Luke and John,
Go and put the kettle on;
And bring forth the bun and scone.
'Allelujay !!!

For the next twelve months on end
To the mandate we will bend,
And quaff the heavenly blend.
'Allelujay !!!!

Should the Devil ask a pot,
Brew it for him on the spot;
Let 'im 'ave it piping 'ot!
'Allelujay !!!!!

—Sydney Bulletin.

St. Solifer

WITH OTHER WORTHIES
AND UNWORTHIES

By James Vila Blake

CONTENTS: St. Solifer; Motive and a Story; Yima; Sprinkling the Thermometer; A Story from Meuleville; The Tripling of the Muses; A Dying Speech; A Like Case; From the Dabistan; Morning; Death as a Neighbor; Thamyras; Syrinx; Antæus.

Mr. Blake has that kind of literary industry which is not content to tread the beaten paths, but strays into the byways of literature and culls many a rare plant and many a sweet flower that has long blushed in the desert of past ages. These he arranges for us with all the charm and all the skill of a master hand. There is a freshness about Mr. Blake's writing, an unaffectedness and simplicity, that reminds one strongly of Charles Lamb. Mr. Blake possesses a rich vein of poetry, his conceits are never unhappy, nor his metaphors obscure. His style is correct, and with a special charm of its own, and he is never wearisome or otherwise than interesting.—*Detroit Sunday News*.

This pretty book of 175 pages contains some fourteen chapters, or stories, or essays. One can call them what he likes. They are certainly hardly chapters, for they are on different subjects; nor stories, for while they contain many curious tales and bits of folk lore, they have no unity. They are just genial, rambling chats, and very quaint and curious, and readable. The author certainly has a style of his own, very graceful and very antiquated, and very charming. His book is well worth any one's reading.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

We do not remember to have read any book of essays in modern times which are so suggestive and which are written in such classic English. These essays should have a wide circulation if for nothing else simply as models of style.—*Tacoma Morning Globe*.

The papers are the recreation of a finely touched mind; we should suppose that any one who can appreciate their delicate qualities might be warranted in complimenting himself.—*Literary World*.

A delightful book, and restful to the worried and wearied soul. There are fourteen stories in it, quaintly told like the fables of La Fontaine; and like them, each with a moral humorous and wise. Mr. Blake has caught the knack of story telling in the idiom and style made familiar to us by the old English masters of the art; a style which, even to imitate well, requires genius, and a cultivated sense of humor. There is wit of good flavor in the artful puzzles made out of Mr. Blake's imagination, by which a little mental exercise is forced upon us as we wonder and wonder whether the characters he presents to us are in reality strangers, or old acquaintances clothed in poetical raiment entirely new, and made by Mr. Blake himself, as the boy made the wooden ship, "all out of his own head." * * * We are never sure the stories are not where they seem to be, nor are we sure that they are not. It is true that in the preface Mr. Blake has placed a signpost warning us where we must not go; but his illusions counteract his warning; and we wander pleasantly along, not certain whether we are in the lawful pathway, or walking on the grass. * * * In many respects these little stories are better than Rudyard Kipling's, and they ought to be widely read.—*The Open Court*.

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to be
Well Born."

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ought to be pro-
vided for check-
ing the birth of
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Yours Fraternally -
H. J. Marperum

THE GODS.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

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AN HONEST GOD IS THE NOBLEST WORK OF MAN.

EACH nation has created a god, and the god has always resembled his creators. He hated and loved what they hated and loved, and he was invariably found on the side of those in power. Each god was intensely patriotic, and detested all nations but his own. All these gods demanded praise, flattery, and worship. Most of them were pleased with sacrifice, and the smell of innocent blood has ever been considered a divine perfume. All these gods have insisted upon having a vast number of priests, and the priests have always insisted upon being supported by the people, and the principal business of these priests has been to boast about their god, and to insist that he could easily vanquish all the other gods put together.

These gods have been manufactured after numberless models, and according to the most grotesque fashions. Some have a thousand arms, some a hundred heads, some are adorned with necklaces of living snakes, some are armed with clubs, some with sword and shield, some with bucklers, and some have wings as a cherub; some were invisible, some would show themselves entire, and some would only show their backs; some were jealous, some were foolish, some turned themselves into men, some into swans, some into bulls, some into doves, and some into Holy Ghosts.

and made love to the beautiful daughters of men. Some were married—all ought to have been—and some were considered as old bachelors from all eternity. Some had children, and the children were turned into gods and worshiped as their fathers had been. Most of these gods were revengeful, savage, lustful, and ignorant. As they generally depended upon their priests for information, their ignorance can hardly excite our astonishment.

These gods did not even know the shape of the worlds they had created, but supposed them perfectly flat. Some thought the day could be lengthened by stopping the sun, that the blowing of horns could throw down the walls of a city, and all knew so little of the real nature of the people they had created, that they commanded the people to love them. Some were so ignorant as to suppose that man could believe just as he might desire, or as they might command, and that to be governed by observation, reason, and experience was a most foul and damning sin. None of these gods could give a true account of the creation of this little earth. All were wofully deficient in geology and astronomy. As a rule, they were most miserable legislators, and as executives they were far inferior to the average of American presidents.

These deities have demanded the most abject and degrading obedience. In order to please them, man must lay his very face in the dust. Of course, they have always been partial to the people who created them, and have generally shown their partiality by assisting those people to rob and destroy others, and to ravish their wives and daughters.

Nothing is so pleasing to these gods as the butchery of unbelievers. Nothing so enrages them, even now, as to have some one deny their existence.

Few nations have been so poor as to have but one god. Gods were made so easily, and the raw material cost so little, that generally the god market was fairly glutted, and heaven crammed with these phantoms. These gods not only attended to the skies, but were supposed to interfere in all the affairs of men. They presided over everybody and everything. They attended to every department. All was supposed to be under their immediate control. Nothing was too small—nothing too large; the falling of sparrows and the motions of the planets were alike attended to by these industrious and observing deities. From their starry

thrones they frequently came to the earth for the purpose of imparting information to man. It is related of one that he came amid thunderings and lightnings in order to tell the people that they should not cook a kid in its mother's milk. Some left their shining abodes to tell women that they should, or should not, have children, to inform a priest how to cut and wear his apron, and to give directions as to the proper manner of cleaning the intestines of a bird.

When the people failed to worship one of these gods, or failed to feed and clothe his priests, (which was much the same thing,) he generally visited them with pestilence and famine. Sometimes he allowed some other nation to drag them into slavery—to sell their wives and children; but generally he glutted his vengeance by murdering their first-born. The priests always did their whole duty, not only in predicting these calamities, but in proving, when they did happen, that they were brought upon the people because they had not given quite enough to them.

These gods differed just as the nations differed; the greatest and most powerful had the most powerful gods, while the weaker ones were obliged to content themselves with the very off-scourings of the heavens. Each of these gods promised happiness here and hereafter to all his slaves, and threatened to eternally punish all who either disbelieved in his existence or suspected that some other god might be his superior; but to deny the existence of all gods was, and is, the crime of crimes. Redden your hands with human blood; blast by slander the fair fame of the innocent; strangle the smiling child upon its mother's knees; deceive, ruin, and desert the beautiful girl who loves and trusts you, and your case is not hopeless. For all this, and for all these you may be forgiven. For all this, and for all these, that bankrupt court established by the gospel, will give you a discharge; but deny the existence of these divine ghosts, of these gods, and the sweet and tearful face of Mercy becomes livid with eternal hate. Heaven's golden gates are shut, and you, with an infinite curse ringing in your ears, with the brand of infamy upon your brow, commence your endless wanderings in the lurid gloom of hell—an immortal vagrant—an eternal outcast—a deathless convict.

One of these gods, and one who demands our love, our admiration, and our worship, and one who is worshiped, if mere heart-

less ceremony is worship, gave to his chosen people for their guidance, the following laws of war: "When thou comest nigh unto a city to fight against it, *then proclaim peace unto it*. And it shall be if it make thee answer of peace, and open unto thee, then it shall be that all the people that is found therein shall be tributaries unto thee, and they shall serve thee. And if it will make no peace with thee, but will make war against thee, then thou shalt besiege it. And when the Lord thy God hath delivered it into thy hands, thou shalt smite every male thereof with the edge of the sword. But the women and the little ones, and the cattle, and all that is in the city, even all the spoil thereof, shalt thou take unto thyself, and thou shalt eat the spoil of thine enemies which the Lord thy God hath given thee. Thus shalt thou do unto all the cities which are very far off from thee, which are not of the cities of these nations. But of the cities of these people which the Lord thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, *thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth*."

Is it possible for man to conceive of anything more perfectly infamous? Can you believe that such directions were given by any being except an infinite fiend? Remember that the army receiving these instructions was one of invasion. Peace was offered upon condition that the people submitting should be the slaves of the invader; but if any should have the courage to defend their homes, to fight for the love of wife and child, then the sword was to spare none—not even the prattling, dimpled babe.

And we are called upon to worship such a god; to get upon our knees and tell him that he is good, that he is merciful, that he is just, that he is love. We are asked to stifle every noble sentiment of the soul, and to trample under foot all the sweet charities of the heart. Because we refuse to stultify ourselves—refuse to become liars—we are denounced, hated, traduced, and ostracized here, and this same god threatens to torment us in eternal fire the moment death allows him to fiercely clutch our naked, helpless souls. Let the people hate, let the god threaten—we will educate them, and we will despise and defy him.

The book, called the bible, is filled with passages equally horrible, unjust, and atrocious. This is the book to be read in schools in order to make our children loving, kind, and gentle! This is the book to be recognized in our Constitution as the source of all authority and justice!

Strange! that no one has ever been persecuted by the church for believing God bad, while hundreds of millions have been destroyed for thinking him good. The orthodox church never will forgive the Universalist for saying "God is love." It has always been considered as one of the very highest evidences of true and undefiled religion to insist that all men, women, and children deserve eternal damnation. It has always been heresy to say, "God will at last save all."

We are asked to justify these frightful passages, these infamous laws of war, because the bible is the word of God. As a matter of fact, there never was, and there never can be, an argument, even tending to prove the inspiration of any book whatever. In the absence of positive evidence, analogy and experience, argument is simply impossible, and at the very best, can amount only to a useless agitation of the air. The instant we admit that a book is too sacred to be doubted, or even reasoned about, we are mental serfs. It is infinitely absurd to suppose that a god would address a communication to intelligent beings, and yet make it a crime, to be punished in eternal flames, for them to use their intelligence for the purpose of understanding his communication. If we have the right to use our reason, we certainly have the right to act in accordance with it, and no god can have the right to punish us for such action.

The doctrine that future happiness depends upon belief is monstrous. It is the infamy of infamies. The notion that faith in Christ is to be rewarded by an eternity of bliss, while a dependence upon reason, observation, and experience merits everlasting pain, is too absurd for refutation, and can be relieved only by that unhappy mixture of insanity and ignorance, called "faith." What man, who ever thinks, can believe that blood can appease God? And yet, our entire system of religion is based upon that belief. The Jews pacified Jehovah with the blood of animals, and according to the Christian system, the blood of Jesus softened the heart of God a little, and rendered possible the salvation of a fortunate few. It is hard to conceive how the human mind can give assent to such terrible ideas, or how any sane man can read the bible and still believe in the doctrine of inspiration.

Whether the bible is true or false, is of no consequence in comparison with the mental freedom of the race.

Salvation through slavery is worthless. Salvation from slavery is inestimable. As long as man believes the bible to be infallible, that book is his master. The civilization of this century is not the child of faith, but of unbelief—the result of free thought.

All that is necessary, as it seems to me, to convince any reasonable person that the bible is simply and purely of human invention—of barbarian invention—is to read it. Read it as you would any other book; think of it as you would of any other; get the bandage of reverence from your eyes; drive from your heart the phantom of fear; push from the throne of your brain the cowed form of superstition—then read the holy bible, and you will be amazed that you ever, for one moment, supposed a being of infinite wisdom, goodness, and purity, to be the author of such ignorance and of such atrocity.

Our ancestors not only had their god-factories, but they made devils as well. These devils were generally disgraced and fallen gods. Some had headed unsuccessful revolts; some had been caught sweetly reclining in the shadowy folds of some fleecy cloud, kissing the wife of the god of gods. These devils generally sympathized with man. There is in regard to them a most wonderful fact: In nearly all the theologies, mythologies, and religions, the devils have been much more humane and merciful than the gods. No devil ever gave one of his generals an order to kill children and to rip open the bodies of pregnant women. Such barbarities were always ordered by the good gods. The pestilences were sent by the most merciful gods. The frightful famine, during which the dying child with palid lips sucked the withered bosom of a dead mother, was sent by the loving gods. No devil was ever charged with such fiendish brutality.

One of these gods, according to the account, drowned an entire world, with the exception of eight persons. The old, the young, the beautiful, and the helpless were remorselessly devoured by the shoreless sea. This, the most fearful tragedy that the imagination of ignorant priests ever conceived, was the act, not of a devil, but of a god, so-called, whom men ignorantly worship unto this day. What a stain such an act would leave upon the character of a devil! One of the prophets of one of these gods, having in his power a captured king, hewed him in pieces in the sight of all the people. Was ever any imp of any devil guilty of such savagery?

One of these gods is reported to have given the following directions concerning human slavery: "If thou buy a Hebrew servant, six years shall he serve, and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing. If he came in by himself, he shall go out by himself; if he were married, then his wife shall go out with him. If his master have given him a wife, and she have borne him sons or daughters, the wife and her children shall be her master's, and he shall go out by himself. And if the servant shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife, and my children: I will not go out free, then his master shall bring him unto the judges; he shall also bring him unto the door, or unto the door-post; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl; and he shall serve him forever."

According to this, a man was given liberty upon condition that he would desert forever his wife and children. Did any devil ever force upon a husband, upon a father, so cruel and so heartless an alternative? Who can worship such a god? Who can bend the knee to such a monster? Who can pray to such a fiend?

All these gods threatened to torment forever the souls of their enemies. Did any devil ever make so infamous a threat? The basest thing recorded of the devil, is what he did concerning Job and his family, and that was done by the express permission of one of these gods, and to decide a little difference of opinion between their serene highnesses as to the character of "my servant Job."

The first account we have of the devil is found in that purely scientific book called Genesis, and is as follows: "Now the serpent was more subtile than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made, and he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden? And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden; but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die. For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of

the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat. * * And the Lord God said, Behold the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil; and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life and eat, and live forever. Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden to till the ground from which he was taken. So he drove out the man, and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim and a flaming sword, which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life."

According to this account the promise of the devil was fulfilled to the very letter. Adam and Eve did not die, and they did become as gods, knowing good and evil.

The account shows, however, that the gods dreaded education and knowledge then just as they do now. The church still faithfully guards the dangerous tree of knowledge, and has exerted in all ages her utmost power to keep mankind from eating the fruit thereof. The priests have never ceased repeating the old falsehood and the old threat: "Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die." From every pulpit comes the same cry, born of the same fear: "Lest they eat and become as gods, knowing good and evil." For this reason, religion hates science, faith detests reason, theology is the sworn enemy of philosophy, and the church with its flaming sword still guards the hated tree, and like its supposed founder, curses to the lowest depths the brave thinkers who eat and become as gods.

If the account given in Genesis is really true, ought we not, after all, to thank this serpent? He was the first schoolmaster, the first advocate of learning, the first enemy of ignorance, the first to whisper in human ears the sacred word liberty, the creator of ambition, the author of modesty, of inquiry, of doubt, of investigation, of progress, and of civilization.

Give me the storm and tempest of thought and action, rather than the dead calm of ignorance and faith! Banish me from Eden when you will; but first let me eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge!

Some nations have borrowed their gods; of this number, we are compelled to say, is our own. The Jews having ceased to exist as a nation, and having no further use for a god, our ancestors appropriated him and adopted their devil at the same time. This borrowed god is still an object of some adoration, and this

adopted devil still excites the apprehensions of our people. He is still supposed to be setting his traps and snares for the purpose of catching our unwary souls, and is still, with reasonable success, waging the old war against our god.

To me, it seems easy to account for these ideas concerning gods and devils. They are a perfectly natural production. Man has created them all, and under the same circumstances would create them again. Man has not only created all these gods, but he has created them out of the materials by which he has been surrounded. Generally he has modeled them after himself, and has given them hands, heads, feet, eyes, ears, and organs of speech. Each nation made its gods and devils speak its language not only, but put in their mouths the same mistakes in history, geography, astronomy, and in all matters of fact, generally made by the people. No god was ever in advance of the nation that created him. The negroes represented their deities with black skins and curly hair. The Mongolian gave to his a yellow complexion and dark almond-shaped eyes. The Jews were not allowed to paint theirs, or we should have seen Jehovah with a full beard, an oval face, and an aquiline nose. Zeus was a perfect Greek, and Jove looked as though a member of the Roman senate. The gods of Egypt had the patient face and placid look of the loving people who made them. The gods of northern countries were represented warmly clad in robes of fur; those of the tropics were naked. The gods of India were often mounted upon elephants; those of some islanders were great swimmers, and the deities of the Arctic zone were passionately fond of whale's blubber. Nearly all people have carved or painted representations of their gods, and these representations were, by the lower classes, generally treated as the real gods, and to these images and idols they addressed prayers and offered sacrifice.

"In some countries, even at this day, if the people after long praying do not obtain their desires, they turn their images off as impotent gods, or upbraid them in a most reproachful manner, loading them with blows and curses. 'How now, dog of a spirit,' they say, 'we give you lodging in a magnificent temple, we gild you with gold, feed you with the choicest food, and offer incense to you; yet, after all this care, you are so ungrateful as to refuse us what we ask.' Hereupon they will pull the god down and drag him through the filth of the street. If, in the meantime, it

happens that they obtain their request, then, with a great deal of ceremony, they wash him clean, carry him back, and place him in his temple again, where they fall down and make excuses for what they have done. 'Of a truth,' they say, 'we were a little too hasty, and you were a little too long in your grant, Why should you bring this beating on yourself? But what is done cannot be undone. Let us not think of it any more. If you will forget what is past, we will gild you over brighter again than before.'

Man has never been at a loss for gods. He has worshiped almost everything, including the vilest and most disgusting beasts. He has worshiped fire, earth, air, water, light, stars, and for hundreds of ages prostrated himself before enormous snakes. Savage tribes often make gods of articles they get from civilized people. The Todas worship a cow-bell. The Kotas worship two silver plates, which they regard as husband and wife, and another tribe manufactured a god out of a king of hearts.

Man, having always been the physical superior of woman, accounts for the fact that most of the high gods have been males. Had woman been the physical superior, the powers supposed to be the rulers of Nature would have been women, and instead of being represented in the apparel of man, they would have luxuriated in trains, low-necked dresses, laces, and back-hair.

Nothing can be plainer than that each nation gives to its god its peculiar characteristics, and that every individual gives to his god his personal peculiarities.

Man has no ideas, and can have none, except those suggested by his surroundings. He cannot conceive of anything utterly unlike what he has seen or felt. He can exaggerate, diminish, combine, separate, deform, beautify, improve, multiply, and compare what he sees, what he feels, what he hears, and all of which he takes cognizance through the medium of the senses; but he cannot create. Having seen exhibitions of power, he can say, omnipotent. Having lived, he can say, immortality. Knowing something of time, he can say, eternity. Conceiving something of intelligence, he can say, God. Having seen exhibitions of malice, he can say, devil. A few gleams of happiness having fallen athwart the gloom of his life, he can say, heaven. Pain, in its numberless forms, having been experienced, he can say, hell. Yet all these ideas have a foundation in fact, and only a foundation.

The superstructure has been reared by exaggerating, diminishing, combining, separating, deforming, beautifying, improving, or multiplying realities, so that the edifice or fabric is but the incongruous grouping of what man has perceived through the medium of the senses. It is as though we should give to a lion the wings of an eagle, the hoofs of a bison, the tail of a horse, the pouch of a kangaroo, and the trunk of an elephant. We have in imagination created an impossible monster. And yet the various parts of this monster really exist. So it is with all the gods that man has made.

Beyond nature man cannot go even in thought—above nature he cannot rise—below nature he cannot fall.

Man, in his ignorance, supposed that all phenomena were produced by some intelligent powers, and with direct reference to him. To preserve friendly relations with these powers was, and still is, the object of all religions. Man knelt through fear and to implore assistance, or through gratitude for some favor which he supposed had been rendered. He endeavored by supplication to appease some being who, for some reason, had, as he believed, become enraged. The lightning and thunder terrified him. In the presence of the volcano he sank upon his knees. The great forests filled with wild and ferocious beasts, the monstrous serpents crawling in mysterious depths, the boundless sea, the flaming comets, the sinister eclipses, the awful calmness of the stars, and, more than all, the perpetual presence of death, convinced him that he was the sport and prey of unseen and malignant powers. The strange and frightful diseases to which he was subject, the freezings and burnings of fever, the contortions of epilepsy, the sudden palsies, the darkness of night, and the wild, terrible and fantastic dreams that filled his brain, satisfied him that he was haunted and pursued by countless spirits of evil. For some reason he supposed that these spirits differed in power—that they were not all alike malevolent—that the higher controlled the lower, and that his very existence depended upon gaining the assistance of the more powerful. For this purpose he resorted to prayer, to flattery, to worship, and to sacrifice. These ideas appear to have been almost universal in savage man.

For ages all nations supposed that the sick and insane were possessed by evil spirits. For thousands of years the practice of medicine consisted in frightening these spirits away. Usually

the priests would make the loudest and most discordant noises possible. They would blow horns, beat upon rude drums, clash cymbals, and in the meantime utter the most unearthly yells. If the noise-remedy failed, they would implore the aid of some more powerful spirit.

To pacify these spirits was considered of infinite importance. The poor barbarian, knowing that men could be softened by gifts, gave to these spirits that which to him seemed of the most value. With bursting heart he would offer the blood of his dearest child. It was impossible for him to conceive of a god utterly unlike himself, and he naturally supposed that these powers of the air would be affected a little at the sight of so great and so deep a sorrow. It was with the barbarian then as with the civilized now—one class lived upon and made merchandise of the fears of another. Certain persons took it upon themselves to appease the gods, and to instruct the people in their duties to these unseen powers. This was the origin of the priesthood. The priest pretended to stand between the wrath of the gods and the helplessness of man. He was man's attorney at the court of heaven. He carried to the invisible world a flag of truce, a protest and a request. He came back with a command, with authority and with power. Man fell upon his knees before his own servant, and the priest, taking advantage of the awe inspired by his supposed influence with the gods, made of his fellow-man a cringing hypocrite and slave. Even Christ, the supposed son of God, taught that persons were possessed of evil spirits, and frequently, according to the account, gave proof of his divine origin and mission by frightening droves of devils out of his unfortunate countrymen. Casting out devils was his principal employment, and the devils thus banished generally took occasion to acknowledge him as the true Messiah; which was not only very kind of them, but quite fortunate for him. The religious people have always regarded the testimony of these devils as perfectly conclusive, and the writers of the New Testament quote the words of these imps of darkness with great satisfaction.

The fact that Christ could withstand the temptations of the devil was considered as conclusive evidence that he was assisted by some god, or at least by some being superior to man. St. Matthew gives an account of an attempt made by the devil to

tempt the supposed son of God ; and it has always excited the wonder of Christians that the temptation was so nobly and heroically withstood. The account to which I refer is as follows :

“ Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. And when the tempter came to him, he said : ‘ If thou be the son of God, command that these stones be made bread.’ But he answered, and said : ‘ It is written : man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.’ Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city and setteth him upon a pinnacle of the temple and saith unto him : ‘ If thou be the son of God, cast thyself down, for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, lest at any time thou shalt dash thy foot against a stone.’ Jesus said unto him : ‘ It is written again, thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.’ Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and saith unto him : ‘ All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.’ ”

The Christians now claim that Jesus was God. If he was God, of course the devil knew that fact, and yet, according to this account, the devil took the omnipotent God and placed him upon a pinnacle of the temple, and endeavored to induce him to dash himself against the earth. Failing in that, he took the creator, owner and governor of the universe up into an exceeding high mountain, and offered him this world—this grain of sand—if he, the God of all the worlds, would fall down and worship him, a poor devil, without even a tax title to one foot of dirt ! Is it possible the devil was such an idiot ? Should any great credit be given to this deity for not being caught with such chaff ? Think of it ! The devil—the prince of sharpers—the king of cunning—the master of finesse, trying to bribe God with a grain of sand that belonged to God !

Is there in all the religious literature of the world anything more grossly absurd than this ?

These devils, according to the bible, were of various kinds—some could speak and hear, others were deaf and dumb. All could not be cast out in the same way. The deaf and dumb spirits were quite difficult to deal with. St. Mark tells of a gentle-

man who brought his son to Christ. The boy, it seems, was possessed of a dumb spirit, over which the disciples had no control. "Jesus said unto the spirit: 'Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee come out of him, and enter no more into him.' " Whereupon, the deaf spirit (having heard what was said) cried out (being dumb) and immediately vacated the premises. The ease with which Christ controlled this deaf and dumb spirit excited the wonder of his disciples, and they asked him privately why they could not cast that spirit out. To whom he replied: "This kind can come forth by nothing but prayer and fasting." Is there a Christian in the whole world who would believe such a story if found in any other book? The trouble is, these pious people shut up their reason, and then open their bible.

In the olden times the existence of devils was universally admitted. The people had no doubt upon that subject, and from such belief it followed as a matter of course, that a person, in order to vanquish these devils, had either to be a god, or to be assisted by one. All founders of religions have established their claims to divine origin by controlling evil spirits and suspending the laws of nature. Casting out devils was a certificate of divinity. A prophet, unable to cope with the powers of darkness was regarded with contempt. The utterance of the highest and noblest sentiments, the most blameless and holy life, commanded but little respect, unless accompanied by power to work miracles and command spirits.

This belief in good and evil powers had its origin in the fact that man was surrounded by what he was pleased to call good and evil phenomena. Phenomena affecting man pleasantly were ascribed to good spirits, while those affecting him unpleasantly or injuriously, were ascribed to evil spirits. It being admitted that all phenomena were produced by spirits, the spirits were divided according to the phenomena, and the phenomena were good or bad as they affected man. Good spirits were supposed to be the authors of good phenomena, and evil spirits of the evil—so that the idea of a devil has been as universal as the idea of a god.

Many writers maintain that an idea to become universal must be true; that all universal ideas are innate, and that innate ideas cannot be false. If the fact that an idea has been universal proves that it is innate, and if the fact that an idea is innate

proves that it is correct, then the believers in innate ideas must admit that the evidence of a god superior to nature, and of a devil superior to nature, is exactly the same, and that the existence of such a devil must be as self-evident as the existence of such a God. The truth is, a god was inferred from good, and a devil from bad, phenomena. And it is just as natural and logical to suppose that a devil would cause happiness as to suppose that a god would produce misery. Consequently, if an intelligence, infinite and supreme, is the immediate author of all phenomena, it is difficult to determine whether such intelligence is the friend or enemy of man. If phenomena were all good, we might say they were all produced by a perfectly beneficent being. If they were all bad, we might say they were produced by a perfectly malevolent power; but, as phenomena are, as they affect man, both good and bad, they must be produced by different and antagonistic spirits; by one who is sometimes actuated by kindness, and sometimes by malice; or all must be produced of necessity, and without reference to their consequences upon man.

The foolish doctrine that all phenomena can be traced to the interference of good and evil spirits, has been, and still is, almost universal. That most people still believe in some spirit that can change the natural order of events, is proven by the fact that nearly all resort to prayer. Thousands, at this very moment, are probably imploring some supposed power to interfere in their behalf. Some want health restored; some ask that the loved and absent be watched over and protected, some pray for riches, some for rain, some want diseases stayed, some vainly ask for food, some ask for revivals, a few ask for more wisdom, and now and then one tells the Lord to do as he may think best. Thousands ask to be protected from the devil; some, like David, pray for revenge, and some implore, even God, not to lead them into temptation. All these prayers rest upon, and are produced by, the idea that some power not only can, but probably will, change the order of the universe. This belief has been among the great majority of tribes and nations. All sacred books are filled with the accounts of such interferences, and our own bible is no exception to this rule.

If we believe in a power superior to nature, it is perfectly natural to suppose that such power can and will interfere in the affairs of this world. If there is no interference, of what practical

use can such power be? The scriptures give us the most wonderful accounts of divine interference: Animals talk like men; springs gurggle from dry bones; the sun and moon stop in the heavens in order that General Joshua may have more time to murder; the shadow on a dial goes back ten degrees to convince a petty king of a barbarous people that he is not going to die of a boil; fire refuses to burn; water positively declines to seek its level, but stands up like a wall; grains of sand become lice; common walking-sticks, to gratify a mere freak, twist themselves into serpents, and then swallow each other by way of exercise; murmuring streams, laughing at the attraction of gravitation, run up hill for years, following wandering tribes from a pure love of frolic; prophecy becomes altogether easier than history; the sons of God become enamored of the world's girls; women are changed into salt for the purpose of keeping a great event fresh in the minds of men; an excellent article of brimstone is imported from heaven free of duty; clothes refuse to wear out for forty years; birds keep restaurants and feed wandering prophets free of expense; bears tear children in pieces for laughing at old men without wigs; muscular development depends upon the length of one's hair; dead people come to life, simply to get a joke on their enemies and heirs; witches and wizards converse freely with the souls of the departed, and God himself becomes a stone-cutter and engraver, after having been a tailor and dressmaker.

The veil between heaven and earth was always rent or lifted. The shadows of this world, the radiance of heaven, and the glare of hell mixed and mingled until man became uncertain as to which country he really inhabited. Man dwelt in an unreal world. He mistook his ideas, his dreams, for real things. His fears became terrible and malicious monsters. He lived in the midst of furies and fairies, nymphs and naiads, goblins and ghosts, witches and wizards, sprites and spooks, deities and devils. The obscure and gloomy depths were filled with claw and wing—with beak and hoof—with leering looks and sneering mouths—with the malice of deformity—with the cunning of hatred, and with all the slimy forms that fear can draw and paint upon the shadowy canvas of the dark.

It is enough to make one almost insane with pity to think what man in the long night has suffered; of the tortures he has endured, surrounded, as he supposed, by malignant powers and

clutched by the fierce phantoms of the air. No wonder that he fell upon his trembling knees—that he built altars and reddened them even with his own blood. No wonder that he implored ignorant priests and impudent magicians for aid. No wonder that he crawled groveling in the dust to the temple's door, and there, in the insanity of despair, besought the deaf gods to hear his bitter cry of agony and fear.

The savage as he emerges from a state of barbarism, gradually loses faith in his idols of wood and stone, and in their place puts a multitude of spirits. As he advances in knowledge, he generally discards the petty spirits, and in their stead believes in one, whom he supposes to be infinite and supreme. Supposing this great spirit to be superior to nature, he offers worship or flattery in exchange for assistance. At last, finding that he obtains no aid from this supposed deity—finding that every search after the absolute must of necessity end in failure—finding that man cannot by any possibility conceive of the conditionless—he begins to investigate the facts by which he is surrounded, and to depend upon himself.

The people are beginning to think, to reason and to investigate. Slowly, painfully, but surely, the gods are being driven from the earth. Only upon rare occasions are they, even by the most religious, supposed to interfere in the affairs of men. In most matters we are at last supposed to be free. Since the invention of steamships and railways, so that the products of all countries can be easily interchanged, the gods have quit the business of producing famine. Now and then they kill a child because it is idolized by its parents. As a rule they have given up causing accidents on railroads, exploding boilers, and bursting kerosene lamps. Cholera, yellow fever, and small-pox are still considered heavenly weapons; but measles, itch and ague are now attributed to natural causes. As a general thing, the gods have stopped drowning children, except as a punishment for violating the Sabbath. They still pay some attention to the affairs of kings, men of genius and persons of great wealth; but ordinary people are left to shirk for themselves as best they may. In wars between great nations, the gods still interfere; but in prize fights, the best man, with an honest referee, is almost sure to win.

The Church cannot abandon the idea of special providence. To give up that doctrine is to give up all. The Church must

insist that prayer is answered—that some power superior to nature hears and grants the request of the sincere and humble Christian, and that this same power in some mysterious way provides for all.

A devout clergyman sought every opportunity to impress upon the mind of his son the fact, that God takes care of all his creatures; that the falling sparrow attracts his attention, and that his loving kindness is over all his works. Happening, one day, to see a crane wading in quest of food, the good man pointed out to his son the perfect adaptation of the crane to get his living in that manner. "See," said he, "how his legs are formed for wading! What a long slender bill he has! Observe how nicely he folds his feet when putting them in or drawing them out of the water! He does not cause the slightest ripple. He is thus enabled to approach the fish without giving them any notice of his arrival. My son," said he, "it is impossible to look at that bird without recognizing the design, as well as the goodness of God, in thus providing the means of subsistence." "Yes," replied the boy, "I think I see the goodness of God, at least so far as the crane is concerned; but after all, father, don't you think the arrangement a little tough on the fish?"

Even the advanced religionist, although disbelieving in any great amount of interference by the gods in this age of the world, still thinks, that in the beginning, some god made the laws governing the universe. He believes that in consequence of these laws a man can lift a greater weight with, than without, a lever; that this god so made matter, and so established the order of things, that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time; so that a body once put in motion will keep moving until it is stopped; so that it is a greater distance around, than across a circle; so that a perfect square has four equal sides, instead of five or seven. He insists that it took a direct interposition of providence to make the whole greater than a part, and that had it not been for this power superior to nature, twice one might have been more than twice two, and sticks and strings might have had only one end apiece. Like the old Scotch divine, he thanks God that Sunday comes at the end instead of in the middle of the week, and that death comes at the close instead of at the commencement of life, thereby giving us time to prepare for that holy day and that most solemn event. These relig-

ious people see nothing but design everywhere, and personal, intelligent interference in everything. They insist that the universe has been created, and that the adaptation of means to ends is perfectly apparent. They point us to the sunshine, to the flowers, to the April rain, and to all there is of beauty and of use in the world. Did it ever occur to them that a cancer is as beautiful in its development as is the reddest rose? That what they are pleased to call the adaptation of means to ends, is as apparent in the cancer as in the April rain? How beautiful the process of digestion! By what ingenious methods the blood is poisoned so that the cancer shall have food! By what wonderful contrivances the entire system of man is made to pay tribute to this divine and charming cancer! See by what admirable instrumentalities it feeds itself from the surrounding quivering, dainty flesh! See how it gradually but surely expands and grows! By what marvelous mechanism it is supplied with long and slender roots that reach out to the most secret nerves of pain for sustenance and life! What beautiful colors it presents! Seen through the microscope it is a miracle of order and beauty. All the ingenuity of man cannot stop its growth. Think of the amount of thought it must have required to invent a way by which the life of one man might be given to produce one cancer! Is it possible to look upon it and doubt that there is design in the universe, and that the inventor of this wonderful cancer must be infinitely powerful, ingenious and good?

We are told that the universe was designed and created, and that it is absurd to suppose that matter has existed from eternity, but that it is perfectly self-evident that a god has.

If a god created the universe, then, there must have been a time when he commenced to create. Back of that time there must have been an eternity, during which there had existed nothing—absolutely nothing—except this supposed god. According to this theory, this god spent an eternity, so to speak, in an infinite vacuum, and in perfect idleness.

Admitting that a god did create the universe, the question then arises, of what did he create it? It certainly was not made of nothing. Nothing considered in the light of a raw material, is a most decided failure. It follows, then, that the god must have made the universe out of himself, he being the only existence. The universe is material, and if it was made of god, the god must

have been material. With this very thought in his mind, Anaximander of Miletus said: "Creation is the decomposition of the infinite."

It has been demonstrated that the earth would fall to the sun, only for the fact, that it is attracted by other worlds, and those worlds must be attracted by other worlds still beyond them, and so on without end. This proves the material universe to be infinite. If an infinite universe has been made out of an infinite god, how much of the god is left?

The idea of a creative deity is gradually being abandoned, and nearly all truly scientific minds admit that matter must have existed from eternity. It is indestructible, and the indestructible cannot be created. It is the crowning glory of our century to have demonstrated the indestructibility and the eternal persistence of force. Neither matter nor force can be increased nor diminished. Force cannot exist apart from matter. Matter exists only in connection with force, and consequently, a force apart from matter, and superior to nature, is a demonstrated impossibility.

Force, then, must have also existed from eternity, and could not have been created. Matter in its countless forms, from dead earth to the eyes of those we love, and force, in all its manifestations, from simple motion to the grandest thought, deny creation and defy control.

Thought is a form of force. We walk with the same force with which we think. Man is an organism, that changes several forms of force into thought-force. Man is a machine into which we put what we call food, and produce what we call thought. Think of that wonderful chemistry by which bread was changed into the divine tragedy of Hamlet!

A god must not only be material, but he must be an organism, capable of changing other forms of force into thought-force. This is what we call eating. Therefore, if the god thinks, he must eat, that is to say, he must of necessity have some means of supplying the force with which to think. It is impossible to conceive of a being who can eternally impart force to matter, and yet have no means of supplying the force thus imparted.

If neither matter nor force were created, what evidence have we, then, of the existence of a power superior to nature? The theologian will probably reply, "We have law and order, cause

and effect, and beside all this, matter could not have put itself in motion."

Suppose, for the sake of the argument, that there is no being superior to nature, and that matter and force have existed from eternity. Now suppose that two atoms should come together, would there be an effect? Yes. Suppose that they came in exactly opposite directions with equal force, they would be stopped, to say the least. This would be an effect. If this is so, then you have matter, force and effect without a being superior to nature. Now suppose that two other atoms, just like the first two, should come together under precisely the same circumstances, would not the effect be exactly the same? Yes. Like causes, producing like effects, is what we mean by law and order. Then we have matter, force, effect, law and order without a being superior to nature. Now we know that every effect must also be a cause, and that every cause must be an effect. The atoms coming together did produce an effect, and as every effect must also be a cause, the effect produced by the collision of the atoms, must as to something else have been a cause. Then we have matter, force, law, order, cause and effect without a being superior to nature. Nothing is left for the supernatural but empty space. His throne is a void, and his boasted realm is without matter, without force, without law, without cause, and without effect.

But what put all this matter in motion? If matter and force have existed from eternity, then matter must have always been in motion. Force is forever active, and there is, and there can be, no cessation. If, therefore, matter and force have existed from eternity, so has motion. In the whole universe there is not even one atom in a state of rest.

A deity outside of nature exists in nothing, and is nothing. Nature embraces with infinite arms all matter and all force. That which is beyond her grasp is destitute of both, and can hardly be worth the worship and adoration even of a man.

There is but one way to demonstrate the existence of a power independent of and superior to nature, and that is by breaking, if only for one moment, the continuity of cause and effect. Pluck from the endless chain of existence one little link; stop for one instant the grand procession, and you have shown beyond all contradiction that nature has a master. Change the fact, just for one second, that matter attracts matter, and a god appears.

The rudest savage has always known this fact, and for that reason always demanded the evidence of miracle. The founder of a religion must be able to turn water into wine—cure with a word the blind and lame, and raise with a simple touch the dead to life. It was necessary for him to demonstrate to the satisfaction of his barbarian disciple, that he was superior to nature. In times of ignorance this was easy to do. The credulity of the savage was almost boundless. To him the marvelous was the beautiful, the mysterious was the sublime. Consequently every religion has for its foundation a miracle—that is to say, a violation of nature—that is to say, a falsehood.

No one, in the world's whole history, ever attempted to substantiate a truth by a miracle. Truth scorns the assistance of miracle. Nothing but falsehood ever attested itself by signs and wonders. No miracle ever was performed, and no sane man ever thought he had performed one, and until one is performed, there can be no evidence of the existence of any power superior to, and independent of, nature.

The church wishes us to believe. Let the church, or one of its intellectual saints, perform a miracle, and we will believe. We are told that nature has a superior. Let this superior for one single instant, control nature, and we will admit the truth of your assertions.

We have heard talk enough. We have listened to all the drowsy, idealess, vapid sermons that we wish to hear. We have read your bible and the works of your best minds. We have heard your prayers, your solemn groans and your reverential amens. All these amount to less than nothing. We want one fact. We beg at the doors of your churches for just one little fact. We pass our hats along your pews and under your pulpits and implore you for just one fact. We know all about your mouldy wonders and your stale miracles. We want a this year's fact. We ask only one. Give us one fact for charity. Your miracles are too ancient. The witnesses have been dead for nearly two thousand years. Their reputation for "truth and veracity" in the neighborhood where they resided is wholly unknown to us. Give us a new miracle, and substantiate it by witnesses who still have the cheerful habit of living in this world. Do not send us to Jericho to hear the winding horns, nor put us in the fire with Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego. Do not com-

pel us to navigate the sea with Captain Jonah, nor dine with Mr. Ezekiel. There is no sort of use in sending us fox-hunting with Sampson. We have positively lost all interest in that little speech so eloquently delivered by Balaam's inspired donkey. It is worse than useless to show us fishes with money in their mouths, and call our attention to vast multitudes stuffing themselves with five crackers and two sardines. We demand a new miracle, and we demand it now. Let the church furnish at least one, or forever after hold her peace.

In the olden time, the church, by violating the order of nature, proved the existence of her God. At that time miracles were performed with the most astonishing ease. They became so common that the church ordered her priests to desist. And now this same church—the people having found some little sense—admits, not only, that she cannot perform a miracle, but insists that the absence of miracle—the steady, unbroken march of cause and effect proves the existence of a power superior to nature. The fact is, however, that the indissoluble chain of cause and effect proves exactly the contrary.

Sir William Hamilton, one of the pillars of modern theology, in discussing this very subject, uses the following language: "The phenomena of matter taken by themselves, so far from warranting any inference of the existence of a god, would on the contrary ground even an argument to his negation. The phenomena of the material world are subjected to immutable laws; are produced and reproduced in the same invariable succession, and manifest only the blind force of a mechanical necessity."

Nature is but an endless series of efficient causes. She cannot create, but she eternally transforms. There was no beginning, and there can be no end.

The best minds, even in the religious world, admit that in material nature there is no evidence of what they are pleased to call a god. They find their evidence in the phenomena of intelligence, and very innocently assert that intelligence is above, and in fact, opposed to nature. They insist that man, at least, is a special creation; that he has somewhere in his brain a divine spark, a little portion of the "Great First Cause." They say that matter cannot produce thought; but that thought can produce matter. They tell us that man has intelligence, and therefore there must be an intelligence greater than his. Why

not say, God has intelligence, therefore there must be an intelligence greater than his? So far as we know, there is no intelligence apart from matter. We cannot conceive of thought, except as produced within a brain.

The science, by means of which they demonstrate the existence of an impossible intelligence, and an incomprehensible power is called metaphysics or theology. The theologians admit that the phenomena of matter tend, at least, to disprove the existence of any power superior to nature, because in such phenomena we see nothing but an endless chain of efficient causes — nothing but the force of a mechanical necessity. They therefore appeal to what they denominate the phenomena of mind to establish this superior power.

The trouble is, that in the phenomena of mind we find the same endless chain of efficient causes; the same mechanical necessity. Every thought must have had an efficient cause. Every motive, every desire, every fear, hope and dream must have been necessarily produced. There is no room in the mind of man for providence or chance. The facts and forces governing thought are as absolute as those governing the motions of the planets. A poem is produced by the forces of nature, and is as necessarily and naturally produced as mountains and seas. You will seek in vain for a thought in man's brain without its efficient cause. Every mental operation is the necessary result of certain facts and conditions. Mental phenomena are considered more complicated than those of matter, and consequently more mysterious. Being more mysterious, they are considered better evidence of the existence of a god. No one infers a god from the simple, from the known, from what is understood, but from the complex, from the unknown, and incomprehensible. Our ignorance is God; what we know is science.

When we abandon the doctrine that some infinite being created matter and force, and enacted a code of laws for their government, the idea of interference will be lost. The real priest will then be, not the mouth-piece of some pretended deity, but the interpreter of nature. From that moment the church ceases to exist. The tapers will die out upon the dusty altar; the moths will eat the fading velvet of pulpit and pew; the Bible will take its place with the Shastras, Puranas, Vedas, Eddas, Sagas and Korans, and the fetters of a degrading faith will fall from the minds of men.

"But," says the religionist, "you cannot explain everything; you cannot understand everything; and that which you cannot explain, that which you do not comprehend, is my God."

We are explaining more every day. We are understanding more every day; consequently your God is growing smaller every day.

Nothing daunted, the religionist then insists that nothing can exist without a cause, except cause, and that this uncaused cause is God.

To this we again reply: Every cause must produce an effect, because until it does produce an effect, it is not a cause. Every effect must in its turn become a cause. Therefore, in the nature of things, there cannot be a last cause, for the reason that a so-called last cause would necessarily produce an effect, and that effect must of necessity become a cause. The converse of these propositions must be true. Every effect must have had a cause, and every cause must have been an effect. Therefore, there could have been no first cause. A first cause is just as impossible as a last effect.

Beyond the universe there is nothing, and within the universe the supernatural does not and cannot exist.

The moment these great truths are understood and admitted, a belief in general or special providence becomes impossible. From that instant men will cease their vain efforts to please an imaginary being, and will give their time and attention to the affairs of this world. They will abandon the idea of attaining any object by prayer and supplication. The element of uncertainty will, in a great measure, be removed from the domain of the future, and man, gathering courage from a succession of victories over the obstructions of nature, will attain a serene grandeur unknown to the disciples of any superstition. The plans of mankind will no longer be interfered with by the finger of a supposed omnipotence, and no one will believe that nations or individuals are protected or destroyed by any deity whatever. Science, freed from the chains of pious custom and evangelical prejudice, will, within her sphere, be supreme. The mind will investigate without reverence, and publish its conclusions without fear. Agassiz will no longer hesitate to declare the Mosaic cosmogony utterly inconsistent with the demonstrated truths of geology, and will cease pretending any reverence for the Jewish

scriptures. The moment science succeeds in rendering the church powerless for evil, the real thinkers will be outspoken. The little flags of truce carried by timid philosophers will disappear, and the cowardly parley will give place to victory—lasting and universal.

If we admit that some infinite being has controlled the destinies of persons and peoples, history becomes a most cruel and bloody farce. Age after age, the strong have trampled upon the weak; the crafty and heartless have ensnared and enslaved the simple and innocent, and nowhere, in all the annals of mankind, has any god succored the oppressed.

Man should cease to expect aid from on high. By this time he should know that heaven has no ear to hear, and no hand to help. The present is the necessary child of all the past. There has been no chance, and there can be no interference.

If abuses are destroyed, man must destroy them. If slaves are freed, man must free them. If new truths are discovered, man must discover them. If the naked are clothed; if the hungry are fed; if justice is done; if labor is rewarded; if superstition is driven from the mind; if the defenseless are protected, and if the right finally triumphs, all must be the work of man. The grand victories of the future must be won by man, and by man alone.

Nature, so far as we can discern, without passion and without intention, forms, transforms, and retransforms forever. She neither weeps nor rejoices. She produces man without purpose, and obliterates him without regret. She knows no distinction between the beneficial and the hurtful. Poison and nutrition, pain and joy, life and death, smiles and tears are alike to her. She is neither merciful nor cruel. She cannot be flattered by worship nor melted by tears. She does not know even the attitude of prayer. She appreciates no difference between poison in the fangs of snakes and mercy in the hearts of men. Only through man does nature take cognizance of the good, the true, and the beautiful; and, so far as we know, man is the highest intelligence

And yet man continues to believe that there is some power independent of and superior to nature, and still endeavors, by form, ceremony, supplication, hypocrisy and sacrifice, to obtain its aid. His best energies have been wasted in the service of

this phantom. The horrors of whichcraft were all born of an ignorant belief in the existence of a totally depraved being superior to Nature, acting in perfect independence of her laws; and all religious superstition has had for its basis a belief in at least two beings, one good and the other bad, both of whom could arbitrarily change the order of the universe. The history of religion is simply the story of man's efforts in all ages to avoid one of these powers, and to pacify the other. Both powers have inspired little else than abject fear. The cold, calculating sneer of the devil, and the frown of God, were equally terrible. In any event, man's fate was to be arbitrarily fixed forever by an unknown power superior to all law, and to all fact. Until this belief is thrown aside, man must consider himself the slave of phantom masters—neither of whom promise liberty in this world nor in the next.

Man must learn to rely upon himself. Reading bibles will not protect him from the blasts of winter, but houses, fires, and clothing will. To prevent famine, one plow is worth a million sermons, and even patent medicines will cure more diseases than all the prayers uttered since the beginning of the world.

Although many eminent men have endeavored to harmonize necessity and free will, the existence of evil, and the infinite power and goodness of God, they have succeeded only in producing learned and ingenious failures. Immense efforts have been made to reconcile ideas utterly inconsistent with the facts by which we are surrounded, and all persons who have failed to perceive the pretended reconciliation, have been denounced as infidels, atheists and scoffers. The whole power of the church has been brought to bear against philosophers and scientists in order to compel a denial of the authority of demonstration, and to induce some Judas to betray Reason, one of the saviors of mankind.

During that frightful period known as the "Dark Ages," Faith reigned, with scarcely a rebellious subject. Her temples were "carpeted with knees," and the wealth of nations adorned her countless shrines. The great painters prostituted their genius to immortalize her vagaries, while the poets enshrined them in song. At her bidding, man covered the earth with blood. The scales of Justice were turned with her gold, and for her use were invented all the cunning instruments of pain. She

built cathedrals for God, and dungeons for men. She peopled the clouds with angels and the earth with slaves. For centuries the world was retracing its steps—going steadily back towards barbaric night! A few infidels and a few heretics cried "Halt!" to the great rabble of ignorant devotion, and made it possible for the genius of the nineteenth century to revolutionize the cruel creeds and superstitions of mankind.

The thoughts of man, in order to be of any real worth, must be free. Under the influence of fear the brain is paralyzed, and instead of bravely solving a problem for itself, tremblingly adopts the solution of another. As long as a majority of men will cringe to the very earth before some petty prince or king, what must be the infinite abjectness of their little souls in the presence of their supposed creator and God? Under such circumstances, what can their thoughts be worth?

The originality of repetition, and the mental vigor of acquiescence, are all that we have any right to expect from the Christian world. As long as every question is answered by the word "god," scientific inquiry is simply impossible. As fast as phenomena are satisfactorily explained the domain of the power, supposed to be superior to nature, must decrease, while the horizon of the known must as constantly continue to enlarge.

It is no longer satisfactory to account for the fall and rise of nations by saying, "It is the will of God." Such an explanation puts ignorance and education upon an exact equality, and does away with the idea of really accounting for anything whatever.

Will the religionist pretend that the real end of science is to ascertain how and why God acts? Science, from such a standpoint, would consist in investigating the law of arbitrary action, and in a grand endeavor to ascertain the rules necessarily obeyed by infinite caprice.

From a philosophical point of view, science is knowledge of the laws of life; of the conditions of happiness; of the facts by which we are surrounded, and the relations we sustain to men and things—by means of which, man, so to speak, subjugates nature and bends the elemental powers to his will, making blind force the servant of his brain.

A belief in special providence does away with the spirit of investigation, and is inconsistent with personal effort. Why should man endeavor to thwart the designs of God? Which of

you, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature? Under the influence of this belief, man, basking in the sunshine of a delusion, considers the lilies of the field and refuses to take any thought for the morrow. Believing himself in the power of an infinite being, who can, at any moment, dash him to the lowest hell or raise him to the highest heaven, he necessarily abandons the idea of accomplishing anything by his own efforts. As long as this belief was general, the world was filled with ignorance, superstition and misery. The energies of man were wasted in a vain effort to obtain the aid of this power, supposed to be superior to nature. For countless ages, even men were sacrificed upon the altar of this impossible god. To please him, mothers have shed the blood of their own babes; martyrs have chanted triumphant songs in the midst of flame; priests have gorged themselves with blood; nuns have forsworn the ecstasies of love; old men have tremblingly implored; women have sobbed and entreated; every pain has been endured and every horror has been perpetrated.

Through the dim long years that have fled, humanity has suffered more than can be conceived. Most of the misery has been endured by the weak, the loving and the innocent. Women have been treated like poisonous beasts, and little children trampled upon as though they had been vermin. Numberless altars have been reddened, even with the blood of babes; beautiful girls have been given to slimy serpents; whole races of men doomed to centuries of slavery, and everywhere there has been outrage beyond the power of genius to express. During all these years the suffering have supplicated; the withered lips of famine have prayed; the pale victims have implored, and Heaven has been deaf and blind.

Of what use have the gods been to man?

It is no answer to say that some god created the world, established certain laws, and then turned his attention to other matters, leaving his children weak, ignorant and unaided, to fight the battle of life alone. It is no solution to declare that in some other world this god will render a few, or even all, his subjects happy. What right have we to expect that a perfectly wise, good and powerful being will ever do better than he has done, and is doing? The world is filled with imperfections. If it was made by an infinite being, what reason have we for saying that

he will render it nearer perfect than it now is? If the infinite "Father" allows a majority of his children to live in ignorance and wretchedness now, what evidence is there that he will ever improve their condition? Will God have more power? Will he become more merciful? Will his love for his poor creatures increase? Can the conduct of infinite wisdom, power and love ever change? Is the infinite capable of any improvement whatever?

We are informed by the clergy that this world is a kind of school; that the evils by which we are surrounded are for the purpose of developing our souls, and that only by suffering can men become pure, strong, virtuous and grand.

Supposing this to be true, what is to become of those who die in infancy? The little children, according to this philosophy, can never be developed. They were so unfortunate as to escape the ennobling influences of pain and misery, and, as a consequence, are doomed to an eternity of mental inferiority. If the clergy are right on this question, none are so unfortunate as the happy, and we should envy only the suffering and distressed. If evil is necessary to the development of man, in this life, how is it possible for the soul to improve in the perfect joy of paradise?

Since Paley found his watch, the argument of "design" has been relied upon as unanswerable. The Church teaches that this world, and all that it contains, were created substantially as we now see them; that the grasses, the flowers, the trees, and all animals, including man, were special creations, and that they sustain no necessary relation to each other. The most orthodox will admit that some earth has been washed into the sea; that the sea has encroached a little upon the land, and that some mountains may be a trifle lower than in the morning of creation. The theory of gradual development was unknown to our fathers; the idea of evolution did not occur to them. Our fathers looked upon the then arrangement of things as the primal arrangement. The earth appeared to them fresh from the hands of a deity. They knew nothing of the slow evolutions of countless years, but supposed that the almost infinite variety of vegetable and animal forms had existed from the first.

Suppose that upon some island we should find a man a million years of age, and suppose that we should find him in the possession of a most beautiful carriage, constructed upon the most perfect

model. And suppose, further, that he should tell us that it was the result of several hundred thousand years of labor and thought; that for fifty thousand years he used as flat a log as he could find before it occurred to him that by splitting the log he could have the same surface with only half the weight; that it took him many thousand years to invent wheels for this log; that the wheels he first used were solid, and that fifty thousand years of thought suggested the use of spokes and tire; that for many centuries he used the wheels without linch-pins; that it took a hundred thousand years more to think of using four wheels, instead of two; that for ages he walked behind the carriage, when going down hill, in order to hold it back, and that only by a lucky chance he invented the tongue; would we conclude that this man, from the very first, had been an infinitely ingenious and perfect mechanic? Suppose we found him living in an elegant mansion, and he should inform us that he lived in that house for five hundred thousand years before he thought of putting on a roof, and that he had but recently invented windows and doors; would we say that from the beginning he had been an infinitely accomplished and scientific architect?

Does not an improvement in the things created show a corresponding improvement in the creator?

Would an infinitely wise, good and powerful God, intending to produce man, commence with the lowest possible forms of life; with the simplest organism that can be imagined, and during immeasurable periods of time, slowly and almost imperceptibly improve upon the rude beginning, until man was evolved? Would countless ages thus be wasted in the production of awkward forms, afterwards abandoned? Can the intelligence of man discover the least wisdom in covering the earth with crawling, creeping horrors, that live only upon the agonies and pangs of others? Can we see the propriety of so constructing the earth that only an insignificant portion of its surface is capable of producing an intelligent man? Who can appreciate the mercy of so making the world that all animals devour animals; so that every mouth is a slaughter-house, and every stomach a tomb? Is it possible to discover infinite intelligence and love in universal and eternal carnage?

What would we think of a father, who should give a farm to his children, and before giving them possession should plant upon

it thousands of deadly shrubs and vines; should stock it with ferocious beasts and poisonous reptiles; should take pains to put a few swamps in the neighborhood to breed malaria; should so arrange matters that the ground would occasionally open and swallow a few of his darlings, and besides all this, should establish a few volcanoes in the immediate vicinity, that might at any moment overwhelm his children with rivers of fire? Suppose that this father neglected to tell his children which of the plants were deadly; that the reptiles were poisonous; failed to say anything about the earthquakes, and kept the volcano business a profound secret; would we pronounce him angel or fiend?

And yet this is exactly what the orthodox God has done.

According to the theologians, God prepared this globe expressly for the habitation of his loved children, and yet he filled the forests with ferocious beasts; placed serpents in every path; stuffed the world with earthquakes, and adorned its surface with mountains of flame.

Notwithstanding all this, we are told that the world is perfect; that it was created by a perfect being, and is therefore necessarily perfect. The next moment, these same persons will tell us that the world is cursed; covered with brambles, thistles and thorns, and that man was doomed to disease and death, simply because our poor, dear mother ate an apple contrary to the command of an arbitrary God.

A very pious friend of mine, having heard that I said the world was full of imperfections, asked me if the report was true. Upon being informed that it was, he expressed great surprise that any one could be guilty of such presumption. He said that, in his judgment, it was impossible to point out an imperfection. "Be kind enough," said he, "to name even one improvement that you could make, if you had the power." "Well," said I, "I would make good health catching, instead of disease." The truth is, it is impossible to harmonize all the ills, and pains, and agonies of this world with the idea that we were created by, and are watched over and protected by an infinitely wise, powerful and beneficent God, who is superior to and independent of nature.

The clergy, however, balance all the real ills of this life with the expected joys of the next. We are assured that all is perfection in heaven—there the skies are cloudless—there all is serenity and peace. Here empires may be overthrown; dynasties may be

extinguished in blood; millions of slaves may toil 'neath the fierce rays of the sun, and the cruel strokes of the lash; yet all is happiness in heaven. Pestilences may strew the earth with corpses of the loved; the survivors may bend above them in agony—yet the placid bosom of heaven is unruffled. Children may expire vainly asking for bread; babes may be devoured by serpents, while the gods sit smiling in the clouds. The innocent may languish unto death in the obscurity of dungeons; brave men and heroic women may be changed to ashes at the bigot's stake, while heaven is filled with song and joy. Out on the wide sea, in darkness and in storm, the shipwrecked struggle with the cruel waves, while the angels play upon their golden harps. The streets of the world are filled with the diseased, the deformed and the helpless; the chambers of pain are crowded with the pale forms of the suffering, while the angels float and fly in the happy realms of day. In heaven they are too happy to have sympathy; too busy singing to aid the imploring and distressed. Their eyes are blinded; their ears are stopped and their hearts are turned to stone by the infinite selfishness of joy. The saved mariner is too happy when he touches the shore to give a moment's thought to his drowning brothers. With the indifference of happiness, with the contempt of bliss, heaven barely glances at the miseries of earth. Cities are devoured by the rushing lava; the earth opens and thousands perish; women raise their clasped hands towards heaven, but the gods are too happy to aid their children. The smiles of the deities are unacquainted with the tears of men. The shouts of heaven drown the sobs of earth.

Having shown how man created gods, and how he became the trembling slave of his own creation, the questions naturally arise: How did he free himself, even a little, from these monarchs of the sky, from these despots of the clouds, from this aristocracy of the air? How did he, even to the extent that he has, outgrow his ignorant, abject terror, and throw off the yoke of superstition?

Probably the first thing that tended to disabuse his mind was the discovery of order, of regularity, of periodicity in the universe. From this he began to suspect that everything did not happen purely with reference to him. He noticed that whatever he might do, the motions of the planets were always the same; that eclipses were periodical, and that even comets came at certain intervals. This convinced him that eclipses and comets had noth-

ing to do with him, and that his conduct had nothing to do with them. He perceived that they were not caused for his benefit or injury. He thus learned to regard them with admiration instead of fear. He began to suspect that famine was not sent by some enraged and revengeful deity, but resulted often from the neglect and ignorance of man. He learned that diseases were not produced by evil spirits. He found that sickness was occasioned by natural causes, and could be cured by natural means. He demonstrated, to his own satisfaction, at least, that prayer is not a medicine. He found by sad experience that his gods were of no practical use, as they never assisted him, except when he was perfectly able to help himself. At last he began to discover that his individual action had nothing whatever to do with strange appearances in the heavens; that it was impossible for him to be bad enough to cause a whirlwind, or good enough to stop one. After many centuries of thought, he about half concluded that making mouths at a priest would not necessarily cause an earthquake. He noticed, and no doubt with considerable astonishment, that very good men were occasionally struck by lightning, while very bad ones escaped. He was frequently forced to the painful conclusion (and it is the most painful to which any human being ever was forced) that the right did not always prevail. He noticed that the gods did not interfere in behalf of the weak and innocent. He was now and then astonished by seeing an unbeliever in the enjoyment of most excellent health. He finally ascertained that there could be no possible connection between an unusually severe winter and his failure to give a sheep to a priest. He began to suspect that the order of the universe was not constantly being changed to assist him because he repeated a creed. He observed that some children would steal after having been regularly baptized. He noticed a vast difference between religion and justice, and that the worshippers of the same God took delight in cutting each other's throats. He saw that these religious disputes filled the world with hatred and slavery. At last he had the courage to suspect that no God at any time interferes with the order of events. He learned a few facts, and these facts positively refused to harmonize with the ignorant superstitions of his fathers. Finding his sacred books incorrect and false in some particulars, his faith in their authenticity began to be shaken; finding his priests ignorant upon some

points, he began to lose respect for the cloth. This was the commencement of intellectual freedom.

The civilization of man has increased just to the same extent that religious power has decreased. The intellectual advancement of man depends upon how often he can exchange an old superstition for a new truth. The Church never enabled a human being to make even one of these exchanges; on the contrary, all her power has been used to prevent them. In spite, however, of the Church, man found that some of his religious conceptions were wrong. By reading his bible, he found that the ideas of his God were more cruel and brutal than those of the most depraved savage. He also discovered that this holy book was filled with ignorance, and that it must have been written by persons wholly unacquainted with the nature of the phenomena by which we are surrounded; and, now and then, some man had the goodness and courage to speak his honest thoughts. In every age some thinker, some doubter, some investigator, some hater of hypocrisy, some despiser of sham, some brave lover of the right, has gladly, proudly and heroically braved the ignorant fury of superstition for the sake of man and truth. These divine men were generally torn in pieces by the worshipers of the gods. Socrates was poisoned because he lacked reverence for some of the deities. Christ was crucified by a religious rabble for the crime of blasphemy. Nothing is more gratifying to a religionist than to destroy his enemies at the command of God. Religious persecution springs from a due admixture of love towards God and hatred towards man.

The terrible religious wars that inundated the world with blood tended at least to bring all religion into disgrace and hatred. Thoughtful people began to question the divine origin of a religion that made its believers hold the rights of others in absolute contempt. A few began to compare Christianity with the religions of heathen people, and were forced to admit that the difference was hardly worth dying for. They also found that other nations were even happier and more prosperous than their own. They began to suspect that their religion, after all, was not of much real value.

For three hundred years the Christian world endeavored to rescue from the "Infidel" the empty sepulchre of Christ. For three hundred years the armies of the cross were baffled and

beaten by the victorious hosts of an impudent impostor. This immense fact sowed the seeds of distrust throughout all Christendom, and millions began to lose confidence in a God who had been vanquished by Mohammed. The people also found that commerce made friends where religion made enemies, and that religious zeal was utterly incompatible with peace between nations or individuals. They discovered that those who loved the gods most, were apt to love men least; that the arrogance of universal forgiveness was amazing; that the most malicious had the effrontery to pray for their enemies, and that humility and tyranny were the fruit of the same tree.

For ages a deadly conflict has been waged between a few brave men and women of thought and genius upon the one side, and the great ignorant religious mass on the other. This is the war between Science and Faith. The few have appealed to reason, to honor, to law, to freedom, to the known, and to happiness here in this world. The many have appealed to prejudice, to fear, to miracle, to slavery, to the unknown, and to misery hereafter. The few have said, "Think!" The many have said, "Believe!"

The first doubt was the womb and cradle of progress, and from the first doubt, man has continued to advance. Men began to investigate, and the Church began to oppose. The astronomer scanned the heavens, while the Church branded his grand forehead with the word, "Infidel;" and now, not a glittering star in all the vast expanse bears a Christian name. In spite of all religion, the geologist penetrated the earth, read her history in books of stone, and found, hidden within her bosom, souvenirs of all the ages. Old ideas perished in the retort of the chemist, and useful truths took their places. One by one religious conceptions have been placed in the crucible of science, and thus far, nothing but dross has been found. A new world has been discovered by the microscope; everywhere has been found the infinite; in every direction man has investigated and explored, and nowhere, in earth or stars, has been found the footstep of any being superior to or independent of nature. Nowhere has been discovered the slightest evidence of any interference from without.

These are the sublime truths that enabled man to throw off the yoke of superstition. These are the splendid facts that snatched the sceptre of authority from the hands of priests.

In that vast cemetery, called the past, are most of the relig-

ions of men, and there, too, are nearly all their gods. The sacred temples of India were ruins long ago. Over column and cornice, over the painted and pictured walls, cling and creep the trailing vines. Brahma, the golden, with four heads and four arms; Vishnu, the sombre, the punisher of the wicked, with his three eyes, his crescent, and his necklace of skulls; Siva, the destroyer, red with seas of blood; Kali, the goddess; Draupadi, the white-armed, and Chrishna, the Christ, all passed away and left the thrones of heaven desolate. Along the banks of the sacred Nile, Isis no longer wandering weeps, searching for the dead Osiris. The shadow of Typhon's scowl falls no more upon the waves. The sun rises as of yore, and his golden beams still smite the lips of Memnon, but Memnon is as voiceless as the Sphinx. The sacred fanes are lost in desert sands; the dusty mummies are still waiting for the resurrection promised by their priests, and the old beliefs wrought in curiously sculptured stone, sleep in the mystery of a language lost and dead. Odin, the author of life and soul, Vili and Ve, and the mighty giant Ymir, strode long ago from the icy halls of the North; and Thor, with iron glove and glittering hammer, dashes mountains to the earth no more. Broken are the circles and cromlechs of the ancient Druids; fallen upon the summits of the hills, and covered with the centuries' moss, are the sacred cairns. The divine fires of Persia and of the Aztecs, have died out in the ashes of the past, and there is none to rekindle, and none to feed the holy flames. The harp of Orpheus is still; the drained cup of Bacchus has been thrown aside; Venus lies dead in stone, and her white bosom heaves no more with love. The streams still murmur, but no naiads bathe; the trees still wave, but in the forest aisles no dryads dance. The gods have flown from high Olympus. Not even the beautiful women can lure them back, and Danaë lies unnoticed, naked to the stars. Hushed forever are the thunders of Sinai; lost are the voices of the prophets, and the land once flowing with milk and honey, is but a desert waste. One by one, the myths have faded from the clouds; one by one, the phantom host has disappeared, and one by one, facts, truths and realities have taken their places. The supernatural has almost gone, but the natural remains. The gods have fled, but man is here.

Nations, like individuals, have their periods of youth, of manhood and decay. Religions are the same. The same inexorable

destiny awaits them all. The gods created by the nations must perish with their creators. They were created by men, and like men, they must pass away. The deities of one age are the by-words of the next. The religion of our day, and country, is no more exempt from the sneer of the future than the others have been. When India was supreme, Brahma sat upon the world's throne. When the sceptre passed to Egypt, Isis and Osiris received the homage of mankind. Greece, with her fierce valor swept to empire, and Zeus put on the purple of authority. The earth trembled with the tread of Rome's intrepid sons, and Jove grasped with mailed hand the thunderbolts of heaven. Rome fell, and Christians from her territory, with the red sword of war, carved out the ruling nations of the world, and now Christ sits upon the old throne. Who will be his successor?

Day by day, religious conceptions grow less and less intense. Day by day the old spirit dies out of book and creed. The burning enthusiasm, the quenchless zeal of the early Church, have gone, never, never to return. The ceremonies remain, but the ancient faith is fading out of the human heart. The worn-out arguments fail to convince, and denunciations that once blanched the faces of a race, excite in us only derision and disgust. As time rolls on, the miracles grow mean and small, and the evidences our fathers thought conclusive utterly fail to satisfy us. There is an "irrepressible conflict" between religion and science, and they cannot peaceably occupy the same brain nor the same world.

While utterly discarding all creeds, and denying the truth of all religions, there is neither in my heart nor upon my lips a sneer for the hopeful, loving and tender souls, who believe that from all this discord will result a perfect harmony; that every evil will in some mysterious way become a good, and that above and over all there is a being who, in some way, will reclaim and glorify every one of the children of men; but for those who heartlessly try to prove that salvation is almost impossible; that damnation is almost certain; that the highway of the universe leads to hell; who fill life with fear and death with horror; who curse the cradle and mock the tomb, it is impossible to entertain other than feelings of pity, contempt and scorn.

Reason, Observation and Experience—the Holy Trinity of Science—have taught us that happiness is the only good; that

the time to be happy is now, and the way to be happy is to make others so. This is enough for us. In this belief we are content to live and die. If by any possibility the existence of a power superior to, and independent of, nature, shall be demonstrated, there will then be time enough to kneel. Until then, let us stand erect.

Notwithstanding the fact that infidels in all ages have battled for the rights of man, and have at all times been the fearless advocates of liberty and justice, we are constantly charged by the Church with tearing down without building again. The Church should by this time know that it is utterly impossible to rob men of their opinions. The history of religious persecution fully establishes the fact that the mind necessarily resists and defies every attempt to control it by violence. The mind necessarily clings to old ideas until prepared for the new. The moment we comprehend the truth, all erroneous ideas are of necessity cast aside.

A surgeon once called upon a poor cripple, and kindly offered to render him any assistance in his power. The surgeon began to discourse very learnedly upon the nature and origin of disease; of the curative properties of certain medicines; of the advantages of exercise, air and light, and of the various ways in which health and strength could be restored. These remarks were so full of good sense, and discovered so much profound thought and accurate knowledge, that the cripple, becoming thoroughly alarmed, cried out, "Do not, I pray you, take away my crutches. They are my only support, and without them I should be miserable indeed!" "I am not going," said the surgeon, "to take away your crutches. I am going to cure you, and then you will throw the crutches away yourself."

For the vagaries of the clouds the infidels propose to substitute the realities of earth; for superstition, the splendid demonstrations and achievements of science; and for theological tyranny, the chainless liberty of thought.

We do not say that we have discovered all; that our doctrines are the all in all of truth. We know of no end to the development of man. We cannot unravel the infinite complications of matter and force. The history of one monad is as unknown as that of the universe; one drop of water is as wonderful as all the seas; one leaf, as all the forests; and one grain of sand, as all the stars.

We are not endeavoring to chain the future, but to free the present. We are not forging fetters for our children, but we are breaking those our fathers made for us. We are the advocates of inquiry, of investigation and thought. This, of itself, is an admission that we are not perfectly satisfied with all our conclusions. Philosophy has not the egotism of faith. While superstition builds walls and creates obstructions, science opens all the highways of thought. We do not pretend to have circumnavigated everything, and to have solved all difficulties, but we do believe that it is better to love men than to fear gods; that it is grander and nobler to think and investigate for ourselves than to repeat a creed. We are satisfied that there can be but little liberty on earth while men worship a tyrant in heaven. We do not expect to accomplish everything in our day; but we want to do what good we can, and to render all the service possible in the holy cause of human progress. We know that doing away with gods and supernatural persons and powers is not an end. It is a means to an end: the real end being the happiness of man.

Felling forests is not the end of agriculture. Driving pirates from the sea is not all there is of commerce.

We are laying the foundations of the grand temple of the future—not the temple of all the gods, but of all the people—wherein, with appropriate rites, will be celebrated the religion of Humanity. We are doing what little we can to hasten the coming of the day when society shall cease producing millionaires and mendicants—gorged indolence and famished industry—truth in rags, and superstition robed and crowned. We are looking for the time when the useful shall be the honorable; and when REASON, throned upon the world's brain, shall be the King of Kings, and God of Gods.

JESUS THE PERFECT HUMAN EXEMPLAR.

BY DANIEL K. TENNEY.

OUR esteemed friends, the clergy, still adhere to the insipid chimaera of the ghostly conception and virgin birth of Jesus, and that he was in truth the son of God. Perhaps we should not blame them for doing so. They have to. They were educated to so believe and their bread and butter depend upon it. Should they express doubts or waver in the faith, the church organizations, of which they are an essential factor, would hustle them for heresy. They ought to, for "thus it is written." Besides, it is easier to travel in the well beaten paths of ancient ignorance than in the broader and more cheerful highways of modern knowledge.

As general intelligence has rapidly advanced during the closing decades of the century, skepticism is, however, rapidly taking root among the scattered occupants of the pews. It seems strange to them that Joseph, after marriage to the beautiful Virgin, should have left town before consummating that marriage. Such a case was never heard of before and never since. It is not in the nature of love or lovers, brides or bridegrooms. But if true in this case, no wonder that when he found what had happened in his absence, "he was minded to put her away privily." That was human nature and common sense. But the Angel of the Lord appeared to him in a dream and told him that the Holy Ghost had done the business. In other words, Joseph dreamed that such was the case. Isn't that pretty thin evidence for a doubtful pedigree? These and many other antagonizing thoughts are occurring to reflecting minds in these later days. Even the clergy have heard of them and are beginning to get scared. For if the stories of the miraculous conception and resurrection be not both true, "Then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

To forefend against these dangerous doubts which are invading the minds of the people, the clergy are occasionally "casting an anchor to windward." Now and then, while stoutly defending the faith, they say: "Suppose it be true, as claimed by some ungodly people, that Jesus was not the son of God at all, but simply a man like the rest of us. It is admitted on all hands, even by the worst of infidels, that his life and character, and his public teachings are in all respects pure and perfect, and that no other man of such paramount excel-

lence ever had existence. Therefore, even if we should not worship him as the only son of the Most High, we should adore the supreme purity of his character, his example and his precepts, and our highest thought should be to walk in his footsteps." Thoughts like those just expressed, with the usual emotional accompaniment, are not unfrequently put forth in the modern pulpit, and in pious books as well. As conclusive proof of their soundness, we are always pointed to the "Sermon on the Mount" as at once the grandest thing in literature and the embodiment of highest ethical excellence. I used to be of that opinion myself, but long since discovered that I was in error.

"Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord." Let us candidly examine this wondrous sermon as we would examine the utterances of anyone in these days, that we may determine whether or not it contains the highest wisdom or the best precepts for the guidance of human conduct. If the matter involved is truly the word of God, that settles it. Some of it may seem very foolish to us, but must be the highest wisdom just the same. If it is merely the thought of a young Jew, born in a day of ignorance and semi-barbarism, then surely we may freely judge of it. It seems to me, too, that if the sermon is really the word of God, we may infer from it something of the nature and character of that God, and of his practical ability to interfere with and direct the affairs of men. I will cite some passages with suggestive comment:

"And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain, and when he was set, his disciples came unto him, and he opened his mouth and taught them (among other things), saying:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

What does that mean? Surely a God or a man of intelligence should be able to make his meaning clear to his audience. Who are the poor in spirit? What is this kingdom of heaven which is theirs? Do not people who are rich in spirit share it with them? If not, why not? Does heaven belong only to those who feel miserable? If we be cheerful,—as most of us try to be,—is there no entrance for us into that haven of rest? Must we be gloomy here to become happy there? Or is this introductory precept of the sermon a mere priestly platitude, designed to mystify but not to enlighten? Surely I have not the divine wisdom to discover anything important in it. Have you?

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

With heaven given to the "poor in spirit" and the earth to the

"meek," where do the rest of us come in? To be meek is to be humble, to be cowardly, and to have no opinions of our own which we dare express. If to such belong the earth and the fullness thereof, surely their inheritance has not yet overtaken them. Is there anything in the quality of meekness which should give to its possessors a precedence over the brave and noble men and women who are the authors and chief promoters of human civilization? Should these be ousted from the grand chariot of progress? Should those who are mentally and physically stupid, and without the courage of their convictions, have charge of the human procession? They are the meek. Or should those of enterprise, integrity, high intelligence, and executive vigor remain in control? Which class is best fitted for the business? Why does the wondrous sermon promise the earth to those who seldom have possessed it or ever will possess a foot of it? Manifestly it was the "word of promise to the ear to be broken to the hope." Who wishes or expects the meek to inherit the earth? Nobody. Not even the meek themselves. They are too few, too modest, too meek to have ever thought of inheriting it. Indeed, such people are not even aware that they are meek. What is this promise to the meek but empty sound, without significance?

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

This implies, of course, that nobody else shall see him. From a theological standpoint, nobody is pure in heart. We are all sinners. We cannot help it. We are born that way. Determine as strongly as we may to be good, we do occasionally offend even our own sense of propriety. Purity of heart is another expression for purity of thought and life. Nobody reaches that point of excellence. If none but the strictly pure in heart shall see God, will he not be very lonesome? But who and what is this God whom the pure in heart are to see? Is he the Jehovah of the Old Testament? That compound of virtue and vice, wisdom and ignorance, power and weakness, love and wrath, mercy and vengeance, so naturally devised by imagination in the dark ages? If so, a brief view of him might gratify curiosity, but could give no real contentment or satisfaction. Is he the power behind all phenomena, the operative force of nature? Then surely is he visible daily to all of us. To see him will be nothing new.

"If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee."

"If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee."

Acting on these godly suggestions, an over-pious young man who had sore eyes, a few weeks ago, publicly tore out both of them

in church, and cast them from him. Suppose everybody whose eye or hand offends him should do the like, what good could come of it? What infinite nonsense is implied by the literal reading of these sacred passages. Nor have they a figurative meaning even, which commends them to the sober judgment of good men.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

Upon this sacred standard of excellence, how many Christians have there been in the world, from thence hitherto? Not one. Nor will there ever be one. We cannot love our enemies, nor bless those who curse us. No man was ever made that way. Nor was God or Jesus either, for on their own showing they both damn those who offend them. Must we behave better than they? How ridiculous is this precept! It contravenes every law of our nature, and indicates anything but wisdom in its author.

"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father, who seeth in secret, will reward thee openly. But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions as the heathen do, for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking."

Surely there is some sense in this. But where is there a clergyman who has ever observed the directions? Much speaking, eloquent repining, emotional imploring, and unctuous twaddle of all sorts, characterize most of the prayers of orthodoxy. What will become of the ritual churches if "vain repetitions" are out of order? The same yesterday, today and forever—"Good Lord, deliver us." Why pray at all? It is definitely certain that there is no prayer hearing or prayer answering divinity. All nations and tribes have been supplicating their Gods for special favor ever since men were on the globe. The greater the ignorance, the more the prayers. The custom has been handed down to this day and is pursued, not because a prayer was ever known to be answered, or is ever expected to be, but because it is fashionable, because it stirs the emotions of listeners and gives those "powerful in prayer" an opportunity to show their excellence. A year or two ago the whole Greek Catholic world was ordered to pray for the recovery of the Czar of Russia, known to be fatally sick with Bright's disease. They did so. The Czar died. Again the order went forth to all to pray for the repose of his soul. They did so. It has been quiet ever since so far as heard from. Simi-

lar prayers on all occasions are at all times and everywhere being uttered. Cash is being continually contributed and bequests made to the church for prayers for the repose of souls. How utterly sickening it all seems to men of independent sense. These prayers are all vain repetitions, and there is scarcely a closet anywhere along the line.

"Therefore, I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet of your body what ye shall put on. * * * Therefore, take no thought, saying what shall we eat, what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed. * * * Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."

Think of this deliberate and thrice repeated direction for the conduct of men. Whether coming from God or man, what do you think of it? Is it not utterly destitute of sense? Did anyone ever comply with it? Was anyone ever expected to? Had it been acted upon, the world would have been in a condition of as great ignorance and barbarism today as at the dawn of the human race on earth. There could have been no progress, no ambition, no improvement, no learning, no civilization. Darkness would still have been on the face of the deep. Take no thought for the morrow! Think of it as a command from the highest character, so called, in all history. What could have been the mental condition of the author of such an utterance or of those who devoutly listened to him? The answer will suggest itself. No wonder that such a prophet was "without honor in his own country, among his own kin, and in his own house."

In the sermon on the mount there is much excellent matter and much foolishness. The wisdom inculcated was that born of former human experience. There was nothing original about it. The folly even was scarcely original. Both were thought to be wise and excellent by the band of stupid people who listened to them, and by their successors who confided in them. Examination by candid minds in these days of greater courage and enlightenment, shows their true character.

No one, upon reading the four books called the Gospels, can determine what Jesus really did or said. Although he seems to have denied it, he was in fact a rank infidel to the Jewish religion of the time, and was by his neighbors despised accordingly, as infidels to his doctrines are, nowadays, by their Christian friends. He may have been what we now call a reformer. His doctrines were communistic along the line. His hatred for successful men who had taken

thought for the morrow and accumulated wealth is as conspicuous as is that of the Populists of Kansas. Not one man of wealth could get into his promised heaven except by the closest squeeze. His morrow-thoughtful followers, from that time to the present, seem to have regarded his utterances on that subject as a joke, and maybe they were. At any rate, I have noticed that the clergy have no dislike for the cash accumulated by such thoughtful sinners when liberally shelled out on proper occasions. Indeed, I hardly know what would become of them if they could not occasionally lay their hands on some such coin. Their skillful invention of a new kind of "needle's eye," easy to crawl through, is an evidence of their growing worldly disposition. I suppose that is the kind Jay Gould and other miserly Christians have relied upon to smooth their way to glory.

So it is plain enough from the sermon on the mount alone, that the character and precepts of Jesus, be he God or man, were by no means perfect. They exhibit as much weakness, as much ignorance, and as little knowledge of human nature as are found in writings of other people before and during his career, and contain no remarkable evidence of wisdom or foresight.

Aside from this much lauded sermon, the story of Jesus contains much other matter derogatory to the character of a perfect man. Any patient reader of the Gospels will discover His weaknesses. I shall not point them out in detail. But how do these sayings appear from a wondrous Saviour, God of grace, mercy, brotherly love,—that Prince of Peace, "whose tender mercies are over all His works!"

"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth. I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance with his father, the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law; and a man's foes shall be those of his own household."

"So shall it be in the end of this world. The Son of Man shall send forth His angels and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things which offend and all them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire. There shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

"And everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife or children, or lands for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold and shall inherit eternal life."

What infinite temptation and bribery is this for undermining and destroying that domestic joy and happiness which constitute the true basis of all good human society? Can it be that we should worship a man or a God who has uttered such infamous precepts? I cannot do so.

The great trouble with the four gospels is that they were written from one to two hundred years after the death of Jesus. There were no stenographers in those days, no newspapers, no record of current events. The stories related are the merest traditions handed down from generation to generation, by word of mouth, by men of ignorance and superstition, intent only on converting the world to the religious scheme born of the enthusiasm of the young man Jesus. We know nothing of what he really did or said, any more than under similar circumstances, we would know of what was said or done during our Revolutionary war. In ancient days, exaggeration and falsehood are known to have been largely the instruments used by designing men to control the populace. Similar instrumentalities still prevail wherever ignorance enables their success. One thing is certain. If Jesus pretended to perform the miracles, or do the wondrous things attributed to him, he was the same sort of an erratic genius as are the men of our day who profess similar powers and similar performances. The miraculous deeds of Mahomet and Joe Smith are far better attested than those of Jesus. No one but their followers doubt their falsity. Mahomet has twice as many followers as Jesus, and they behave themselves twice as well. And Smith has far more than had Jesus sixty years from the end of his career. These facts prove nothing except the capacity of men to cherish delusions and to hug phantoms to their bosoms.

Most of the stories pertaining to Jesus were probably invented by the priesthood for reasons best known to themselves, but it does not seem to me that they invented the promise, attributed to him, as to his second coming. That was probably original and throws great light upon the character and teachings of the man. He believed he had a divine mission. That he was to be sacrificed for the sins of the world. That he was to be resurrected and was to come again, very soon, "with power and great glory." And he proclaimed, "Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass away till all be fulfilled." Paul and the early Christians believed in this second coming and were daily expecting its occurrence. It has not yet arrived.

What would we say, nowadays, of a man who would, in apparent good faith, proclaim himself, as Jesus is said to have done, predict his own death, resurrection, the end of the world, and his speedy second coming to round up the righteous and the sinners for reward or punishment according to their works? We should call him a lunatic, would we not? Our asylums contain a large number of just such honest people. How, then, can we resist the conclusion that he was

insane? It is inevitable, unless we conclude that he was in fact the vicegerent of God on earth. Of this there is no evidence whatever. It is contrary to the laws of nature, hence an impossibility. We should treat his history and his sayings just as we do those of any other man, giving credit for the good and discredit for the bad. There is no other way of reasonably dealing with the subject.

But suppose that Jesus was, in truth, sent by Almighty God to take away the sins of the world. What luck has he had? Many have believed, or thought they did, died in that belief, been saved according to the promise, and are now sitting on the right hand of God, doing nothing. But the percentage of the people in christendom who now believe, is not one-tenth what it was one or two centuries ago. Then almost everybody believed. They were too ignorant to know any better. Now believers are scarce. Men are wiser. It is said that the church attendance in this country numbers about 10 per cent. of the population. Not more than one-half of these are believers. I attend church occasionally myself. Those who do not attend are presumably unbelievers. The salvation scheme is thus a dismal failure, growing small by degrees and beautifully less. If God invented the scheme, I guess he has repented him that he did so, as he did at the outset that he made man, "for the thoughts of his heart are only evil continually." May be the missionaries have made some headway among the heathen and saved the souls of a considerable batch of them. We may so infer from the pious pay-rolls. But among men of sense and candid reflection, the effort has come to be well-nigh fruitless. It is chiefly the ignorant who now go to glory. Men of enterprise and intelligence travel in the broader path, lead where it may. Something more plausible than the story of Jesus must be devised to capture the modern multitude.

So it seems that the God of the Jews and the trinity of the Christians are mere phantoms and constitute no safe guide for us. Good men of today are a thousandfold better and wiser than the best and wisest in those ancient days of mental and moral darkness. How will it work, therefore, gentle reader, to let our conduct be controlled by our innate sense of right, in the light of our own observation, study and experience, and the important truths of science, the only true revelations ever made to man?

Madison, Wis., July, 1897.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

TRUTH AND SCIENCE.

BY GRACE E. GRUBER.

TRUTH and Science sing defiance
At the creeds of every age,
Truth will strangle superstition
From each dark and musty page;



GRACE E. GRUBER.

Science, Truth and Freedom sing,
Let us help the Free Thought
movement,
That's the thing! That's the thing!
Science, true as Time I hold thee,
Note the shriveled minds that
cringe—
Bound by creeds and superstition,
All from fear that they might
sing?—
Science, Truth and Freedom sing,
Let Truth be your light—then
reason!
That's the thing! That's the thing!

Let us elevate our standard,
Let Truth show what creeds
contain;

Scatter wide the seeds of Free
Thought,
And the works of Thomas
Paine;
Science, Truth and Freedom sing,
Build a creed more philosophic,
That's the thing! That's the thing!

Let each word, each act, each movement,
Shed a light from Truth's bright ray;

Pure philosophy and Science
 Soon will hold the creeds at bay.
 Science, Truth and Freedom sing,
 Pure morality, not free love!
 That's the thing! That's the thing!

Lay with Science our foundation,
 Bind our cornerstone with Truth;
 Then let Humanitarianism teach
 And progress, age and youth;
 Science, Truth and Freedom sing,
 Help the cause you're advocating.
 That's the thing! That's the thing!

Tho' it be a hundred years—
 Every generous, liberal act
 Will be gems of crowning glory,
 Making bigots counteract;
 Then will Truth and Science sing,
 If you're built this way, just show it—
 That's the thing! That's the thing!

Brockton, Mass.

ROMNEY'S PORTRAIT OF THOMAS PAINE.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

THE long-lost portrait of Thomas Paine, painted by Romney in 1792, has at length, I feel certain, been found.

The portrait was painted for Dr. Thomas Cooper, of Manchester, who emigrated with his household about a hundred years ago to the United States, where he had a distinguished career. After having been a judge, a prisoner of President Adams under the Alien and Sedition Act, Professor of Chemistry in Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, he became in 1819 President of South Carolina College. From this office he retired in 1834, and devoted his remaining years to the revision of the statutes of South Carolina (ten volumes). In that state, at Columbia, he died May 11th, 1840. A biography of Cooper has long been a desideratum, and I am told that one will ere long appear.

Cooper was an ardent "Paineite," both politically and religiously, and being a gentleman of means he could have had no reason to part with this portrait. Not long after his death it came into the hands of a Mr. Matsell, an official of Brooklyn, New York, and for many years

it has been known to a small circle of "Free Inquirers" in that region. It was, however, always ascribed to the "Elder Jarvis"—John Wesley Jarvis—an artist in whose house Paine resided for a time in 1806. It was never publicly exhibited, nor in any sale, nor in the hands of a dealer, but about seven years ago came by private purchase to its present owner in New York, an admirer of Paine. Some years ago he called my attention to it, telling me that it was by the elder Jarvis, and this statement I accepted. But later I discovered that this was well-nigh impossible. Jarvis did not see Paine until he was many years older than in this portrait. He did make a little drawing of Paine, which was lithographed for a memorial, and he made the bust owned by the Historical Society of New York; but neither of these has any resemblance to this portrait, long ascribed to him. Moreover, this portrait was certainly not painted independently of the Romney, as anyone can see by comparing it with Sharp's engraving, made in 1793. It is conceivable that Jarvis might have copied the Romney, but hardly credible that, especially in his youth (he was only twenty-three when he first saw Paine) he could have done such work as this. Another fact of importance is this: The younger Jarvis (Charles Wesley Jarvis) painted in 1857 (signed) a fine portrait of Paine, now in my possession, and evidently from Sharp's engraving, this being proved by the eyes being grey. Now in this Romney portrait the eyes are a very dark brown, and I have contemporary evidence, lately found, that Paine's eyes were dark. If the younger Jarvis's father had ever painted this dark-eyed Paine, his son, continuing work in the same city, must have known it, and could not have made his erroneous conjecture about the eyes.

Having by these and other reasons ascertained that the tradition of the New York Free Thinkers as to the origin of the portrait was erroneous, I found many reasons for my present certainty that it is the veritable Romney. The owner was somewhat reluctant to believe that his picture was not a Jarvis, but as he desired to sell it I advised him to send it to London, where it has been placed, on the suggestion of Mr. Lionel Cust, in the National Portrait Gallery. I have there placed beside it a good copy of Sharp's large engraving of the subject, 1793.

It will thus be seen that it is not without long consideration, investigation, and consultation that I venture on this announcement. My hesitation has been largely due to the fact that some of the minor details differ from the Sharp engraving. The adventures of a picture in traveling about the world by land and sea a hundred years ago could not fail to tell on it, and it has been touched here and there, though happily the face is intact and justifies the strong encomium of John Romney upon it. The minor differences may be better traced by experts than by myself, whether due to a restorer or to Sharp's deviation from the original. I may mention that in 1794 Sharp engraved a smaller picture after the Romney, in which the lid of the table is treated differently from his engraving of 1793, and resembles

the lid in this Romney. While the resemblances between the painting and the engraving are such as could not possibly occur in pictures of independent origin, the few differences sufficiently prove that the painting was not made from the engraving.

I have not the slightest doubt—and this accords with the opinion of persons well acquainted with Romney's work who have already examined the portrait—that the very striking and powerful face now to be seen in the National Portrait Gallery is the genuine Romney, and the only portrait of Paine now in existence which was painted from the man himself. The earlier portrait by Charles Wilson Peale, long the valued possession of Joseph Jefferson, was a few years ago destroyed by the fire which consumed the summer residence in Cape Cod of that distinguished actor.—"Athenaeum" (London).

OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

BY S. H. VAN TRUMP, B. H. S.

EPICURUS, in one of the matchless orations delivered before a large audience, which had assembled in his Athenian garden, speaking of his lifelong effort to search out and identify that universal bane of human life and happiness, said: "Fellow men, I have found it in—religion! It is religion, that blind guide of human reason—that dethroner of human virtue." If Epicurus had employed the word ignorance in place of the word religion, his philosophy would have become what indeed it well-nigh was—a system of premises alike impregnable and indispensable to all future civilizations, however enlightened and ennobled.



S. H. VAN TRUMP.

Shakespeare said: "There is no darkness but ignorance." In all time, stretching back to the dawn of civilization, more vital thought was never uttered—a thought that, with the keener insight and braver courage of the future, will reach for its final expression: Man has no enemy but ignorance. Were such a consumma-

tion a possibility, he who should lead the way to universal education, complete and perfect, would have solved every problem that concerns the human race. Show me, my friends, somewhere in this wide, sorrowing world, a land where ignorance does not exist, where

ignorance does not sit on the throne in imperial power, and there in that land I will show shining the resplendent light of an infallible revelation—reigning, the perfect peace and the perfect joy of heaven.

Shall we attempt to recount here, the countless agonies that ignorance of natural law has in the past entailed, and is at this hour inflicting upon the human race? Take the single phenomenon of ill-health. Do but put your ear to the heart of Humanity, and listen to the “turbid ebb and flow of human misery”—ceaseless as the flight of time, echoed from home to home, and reverberated from land to land in “measureless circles,” round and round this globe.

I once knew a young lady, just budding into the joy and splendor of perfect physical womanhood, suddenly stricken down to her couch, and within the brief space of a few weeks carried away to her grave. And this sad termination of a promising life—all because she was ignorant of the fact that tuberculous consumption is a contagious disease and she had indiscreetly attended the bedside of a dying college mate, without taking the necessary precaution to prevent inoculation. If, indeed, the so-called physical diseases were the only fruits of ignorance to imperil human life and happiness, man might joyously sing, “Ignorance is bliss; ’tis folly to be wise.” But the terrible story is only yet begun. Every manifestation of bad morals, bad character or morbid spirituality, is literally and in fact a condition of physical disease. Less than a year ago, an eminent French scientist enunciated the doctrine that “cowardice is a disease.” If he had gone further, and said that all mental and moral states are simply the manifestations of varying conditions of health and disease (real organic disease), it seems to me he would have proclaimed the great vital truth that must be recognized, and acted upon, before there can be any real or lasting progress possible for man.

Did you ever stop to ponder,
’Mid the moaning and the sighing
Of the winds of mortal agony,
That in them speak the Darkness,
That in them speak the Demon,
And all there is of Depravity, and Hell’s eternity?

Suppose it were possible, on tomorrow morning, for the sun, as it rises in its majesty and glory, to sweep away every pain and ill that infests the human race; to sweep out and away from this globe forever every form and type of insidious nervous disease, that is day by day, cancer-like, eating up the higher spirituality of man and woman; every vicious passion and disagreeable temperament (directly traceable to the violation of the higher law of life) that hold within their remorseless grasp the helpless body of man or woman—I say, suppose it were possible for the sun on tomorrow morning, as it floods our land with golden light, to dissolve and dissipate forever these pernicious conditions of civilized life, what a heaven-born, heaven-blessed home this world would suddenly become!

No, man is not “totally depraved!” We all aim high—high as our

dumb and distorted souls will let us; but ignorance, that most relentless enemy, is clouding our visions from the cradle to the grave.

The all but universally accepted doctrine, that while very few can be Washingtons in intellectuality, all can, at the price of mere willingness, become Washingtons in morality, is wholly without foundation in fact.

We do not live the life we would,
We live the life we must;
And many a soul the World calls good,
Hath known far less of perfect trust,
And cared much less about the just,
Than others who, though rowing hard and frantically,
Against the current "depravity,"
Have yielded up at last;
In the whirlpool "infamy."

Human life is a growth. Every spiritual manifestation has a corresponding underlying physical base, or corporeal existence. Character in man is a psychological development, depending as much upon organic physical development as does intellectuality or any other mere bodily function.

This much being true, then, each social phenomenon in its place and time is legitimate—aye, more, inevitable. Natural law rules the universe. Behind every effect from the vibrating atom to the sweeping planet—from the social life of the savage to the social life of the sage—there is an adequate, an irresistible, an ordained cause. People habitually speak of the duty of love, as though love were a passion created by the act of volition; whereas, love, like a glorious body of light, springs forth from the normally developed physical life as naturally and inevitably as the flame from potassium when cast into water. I thank my dear friend, Dr. Paul Paquin, for this profound truth, boldly proclaimed in his recent work, "The Passions of Man:" "Barring the inherited bad tendencies, should a human being be kept in a normal condition all his life, his acts would reflect truth, purity itself. In fact, even the inherited tendencies to do wrong might be fully subjected." That the social life of the individual depends upon, and springs out of its physical life, has been plainly proclaimed by the transcendent genius and scholarship of this century, in the following words from Herbert Spencer: "The first requisite of success in life is to be a good animal."

I know very well what this doctrine, that "all the phenomena of nature are resolvable into matter and motion," has been supposed, in the past, to stand for; and I know, too, what odium has been heaped upon those who candidly and courageously proclaimed it. I know full well also, that many strong, brave and noble men, sincerely solicitous for the spiritual welfare of their race, have hesitated, or refused, to indorse it. To such persons, the doctrine that man is merely an expression of matter, a part of universal nature, subject to its laws and limitations, seems to lead logically to the very dreadful results—

"blank materialism," "fatalism" and consequent moral obliquity of man. Of those who shudder at the word "materialism," we would ask, has the genius of man ever yet demonstrated that every particle of matter is not a particle of consciousness? That unitarianism in metaphysics is not incompatible with an enthusiastic belief in an unending spiritual existence for all things, is evidenced alike in the "idealism" of Bishop Berkeley, and "the secret doctrine of the Brahmins." Every fact of sociology goes to prove the fallacy of the doctrine of dualism in metaphysics. The immortality of the soul depends upon the spirituality of matter.

To those good souls who are wont to throw up their hands in "holy horror" at the bare mention of the word "fatalism," let us say that there has never yet existed a theory of ontology without its fatalism. The Christian theology locates that fatalism in the will of its Almighty God. Happy the man, who, having escaped the "perpetual nightmare" of theological dogmatisms, can, with the poet, see in this universe the manifestation of a Power of Unity!

"Love always at the center,
Ever fresh the broad creation,
A divine improvisation,
From the heart of God proceeds."

And is it asked what beneficent fruits this new view of life has yielded to man? I answer, first, it has freed him from the "age long" night of superstition with all its nameless agonies and terrors. Through this new view of the "eternal presence," man, for the first time, has gained a correct conception of the power and providence of God. As Mr. Henry Frank has powerfully remarked: "Now we know that Nature is all—her life and death, her laughter and her frowns, her hopes and joys, her darkness and her light—these are all—God and Devil—and there is none beside." By this supernal wisdom are we taught—that the providence of man is the providence of God; that the children lifting up their voices in the wilderness of darkness, are crying unto man; that crime, loss, shame, ignominy—if there be such—belong not to man, but to the universe. The immortal Emerson, whose life work is the chief glory of American literature, said: "There is no condition or position inopportune or ignoble." This doctrine contradicts every dogma of "revealed religion," and shall we pronounce it pernicious? Ah, to me it is a noble creed! A creed that holds within its ample and loving embrace the universe.

"Nothing walks with aimless feet,
Not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God has made the pile complete."

And what of Religion? Will religion,—*"morality touched with emotion,"*—be possible, when all men once conclude that virtue has no higher reward than vice? Will men strive to live the higher life under the conviction that there is no unnatural reward for virtue, no unnatural penalty for vice? To all such pessimistic reflections, we

reply—that the soul does not live by compensation, but mounts upward by the ordained law of its being.

There is not more truly reverent nor profoundly religious attitude of mind, than that which accepts all social evils as the legitimate fruits of ignorant living. And there is no religious life so fruitful as that which seeks to remove these evils by removing their natural causes.

Through many, many weary centuries, the human race has struggled and battled with the powers of darkness, vainly striving, by creating creeds and philosophies, to reach the ideal moral state. The cardinal doctrine with most of these systems has been that man possesses power to elect his own life for good or evil. And this is the fatal doctrine that still blocks the moral progress of the world. Man has been taught to condemn as sinful, the brother who is simply unfortunate. Many souls born with the millstone of depravity about their necks have sought, by repeating the music of loftier souls, to lift their own wretched lives up to that higher plane. Others, still less fortunately born and environed, perhaps, have never known a single lofty aspiration, nor felt for one brief moment the holy thrill of love. And, ah! how sad the thought that too often the fortunates of our race have found no nobler calling than to sit in judgment against these unfortunates—"children born to a dark and gloomy fate." What right has society to judge him, whom it has never taught, or him who came into the world doomed by that same cause which enriched others? Is it the highest form of wisdom which takes more interest in breeding a perfect race of live stock than in breeding a happy human being? And is it the ultimatum of prudence and justice, that we continue to spare the teacher from the nursery that we may afford the judge on the bench and the priest in the prison cell? By true wisdom shall man lift himself from hell to heaven. When we shall have taken as much heed for the welfare of our children, as for the stability and perfection of our earthly possessions, "then, indeed, shall abide, for them and for us, an incorruptible felicity, and an infallible religion; shall abide for us Faith, no more to be assailed by temptation, no more to be defended by wrath and by fear; shall abide with us Hope, no more to be quenched by the years that overwhelm, or made ashamed by the shadows that betray; shall abide for us, and with us, the greatest of these, the abiding will and name of our Father. For the greatest of these is Charity,"

GRANT B. TAYLOR AND "THE FAMOUS THIRTY-SIX INFIDELS."

BY HENRY M. TABER.

Dear Mr. Green: In my article entitled "The Famous Thirty-six Infidels," in "Faith or Fact" is an account of the search I made to ascertain the truth (if any) of a story told by Rev. G. Henderson Smith, D. D., of New York City, in a sermon preached by him at Newburgh, N. Y., nearly ten years ago, of a society of unbelievers, who performed some mock religious ceremony, and as a consequence the entire society of thirty-six members was exterminated by violent deaths, within one year.

The result of my search, which involved a great expenditure of time and labor, in consulting history, in correspondence, etc., was that there was not an iota of truth in the story.

Ruttenber, the historian of the Town of New Bergh, writes to me with reference to this story, and kindred stories, that they are "wretchedly perverted from the truth."

Dr. Smyth, in the course of his sermon, stated that Grant B. Taylor, Esq., a lawyer of Newburgh, has investigated the story and found it to be true. I wrote to Mr. Taylor, giving the results of my investigation into Dr. Smyth's story, and instead of furnishing me with the evidences on which he based his statement that the story was "found to be true," he replied: "Mr. Smyth has received letters from all points of the compass, and seems rather pleased that the story has been given a fresh start, and hopes much good results from it; we have a special impression in the church, and a number are joining on profession of faith, thirty-five, I think, from the Sunday School, in one day alone. I think Mr. Smyth's little story is some of the cause."

I am reminded of the circumstances above narrated by observing in the newspapers of this morning that (this same) Grant B. Taylor, "a lawyer of New Burgh," has just pleaded "guilty" to charges of forgery and larceny.

In view thereof, these questions suggest themselves to my mind, viz., whether religion might not better be sacrificed than truth; whether (ignorant) faith should not give way to (intelligent) fact; whether vitalized thought is not preferable to credulity; whether reason is not the superior of dogma, and whether morality should not be regarded with greater favor than theology?

New York City, July 1, '97.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

BY S. W. WETMORE, M. D.

EVOLUTION of thought, of biblical teaching, of theology, of ethical life, and of morals generally has wrought great changes with the enlightened and conscientious reformer. And yet, superstition,—that seemingly eternal barrier to intellectual progress,—that religion long since out of date, continues to sway the religious world.



S. W. WETMORE, M. D.

progress,—that religion long since out of date, continues to sway the religious world.

The coercive influence of the Church impels the State to enact laws detrimental to the welfare, happiness and prosperity of civilization.

Their only argument is, that it is in accord with "Holy Writ." Holy smoke would be quite as argumentative. Let us see how much reason there is in this declaration.

There are two distinct, yet contradictory, reasons why the seventh day of the week requires special attention. The first biblical notice of the Sabbath is in Ex. 20-11: "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the

sea and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it."

The second occurred some 2,500 years after this august event, and refers to a memorial day of the Jews' escape from Egyptian bondage. (See Deut. 5:15.)

One of these statements necessarily excludes the other, hence both cannot be correct. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," is as mythical as any of Moses's sayings. That God never made such a command appears obvious from the fact that every day of the week is by different nations devoted to the public celebration of religious services. Sunday by the Christians; Monday by the Greeks; Tuesday by the Persians; Wednesday by the Assyrians; Thursday by the Egyptians; Friday by the Turks; Saturday by the Jews. The names of the days of the week were the names of ancient deities, and can be traced to our Saxon ancestors. Some worshiped the sun, some the moon, and others the planets. Hence the names Sun-day, Moon-day, Saturn-day, etc. Seven planets, and seven metals were at that time known. Gold was held sacred to the sun; silver to the moon; iron to Mars, etc., etc. (See Draper.)

If the Almighty really got tired and required rest after six days' exercise with His voice, and His present day apostles—those who demand the highest salaries—work one day (and that, too, on Sunday), require six days' rest, evolution is certainly taking steps backwards. But then, to create a world like this out of a part of His omnipotence—as there was evidently no other material—must have been very fatiguing. What a pity the graphophone was not in existence when "His voice was heard walking in the garden," and when he commanded that there should be light. The gullibility and religious ignorance of the present generation (particularly in the Catholic denomination) is almost equal to that of the mediaeval period, when the Lord was depicted on the walls and windows of Oriental temples in the form of man as resting on the seventh day. He resembles the "Weary Mercury" in classic sculpture, with a marked countenance of fatigue, and the attitude of the body indicates an exhausted condition. Even as late as 1512 Michael Angelo unveiled his four years' labor on the walls and vault of the Sistine Chapel by command of Pope Julius II., representing the Supreme Being in the attitude of rest, with the expression of great fatigue.

Mythology, sacred and profane, Christian and Hebrew, has ever been the great factor in the prohibition of intellectual development, of liberty of thought and speech, of equity and rational law. Those who have been most prominent in establishing and maintaining the present Sunday laws have been and are influenced by pseudo-religious ideas.

Judging from their disposition to coerce, one would think they were direct descendants from the Puritans who, according to the Blue Laws of Connecticut (by Rev. Sam Peters), compelled all citizens to attend church at least once on Sunday, although they might sleep through the entire service. The day must be devoted to sanctity, to piety, to holiness, and long-drawn faces, to the abolition of smiles, to idiotic facial expressions, to Bible reading, to prayer, to singing sacred music. Work of every kind and nature was abolished.

Upon the Sabbath day they'll no physic take,
Lest it should work, and so the Sabbath breake.

"Presbyterianism in Scotland was the twin of English Puritanism. It prohibited all sorts of pleasures, as being sinful and of the Devil," says Bell.

That evolution has been slow of growth in the province of correcting errors in the Sunday question, the student can readily see by reading Buckel's "History of Civilization in England," Vol. 2, page 304, and Hume's "History of England," Vol. 4, page 447, and then the daily public press of the various cities. Warped intellects keep up the battle cry, "Down with Sunday pleasures." How inconsistent these Christian ministers are. Do they forget that Jesus ignored both the Jewish Sabbath and the Christian Sunday? Do they not know that God must have worked on the first day of the week, according to the Mosaic story of the creation? Do they not know that thousands

of their most renowned predecessors—of all denominations—taught that Sunday should be regarded as a day of “rest and recreation”?

Martin Luther said: “As regards the Sabbath or Sunday, there is no necessity for keeping it; but if we do, it ought not to be on account of Moses’s commandment, but because nature teaches us from time to time to take a day of rest * * * If anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day’s sake, then I order you to work on it, to dance on it, to do anything that will remove this encroachment on Christian spirit and liberty.”

The substitution of the Christian Sunday or Sabbath for the Jewish Sabbath was purely an ecclesiastical movement.

Sir Wm. Danville, in his “Six Texts,” page 241, says: “Centuries of the Christian era passed away before the Sunday was observed by the Christian church as a Sabbath.”

St. Jerome says: “On the Lord’s day they went to church, and returning from church they would apply themselves to their allotted works and make garments for themselves and others. The day is not a day of fasting, but a day of joy, and none but heretics have thought otherwise.” Paul, the founder of the Christian church, rejects the Sabbath. “One man esteemeth one day above another; another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.” Jesus said that one day was as good as another. “The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.” Mark 2:23-27. Among the noted men who have rejected the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath, we will mention Eusebius, Justin Martyr, Milton, Melancthon, John Calvin, Grotius, Archbishop Whately, Wm. Tyndall, Jeremy Taylor, Neander, Dr. McNight, Dr. Schaff and Benjamin Franklin.

This is the era of science, reason and righteousness. Science and religion have been wrestling for centuries. Ecclesiastical power has held the reins of superstition and the religious world has ignored the righteousness of right and truth and reluctantly acknowledged facts that are scientifically demonstrated.

Like Eusebius and St. Paul, they continue to fabricate for the benefit of the church and the glory of God. If this morbid and obnoxious ecclesiastic sway could be annihilated it would not take long to settle the Sunday Question.

CAPTAIN GEORGE W. WATSON—FUNERAL ADDRESS.

BY MAURICE PECHIN.*

ONCE more we are brought face to face with that mystery which man calls death. The funeral rite is a natural sacrament which has been observed in some form by all people, even barbarians, from the earliest periods of the world's history; and we are assembled here today in accordance with an impulse as universal as the human race, and as enduring as love and sympathy, to perform the last earthly duty toward him who lies in the stillness of death before us.



GEORGE W. WATSON.

It is a satisfaction to be able truthfully to state that the life of the deceased was marked throughout by candor and strict probity.

In his relations each, of citizen, husband, parent and neighbor, the truth compels us to accord to his conduct and memory only our approbation. He descended from patriotic, military stock, and was imbued with like sentiments, so that on attaining

manhood he immediately attached himself to a militia organization and on the very inception of the war of the rebellion, emulated the patriotic example of his ancestors by enlisting in the United States Volunteer Army, in which he served over three years, being finally discharged with the rank of Captain, after having passed through many hardships and battles. In the last battle in which he participated (the Wilderness, May 5, 1864) he lost a leg near the hip, for which he received a pension from the Government. Our departed brother as a husband and parent was equally faithful. His zealous devotion and care for his family, constant through life, is further shown by his having left it provided for after his death—a result accomplished entirely by industry, aided by the good management of his now bereaved widow.

Life's fitful dream on earth of our comrade is over, with its joys and sorrows, its hopes and disappointments. He derived his being from Nature, the bountiful mother of us all, and his body returns to Earth's capacious bosom. He basked in life's sunshine for his allot-

*President Secular League, Washington, D. C. The address was delivered June 15th, at the residence of the deceased, before a large attendance of friends and mourners.

ted time, and has passed into the shadowy vale which separates this breathing world from the vast beyond. To these disconsolate mourners he was bound by the strongest ties of kind regard, kindred and affection, and to many of us he was known as a comrade or a friend, and we shall miss him from our midst.

We cannot penetrate the mystery of the beyond. Hope and faith may draw bright pictures of happiness and blissful regions beyond the dark river, but the reality remains unknown to us, unless those who have solved the mystery by passing over can return and make it known to us. Some claim to have this assurance; others frankly own they have received no such light, and do not know; and surely there is no merit in belief or unbelief, for each accepts only what he must with the evidence that is presented to him, and the constitution of his mind. Our friend was one who believed there was no possible merit or virtue in pretending to know what we really do not know, or in trying to believe anything of which we have no sufficient evidence to satisfy the reason; that an honest doubt, frankly expressed, was far better than any fictitious profession of faith. He was a brave soldier, and an honest, fearless man. He did not have one belief for prosperity, in life and health, and another for adversity and death. His convictions were based on reason, and faith in the truth as he saw it, and were unshaken by any fear of the common fate of us all. He did not believe that anyone should assume to teach as true that which he did not know to be true; he believed that this world was for us, and we for it, and that it is the best world for us so far as we know, and that one world at a time is enough for us, and that instead of troubling ourselves about another it would be far better to make the most possible of this, and that it should have all our efforts, love, worship and tenderness; that in glorifying humanity we give the only possible glory to God; that a clean life and a tender heart are worth more than any blind faith and worship of mental images of the unknowable, and that the only preparation worth anything for any possible future life lies in acting well our part in this, and if a good life here does not fit us for a happy future nothing else can. Although those religious beliefs commonly accepted were not his, he was not bitter or harsh in his judgments of others, but freely accorded to all the liberty he claimed for himself. Who shall say that in the highest and noblest sense he was not religious? Religion to him did not mean a plan to escape the natural consequences of acts. It meant doing good to his fellows, and the performance of duty as he saw it in every relation of life. He had faith in the eternal realities of Nature, and this is the highest and most consoling faith that man can have, a belief that these immutable laws of Nature are right, because they are necessary, and there is no standard known to man by which they can be pronounced wrong. Whatever the destiny of man it is fixed by these immutable laws, and it is a common one for us all. This he was willing to accept, and asked no special favor. This was his faith, and that goodness and virtue on this earth will have its natural reward hereafter if man

continues to live, he did not doubt, for this would be the natural law. If it be the order of Nature that we shall continue to live, then well. He would welcome all life and all that is joyous and good in store for us elsewhere. If not, then well also, for he was too profoundly resigned to the order of the universe, which some call the will of the Most High, to wish to change it, even if he could imagine that he could have the power. There is no more consoling faith, no more truly religious faith than this, that what is ordained in the nature of things must be best. It is faith in the Eternal Goodness, such as the poet Whittier expresses, when he personifies the universal power, which all rational thinkers acknowledge, whether they personify it or not, or whether they refrain from putting any limitations of our finite minds on the infinite and absolute and inscrutable. With this qualification we might therefore adopt the words of the poet:

"I know not what the future hath of marvel or surprise,
Assured that life and death His goodness underlies.
I know not where His islands lift their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift beyond His love and care.
And so beside the silent sea, I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me on ocean or on shore."

This was practically the faith of our brother, and it was a faith that stood by him to the last. He expressed a wish that on the occasion of his funeral nothing should be said to throw any distrust or doubt on the genuineness or all sufficiency of such a faith, and this view is expressed in some verses which he marked and slightly altered to suit his view:

"When o'er my cold and lifeless clay the parting words of love are
said,
And friends and kindred meet to pay the last fond tribute to the
dead—
Let no stern priest, with solemn drone, a formal liturgy intone,
Whose creed is foreign to my own.

Let not a word be whispered there in pity for my unbelief,
Or sorrow that I could not share their views pretentious to relief:
My faith to me is no less dear, nor less convincing and sincere
Than theirs, so rigid and austere.

Let no stale words of church-born song float out upon the silent air
To prove by implication wrong the faith of him then lying there;
Why should such words be glibly sung o'er one upon whose living
tongue
Such empty phrases never hung.

But rather, let the faithful few, whose hearts so close were knit to
mine
That they with time the dearer grew, assemble at the day's decline:
And while the golden sunbeams fall in floods of light upon my pall,
Let them in softened tones recall

Some tender memory of the dead, some virtuous act, some word of power,
Which I, perchance, have done or said, by loved ones treasured to that hour.
Recount the deeds that I admired, the motives which my course inspired,
The views by which my life was fired."

While we mourn for our departed brother let us take courage from the lesson of his life, and new faith in human liberty and renewed hope for human progress. We, too, would gladly share his destiny, whatever it may be, for we know it must be that which comes to every brave, true and honest man. Sleep well the peaceful, calm, unending sleep, or waken, if so it is to be, to a brighter day and happier life, brave, true-hearted comrade and friend.

ADDITIONAL REMARKS MADE AT THE GRAVE BY CAPT. M. V. B. DAVIS.*

When rebellion sent forth its deadly notes, to thrill the land with war, Captain Watson, forgetting everything but country, sacrificed his business and enlisted in the 19th regiment for three months' duty. Returning from that length of service he again enlisted in the 90th regiment, among his former comrades, and served as Lieutenant of Company "H." He was a good and brave soldier. No duty was too hard for him, no service was too great. He inspired in his men that feeling of confidence which made his company one of the best in the regiment. His discipline was strict, but never severe. His bravery was undaunted, his soul was wrapped up in the cause for which he struggled. In the battle of the Wilderness, while charging up a hill in the face of a Confederate battery, which mowed down the ranks of the 90th, he was severely wounded and taken prisoner, and his leg was amputated in a Confederate hospital, and after his return to the Union lines a second operation was necessary to save his life. He bore his pain and affliction bravely, as becomes the true soldier, and his life was spared to fill with credit and honor a responsible position under the Government. His private life was without a blemish. He gave to his home life the affection of a loving husband and father, and he died respected by all who knew, or came in contact with him. He was always interested in his old regiment, and although distance separated him from its meetings and gatherings, yet his heart went out to the old associations and friends who with him had served among the hills and valleys of Virginia.

*The remains were removed from Washington to Philadelphia, Pa., and laid to rest in West Laurel Cemetery.

AN OLD MAN'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE MYTHS.

BY WILLIAM STEVENSON.

BORN and bred in Presbyterian Scotland, in a district where there was scarcely a dissent, and where the assembly's shorter catechism was taught in the schools, which read thus: "No mere man is able (since the fall) to keep the commands of God, but doth



WILLIAM STEVENSON.

daily break them in thought, word, deed." And it also says: "That every sin deserves God's wrath and curse, both in this life and that which is to come," and though it did seem to my unregenerate mind that he was requiring obedience where He had not given ability, and that it was unjust to hold me accountable for Adam's transgression, but these sinful doubts of the devil were always met by the old hackneyed phrase of "God's ways are not our ways," which silenced me completely, so I kept on hugging the delusion and fearing God exceedingly.

At the age of twenty-eight I emigrated to America, where I came in contact with a great variety of beliefs and unbeliefs, and found some of my most cherished

doctrines boldly called in question, and which I defended stoutly. And between the arguments they used and the books they lent me to read, I found myself getting weaker on some points. Hell being the first I gave way on, as we had to acknowledge that the fire and brimstone punishment to all eternity displayed too much of a spirit of vindictiveness to have ever been designed by a God of mercy. So we concluded to let the devil go, and asking for nothing in his stead, as we considered God's wrath and curse amply sufficient for all purposes for which a hell and a devil could be needed.

But I still continued getting books such as Shelley, Volney and Paine, and as we read, the adorable trinity seemed to grow more and more mythical all the time, though we still held firmly and desperately on to the old gentleman. But as He had existed from all eternity to the time when he commenced creating and making things (without the other two) and for four thousand years afterwards He continued to govern mankind in His own peculiar way, threatening, blessing and cursing them alternately, but never saying one word about punishing them in the world to come in a fire and brimstone

hell. And though there was a great flourish of trumpets at the Son's advent into the world, and a proclamation made of peace and good will to man, still at His exit out of it He left us with only one alternative, believe or be damned. And also, that whosoever spoke a word against the Holy Ghost would not be forgiven in this world nor in the world to come. Thus were these two junior members of the heavenly trinity with their everlasting hell fire and brimstone doctrines, blocking up the way to the kingdom of life, and rendering the narrow way still narrower, when it was, God knows, narrow enough before.

So I began to regard them both as myths or frauds, and that I would rather risk being damned before believing any more in either of them without some better authority than their bare word. And as our neighbors still kept supplying us with the Free Thought literature of the day, and I had become just wicked enough to read and relish such writings, but, like a host of other shirks, was a little too pious to pay for them.

And as I read I found that these audacious atheists openly declared that God never made the universe; that it had no designer nor maker; that it had existed from all eternity, and that it was composed of matter and nothing but matter, and that that which was not matter was nothing, and that nothing to have an existence must have a vacuum to exist in, and as Nature abhors a vacuum, so, in other words, abhors a God. And that matter contains within itself all the potencies, powers and forces needed or necessary to produce all the phenomena that exist, that ever did exist, or that ever will exist. And that before their believing in a God they must have some positive proof of His existence. Such as some well attested answer to prayer, or some self-evident miracle performed. And while I was getting ready, lo! the great opportunity for a test by prayer was upon us. Our honored, loved and trusted chief magistrate was stricken down by the assassin's bullet, and lay at the point of death. When we had recovered sufficiently from the shock to realize his peril, and our own utter inability to help him, we felt discouraged. But then was not God all powerful, and had he not over and over again assured us in the most positive language to "ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Then to your knees, O, Israel,
Believers, to your knees.

And such a volume of prayer ascended to God as never did before on any one occasion since the world began. The sorely distressed but still hoping wife prayed; the fondly doting but now almost disconsolate mother prayed. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, prayed. Weak, weeping innocence lifted up her quivering voice, and the strong man bowed his head in prayer, and as "prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed." We all prayed. The delvers in the mine and the mariners on the ocean prayed. Households prayed; congregations prayed; nations prayed;

the whole civilized world prayed; the cables that spanned the ocean vibrated with prayer.

But our now feeble, sick and suffering president continued slowly and sadly descending to "that bourne from which no traveler returns, and where the wicked cease to trouble, and where the weary are at rest." He died and was buried, and the sun of my theological creed set in Garfield's grave never more to rise. No God worth the praying to could have resisted such an appeal and given the lie to His own so often repeated promises. The test was conclusive. The God of the Bible, the hearer and answerer of prayer, was only a myth like the rest of them.

Sixty and eight years have I sojourned in the world; sixty-six of them have been spent in believing, in praying to, and wrestling with the myths. Result, bankruptcy. Liability to be called an old crazy fool or a lunatic, or both. Assets, one exploded myth. When the heathen ceases to worship his God he can utilize it for other purposes, but a myth is fit for no other purpose under the sun.

Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole, to keep the wind away,

but a dead myth won't even do that.

For myself, I discard all religious myths of the past, present or the future, and

"No longer forward or behind,
I look with hope or fear;
But joyfully take the good I find,
The best of now and here."

New Hampton, Mo.

20,000 SUBSCRIBERS

Our report of the success of the twenty thousand subscription movement is unavoidably crowded out of this number. It will appear in the September number in full. The fifty cent trial subscriptions will not be received after September 1st.

PUBLISHER.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

H. J. MARGERUM.

H. J. MARGERUM, whose portrait is the frontispiece of this number of the Magazine, is the President of the Springfield, Mass., Liberal Club, one of the largest and most prosperous Free Thought clubs in this country, and Mr. Margerum has been the chief inaugurator of the present Liberal movement in that city.

The subject of this sketch was born on the 29th day of July, 1842, in Suffield, Conn. His parents being of sound New England stock, he inherited a good physical constitution with which to begin the battle of life, and which good health has remained with him up to the present time. He remembers a very happy boyhood among the hills and brooks of old Suffield, in which town he resided until he was seven years old, when he removed with his parents to Springfield, Mass., where he has ever since lived. His parents were members of the Congregational church, and he was regularly taken to church and Sunday school every "Lord's Day." He says that the only thing connected with the business of "going to church" that left any lasting impression upon his mind was the ride with his father and mother going and returning from church on every pleasant Sunday, and especially the drive home, when his father and the neighbors would try the speed of their respective horses, and his delight when all the neighbors' teams were left in the rear.

Mr. Margerum received his education in the Springfield public schools, after which he learned the trade of marble carving. His love of art work eventually led him to choose lithography for his life occupation. At the age of thirty he became connected with the "Milton Bradley Company," of Springfield, and he has been the superintendent of the lithographic department of that celebrated institution for the past twenty years.

As to Mr. Margerum's religious experience: Some twenty-five years ago, having gone through that indescribable, imaginary, nervous, hysterical condition, known as "experiencing religion," brought on, generally, by the unreasonable and fanatical ravings of some professional "evangelist," he united with the Methodist church. But his

mind was naturally so strong that this religious delirancy soon passed away. Not long after he became a member of the church, a Methodist minister, evidently on the road to Infidelity, preached a sermon in the pulpit of his church, in which he declared, among other things: "That every person should think for himself; that as God has given us all thinking powers, that it is evident that He desired us to use those powers and depend upon our own reason for our opinions, and if we failed here to develop our mental faculties it would be charged up to us at the Judgment day."*

These advanced ideas from this Methodist preacher set Mr. Margerum to thinking very rapidly. Soon after this he had the good fortune to listen to Col. Ingersoll's lecture on "Liberty of Man, Woman and Child." He was so much pleased with this lecture that he purchased all of Ingersoll's books and read them carefully; then he read Thomas Paine's works. By this time, he says, his brain had become in as healthy condition as his body, and he continued to read the writings of the advanced thinkers and scientists until every vestige of superstition had disappeared from his mental vision. And now the doctrines of orthodoxy that were taught him in his youth and that he then accepted as the truth, have faded into myths like the legends of "Santa Claus" and "Jack the Giant Killer," and he has no further use for them. To him there is no God but Nature, and the only "Holy Bible" is the great book of Nature, whose interpreters are not the priests, but the scientists. One of these scientific interpreters, like Charles Darwin, he asserts, has given the world more valuable truths than all the priests that have ever existed.

A year ago a few Free Thinkers came together in Springfield and organized a Liberal club, and Mr. Margerum was elected President of the society, and under his supervision it has greatly prospered.

As an evidence of Mr. Margerum's working qualities we will here repeat what we stated last month, that he has recently procured in Springfield and vicinity over fifty subscribers to this magazine. He writes to us that the fifty subscribers are among the most intelligent, worthy citizens of Springfield—the leading lawyers, physicians and business men--and we can easily understand why he has been so successful. It is because of his own high moral standing in the city where he resides. He is just the kind of a man the Liberal cause needs in every community to take charge of the Free Thought movement.

*This clergyman has since been compelled to leave the Methodist church on account of heresy.

Mr. Margerum informs us that the very best thing that ever happened to him was when the good woman known as his wife married him. Mrs. Margerum is a woman of sound sense and good judgment and is in full accord with her husband's Liberal views, and as a matter of course they are both greatly in favor of the marriage institution. They consider it the foundation of all civilization and great promoter of domestic happiness and good government.

Mr. Margerum maintains that Free Thinkers should take the lead in all reforms that have for their object the betterment of humanity. His idea is that there is no use for a Liberalism that does not take higher moral ground than does the church. He insists that science is the true saviour of the world, and that the teachings of science, on every question, should be the "sacred scriptures" of Free Thinkers. He contends that the reason why the church has so ignominiously failed is because it has directed all its energies to save mankind from an imaginary future hell, and get them into an imaginary future heaven, and he insists that if Liberalism is to prove a success it must direct all its efforts to save humanity from the real hells of this present real world, and get them into heaven here in this mundane sphere of which we have real knowledge. He fully endorses the old Horace Seaver motto, "One Word at a Time."

MORALITY AND FREEDOM.

FREE THINKERS, in criticising theological dogmas and priestly pretensions, have had to meet the charge that they were loosening social restraints and weakening the foundations of morality. Their reply has been that social order is not dependent upon any particular system of religion; that morality has its foundations in man's natural constitution and relations, and that opposition to the unfounded assumptions of theology is erroneously believed to imperil moral interests only because under the influence of superstition and priestcraft, the people have been taught to regard religious dogmas as the necessary basis and guaranty of morals.

Free Thinkers have maintained that morality should be taught as the science of human conduct, the science of right living, which includes, of course, knowledge of man's duties and obligations, as well as rights, in all his relations with his fellow men. They have always declared that, in the long run, practical morality is weakened by association with theological doctrines which come to be held as

the standard and foundation of morality, and afterward when doubt and disbelief in regard to these doctrines arise among the ignorant, they lose confidence also in the moral precepts and principles; and the mind in which the moral sense is impaired naturally inclines to a view which obliterates or confuses the distinctions between right and wrong.

Free Thinkers have therefore claimed and contended that morality has a natural basis and natural guarantees, entirely independent of religious dogmas. They are the most consistent teachers of morality, for they put it on a basis which exists in man and his relations, a basis which is comparatively unchanging and permanent, while the theological basis is subject to constant evolutionary and frequent revolutionary changes, and these changes (as during the Reformation) seriously endanger morals.

But out of the church and from the pulpit even have come into the Free Thought ranks, with other classes, persons whose dissatisfaction with the church was more on account of the restraint which it imposed upon them than because of any overpowering love of truth or desire for truer and higher conceptions than those to which they had been accustomed. It is not strange that we see such persons now and then, ignorant of the history of Free Thought, ignorant of its principles, under the influence of the theological idea that morality and dogma should stand or fall together, actually contending that morality is mere superstition, puritanism, phariseeism, pietism, or pretension and hypocrisy, and that the emancipated Free Thinker should arise above such things! Such persons engage in a high key talk about liberty when they ought to be considering the duties, obligations, and the responsibilities of life.

Liberty is for those who know how to use it. To those who do not know how to use it, it brings slavery and destruction. Doubtless, as Macaulay said, the way to prepare a nation for freedom is to give it freedom, but the cost is great in proportion to the absence of self-restraint, in proportion to the disposition to follow inclination and impulse, regardless of moral distinctions.

The rational man feels free only to do right. The enlightened mind knows that moral precepts and moral codes, whatever be the differences of opinion as to their origin or ultimate foundation, are the outcome of ages of experience; that they express an amount of wisdom which no individual, no generation could acquire merely by its own experience; that they are the product of the experiences of the race.

Only a shallow or perverted mind will underrate the importance of morality in the life of an individual or of a community of individuals. Any cause, any movement, any institution, any organization, to succeed, must recognize a standard of morals not lower than that which the people know and respect. I am glad that our Liberal papers, some of which have had too little to say on this subject, are beginning to see the importance of emphasizing the importance of making Liberalism a moral movement. As Miss Wixon says in an article printed in the "Torch of Reason:"

"It has been demonstrated by years of experience, by repeated intellectual efforts and perceptions, by thousands of individuals, that the moral path is the way, and the only way, to happiness and honor. Thus, should the ethical, like a line of silver, illumine all teaching, whether it be for the professions, commercial interests, or in any of the various arts and industries that go to make up the business of living. If we would get the greatest value out of life, the largest and best service, we must know how to live. With such knowledge, realized and used, men and women become worthy of the name and the earth a heavenly abode."

B. F. U.

BOOK REVIEW.

Faith or Fact. By Henry M. Taber, with preface by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. Peter Eckler, 35 Fulton street, New York, publisher. Pp. 331. Price, \$1.00.

In our estimation this is one of the most valuable Free Thought books that has been issued from the press during the last ten years. It takes up and fully discusses in a concise and most fair manner all the principal issues that divide the Orthodox and Free Thought world. It may be justly characterized as a cyclopedia of arguments bearing on the questions that are at issue between the Liberals and the Christians of the present time. Mr. Taber presents his arguments not as a theologian, but as a business man—in fact, we are justified in saying that he has been, during a long life, one of the most successful business men of New York city. He has made a large fortune by honest industry. Having been brought up strictly in the orthodox faith, during his leisure hours his mind has been more or less occupied with religious questions. One of the first things that made him suspect orthodoxy to be false was that the most pious people were the least to be trusted in business matters. Here is one instance that came to his knowledge: In January, 1874, Mr. Taber discovered that five clerks of his office had been speculating in cotton for several months, and, by a system of false entries in the books, had succeeded in abstracting some \$70,000 of the firm's money. One was a deacon of a Reform (Dutch) church, another a vestryman in an Episcopal church, another the treasurer of another Episcopal church, the

fourth the son of an Episcopal clergyman—all four members “in good and regular standing” in their respective churches. The fifth made no pretensions to religion, and was the only one of the five who expressed the slightest contrition for the wrong perpetrated.

Mr. Taber, as president and stockholder in many large money institutions, found that, as a general thing, the men who could everywhere be trusted were not Christians. These facts coming to his notice, set him to thinking and investigating, as we have heretofore stated, from a business man’s standpoint. He found that these robbers who took what did not belong to them were, as a general thing, large contributors to the church and to church institutions—that out of their stealings they made a dividend with the Lord for the purpose of keeping in with Him. Their religion they held as a kind of insurance policy to protect them from the pains of hell, and to insure their entrance into heaven, and besides make them popular and influential in their business capacity. He concluded that if the Christian religion produces that class of people there must be something defective about it, and he made a thorough investigation of the subject, and this book is the result of his labors.

We have never read a book of its size that cited so many authorities as this one to establish and confirm what it states, and a large majority of these authorities are from the writings of Christian clergymen. In Scripture language, “Out of their own mouths” does He condemn them.

There are thirty-five chapters in this book, each treating with great clearness questions that divide the people who believe in supernaturalism and those who believe only in naturalism. The titles of some of these chapters are: “Christian Civilization and Christian Morality;” “Woman in Christian and Heathen Countries;” “Inspiration;” “The Origin of Christianity;” “Can Christians Be Just?” “God;” “Religious Decadence;” “Faith;” “Religion Not Morality;” “The Trinity;” “Civil Liberty;” “Miracles;” “Primitive Christianity;” “Taxation of Church Property;” “Church and State;” “Liberalized Christianity;” “Prayer;” “In Place of Christianity;” “The Republic in Danger.”

Col. Ingersoll has written a preface to this book that occupies nine pages, which of itself is worth the price of the book. Ingersoll says: “This book will do great good. It will furnish arguments and facts against the supernatural and absurd. It will drive phantoms from the brain, fear from the heart, and many who read these pages will be emancipated, enlightened and ennobled.”

Peter Eckler, of New York, the publisher of this book, is one of the best book makers in this country, and he has done his “level best” in bringing out “Faith or Facts.” The book is printed on very fine heavy paper, bound in the most beautiful modern style, and ornamented with gilt letters and has a gilt top. Most books of this size and style sell for \$1.50 or \$2.00, but Mr. Eckler, to place it within the reach of all, has put the publisher’s price down to \$1.00, and we now desire to sell a copy to each of our subscribers.

P. S.—Since writing the above we have received from Susan H. Wixon, the editor of "The Children's Corner" in the "Truth Seeker," the following notice of Mr. Taber's book:

"Faith or Fact," a new book by Henry M. Taber, is a great work. It is a compendium of facts, and facts are indeed stubborn things. The author has shown real skill, as well as wonderful research and study, in the arrangement of these facts, against which, and in such presence, the old faiths shrink and shrivel into dry, crumbling husks. From the splendid preface by Col. Ingersoll to the last page of the book, there is not a dull or uninteresting sentence. The publisher, Peter Eckler, of New York, has presented the whole matter in excellent shape, with clear type and fine paper. Everybody, Orthodox as well as Liberal, should possess a copy of this useful and interesting work, which, as the author well says, illustrates "conflicts between credulity and vitalized thought; superstition and realism; tradition and verity; dogma and reason; bigotry and tolerance; ecclesiastical error and manifest truth; theology and rationalism; miracle and immutable law; pious ignorance and secular intelligence; hypocrisy and sincerity; theocracy and democracy." The book is tenderly dedicated "to the lovers of mental freedom of every land, and especially those who have endured the sneers, invectives, ostracisms and persecutions of orthodox Christianity."

ALL SORTS.

—Fifty-cent subscriptions will continue to be received until Sept. 1st.

—We desire one thousand fifty-cent subscriptions before Sept. 1st.

—"Faith and Fact," by Henry M. Taber, is now for sale at this office.

—Reader, what have you done to aid us in procuring the twenty thousand subscribers we are working for?

—Contributors for the Magazine will please prepare their "copy" just as they desire it to appear in the Magazine. As we print by machine it is expensive varying from copy. We can't do it.

—A number of our friends have recently lost money by sending it in a letter to us. We can not be responsible for such losses. It is very risky trusting cash in a letter in this Christian country.

—"Boston Ideas."—The Independ-

ent number is a splendid issue and is characteristic of its name—Boston Ideas. Among the valuable illustrations are the likenesses of Washington and Thomas Jefferson, Liberty Bell, the house in which the Declaration of Independence was written, and John Hancock's house. We hope to see in the next "Independent Number" a good likeness of the leader of the American Revolution, Thomas Paine. On account of Christian superstition, Paine has been slow in taking his place at the head of the Patriots of the American Revolution, but to use a slang phrase, "He will get there all the same" in the near future. We prize "Boston Ideas" very highly. It is one of the most valuable publications on our exchange list.

—Fond Mother—"O, Peter, Peter, I thought I told you not to play with

your soldiers Sunday!" Peter—"But I call them the Salvation Army on Sunday."—Tilt-Bits.

—"Mother, do the savages in Africa wear pants?"

"No, my child; why do you ask?"

"Because at the meeting of the Missionary Society papa put a button in the contribution box."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—Request the most intelligent minister in your town to read "The Gods;" then ask him what he thinks of the article, and send his reply to this office.

—I asked Mrs. Livermore if she had ever seen any one afraid of death, or that which would follow death, at the actual hour of dying.

"Never but once," she replied, "and then it was the fault of an Evangelist. It was after the fight at Fort Donelson. Eighty mortally wounded men had been brought into my ward at the St. Louis hospital, among them a soldier with both legs and an arm shot off. This man was lying in that stupor that usually precedes death, when an Evangelist entered, and, bending over the bed, said: 'Have you made your peace with God? If not, you will be in hell in less than an hour.'

"Instantly the man's stupor was replaced by the most horrible fright. 'Pray for me,' he groaned. 'I can't stop,' was the reply, as the speaker hurried on to give his grewsome message to other sufferers. 'You must pray for yourself.' Delirious with pain and wholly possessed by this new and terrible idea the soldier sent out shriek after shriek of agony. 'I cannot die! I have been a wicked man!' was his repeated wail. His cries aroused and excited the other men and the ward became a pandemonium of groans and screams and beseechings. In vain I urged and the surgeon commanded quiet. I directed the doctor to send the Evangelist out of the ward.

"The overzealous Evangelist received summary treatment at the hands of Mother Bickerdyke. When he began to question her 'boys' she approached him with the words:

'Look here. You leave this ward quick or I'll take you by the nape of the neck and pitch you out.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

Nearly every humane person on reading the above will feel indignation towards this zealous "Evangelist." But that is not the person deserving the indignation. If Orthodoxy is true, this Evangelist was doing his duty. If this suffering soldier was unconverted, by the Orthodox creed, he was imminently in danger of being "in hell in less than an hour," but if he repented at the last moment he would go direct to heaven. Suppose what the Evangelist said did cause him terrible distress of mind, of what consequence was that as compared with the pains of hell forever. Our indignation should be directed towards Christians who profess to believe the Orthodox creed, but do not, and who severely condemn the Evangelist for being true to his honest convictions and true to Orthodoxy.

—One Arthur Lewis Tubles, of Philadelphia, has been writing what he calls a poem on "Ingersoll" for the "Boston Ideas." It is the most nonsensical and extremely silly thing that we ever read in that worthy journal. The editor must be taking his summer vacation and this number brought out by the boys of the office.

—"The Voice," the Prohibition party organ, has been for years "sound in the Faith," from an Orthodox standpoint, but to our great surprise, for the last few numbers, the editorial page has contained much religious heresy, or more properly unsound Orthodoxy. The issue of July 1st has a leading editorial entitled, "Evolution and the Christian Faith," in which the writer endeavors to show that an evolutionist may

be a good Christian. The writer is careful to say: "In saying this, we do not mean to champion the (Evolution) theory." * * * "but simply to point out the fact that the faith of the Christian is not dependent on the fate of that theory." As we understand Orthodoxy, the universe was created by God, as stated in the 1st Chapter of Genesis, in six days. Evolution demonstrates that the universe never was "created," but was during millions of years being evolved out of material always in existence. The writer who can reconcile these two theories will have no trouble in showing that Jesus was a Prohibitionist when he manufactured good wine of water at the noted wedding of Cana of Galilee, or that St. Paul was sound on the temperance question when he advised people to "drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities."

—"The Open Court Publishing Company" of Chicago publishes the ablest and most scholarly monthly magazine, quarterly review, and books generally, that are brought out in this or any other country. This publishing house has acquired a world-wide reputation as the promulgator of the most advanced thought of the age. Reader, send for their list of publications.

—The President permits wine to be served at the White House table to those who are in the habit of taking wine with their dinner. The Rev. G. W. Rosenberry, of Syracuse, thinks that this is an outrage. He insists that the President ought to forbid these guests the wine and compel them to deluge and impair their digestive apparatus with iced water, or iced coffee, or iced tea, or iced buttermilk, or the other cheerful drinks which the Rev. Rosenberry approves.—New York World.

Well, suppose the President does permit it. Who is "Rev." Intermeddler Rosenberry that he should object? It is not his business to order Major McKinley around. His Master drank wine, and so did his Apostles. Rosenberry has not to pay for the wine. What Mr. McKinley and his guests eat and drink at meals is their business. Nine-tenths of Americans are not teetotal prohibitionists, and don't desire to be bossed or dictated to by outsiders in regard to their sumptuary rights or customs.—The Chicago Tribune.

No one is more in favor of abstinence from strong drink than we are, nevertheless, we fully agree with what the "Tribune" says. The impertinence of these men who write "Rev." before their name is outrageous. They seem to take it for granted that they are appointed by Divine authority to look after the morals of every person but themselves, and that may be the reason why their own moral character, as a general thing, is so low.

—The Young Christian Endeavorers have just had their great annual convention at San Francisco. The telegraph informs us that "The Colorado delegation came in with a ringing yell: 'Pike's Peak, or bust! Pike Peak or bust!! Colorado, Colorado, Yell we must.'" Their professed leader, Jesus, rode quietly into Jerusalem on the foal of an ass, but we do not learn that He and his Apostles had any such kind of a "yell" as this. But Christianity, like everything else, changes. It is an improvement to leave out "hell" and substitute for it any other sort of a "yell."

—Lima, O., July 14.—(Special).—Mrs. Bertha Johnson made her second escape from jail by digging out a staple. She was tracked to Delphos by bloodhounds and brought back. She is held for shooting her husband.

How is that for a Christian coun-

try? Humane people ought to petition some "heathen" country to send us a few missionaries.

—Moncure D. Conway informs us in a private note that on account of his wife's grave illness, he is to leave London and will hereafter, with his wife, reside with his children in New York City, and that his address will be 305 West 70th St., New York. In speaking of the Magazine he says: "I have found the Free Thought Magazine always interesting." We much regret to learn of the serious illness of Mrs. Conway and hope she may soon recover. American Free Thinkers will gladly welcome Mr. Conway to America, for there is no Free Thinker living more deserving of the thanks of Liberals, and, in fact, of all real lovers of American Institutions, than Mr. Conway for his most thorough and complete vindication of Thomas Paine from the abominable and lying slanders of the Christians. There ought to be a great national Free Thought association at once formed in this country, representing the most intelligent and highest type of Free Thought, and we can think of no man living who would honor such an association as its President more than would Moncure D. Conway.

"The Gods," by Col. Ingersoll, that we publish in full as the leading article of this number of the Magazine, is one of the first, and in our opinion, one of the best lectures that Col. Ingersoll ever delivered. The God idea is the foundation upon which all the various religions of the World are founded. Once destroy that idea and these great superstitions would disappear. Nature nowhere gives the least evidence that there is a God in, or outside, of the universe, and science

teaches there is no necessity for one. Millions of people daily put up prayers to their respective Gods, but no God was ever known to answer a prayer. Gods, as Ingersoll shows, were manufactured by the priests, and for their sole benefit and use. The priests live on myths. They assert, without the least evidence: First—That there is a God. Second—That He has created a heaven and a hell. Third—That each man has a soul. Fourth—That each of these souls is in danger of losing heaven and falling into hell, and that they, the priests, are Divinely appointed to save these souls. So long as the priest can hoodwink the people and make them believe these false assertions his business and "calling" is secure. All these myths are founded on this God idea, and Col. Ingersoll's lecture shows clearly the fallacy of this primary superstition. We have on hand a hundred or more copies of "The Gods," in pamphlet form, that we will sell at twenty cents each.

—George Jacob Holyoake has just celebrated his 80th birthday. "The Co-operative News," of London, has this to say of the occasion:

"It was a distinguished company, including well-known workers in all fields of social reform, which met at the National Liberal Club on Monday evening, to do honor to Mr. George Jacob Holyoake on the occasion of his 80th birthday. Mr. Holyoake was in his happiest mood, and in replying to the toast in his honor, humorously apologized for having lived so long. But, he went on to say, he had made investments of the best years of his life in the diffusion of social ideas, and he had lingered to see how those investments would turn out. It falls to the lot of few men to see, as Mr. Holyoake has seen, the reforms to which they have devoted their life become the commonplaces of the day, and in

this, and in the high esteem in which he is held by all sections of the community, Mr. Holyoake must find his best reward. Our readers will join us in congratulating him on the attainment of his 'four-score' years."

Mr. Holyoake's name is as well known on this side of the Atlantic as on the other side, and he is held in as high esteem here as there by the friends of human progress. We believe he has at least ten years more of usefulness before him as he has lived a life of righteousness—strictly obeyed the laws of Nature, the only God he knows anything about or believes in.

—"The Massachusetts Association of Women Opposed to the Further Extension of Suffrage to Women," reminds us of the Southern negroes we used to hear so much about in the days of anti-slavery who were opposed to the abolition of slavery, and would stand by their masters in case of war between the North and the South." These "niggers" were about the first to run away when a good opportunity occurred.

—"Out of Darkness into Light," by Prof. S. H. Van Trump, that appears in this issue of the Magazine, the reader will find to be a very valuable production. Prof. Trump is a young man, only 28 years of age, but promises to be a most valuable accession to the Free Thought movement. He has for the last fifteen years been a thorough student of the writings of Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, and other leading thinkers. Ten years ago he entered the Missouri State University and in 1890 graduated with the degree of "Bachelor of Applied Science;" afterwards was for two years Assistant Professor in that institution.

For the last few years he has had constant access to a library of fifty thousand volumes, and has made good use of this opportunity. Prof. Van Trump says he fully agrees with Prof. W. K. Clifford when he says: "It is wrong in all cases to believe on insufficient evidence, and where it is presumption, to doubt or investigate, there it is worse than presumption to believe."

—I want to be an angel,
But I'm in no great sweat
To soar away, I'd rather stay
Right here awhile, you bet!
Give me the world's glad laughter
And hearts of sterling worth;
Away with the hereafter,
I love the good old Earth.

Oh, Earth! A tender mother
You've been to me and mine.
I'm blest with friend and brother,
With meat and bread and wine.
I will not say I'm yearning
To try another sphere:
Such gracious things your goodness
brings
I love to linger here.

My neighbor, Deacon Watkins,
Keeps sighing for to go
'Cross Jordan's strand to that fair
land
Where healing waters flow.
But just the other day he ate
Some truck that made him sick
And he told his folks to rush and
get
The doctor, double-quick.
—Waterman, in "L. A. W. Bulletin."

—The reader's attention is called to the page advertisement of "The Woman's Bible" in this number of the Magazine. The books are for sale at this office.

St. Solifer WITH OTHER WORTHIES AND UNWORTHIES

By James Vila Blake

CONTENTS: St. Solifer; Motive and a Story; Yima; Sprinkling the Thermometer; A Story from Meuleville; The Tripling of the Muses; A Dying Speech; A Like Case; From the Dabistan; Morning; Death as a Neighbor; Thamyris; Syrinx; Antæus.

Mr. Blake has that kind of literary industry which is not content to tread the beaten paths, but strays into the byways of literature and culls many a rare plant and many a sweet flower that has long blushed in the desert of past ages. These he arranges for us with all the charm and all the skill of a master hand. There is a freshness about Mr. Blake's writing, an unaffectedness and simplicity, that reminds one strongly of Charles Lamb. Mr. Blake possesses a rich vein of poetry, his conceits are never unhappy, nor his metaphors obscure. His style is correct, and with a special charm of its own, and he is never wearisome or otherwise than interesting.—*Detroit Sunday News*.

This pretty book of 175 pages contains some fourteen chapters, or stories, or essays. One can call them what he likes. They are certainly hardly chapters, for they are on different subjects; nor stories, for while they contain many curious tales and bits of folk lore, they have no unity. They are just genial, rambling chats, and very quaint and curious, and readable. The author certainly has a style of his own, very graceful and very antiquated, and very charming. His book is well worth any one's reading.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

We do not remember to have read any book of essays in modern times which are so suggestive and which are written in such classic English. These essays should have a wide circulation if for nothing else simply as models of style.—*Tacoma Morning Globe*.

The papers are the recreation of a finely touched mind; we should suppose that any one who can appreciate their delicate qualities might be warranted in complimenting himself.—*Literary World*.

A delightful book, and restful to the worried and wearied soul. There are fourteen stories in it, quaintly told like the fables of La Fontaine; and like them, each with a moral humorous and wise. Mr. Blake has caught the knack of story telling in the idiom and style made familiar to us by the old English masters of the art; a style which, even to imitate well, requires genius, and a cultivated sense of humor. There is wit of good flavor in the artful puzzles made out of Mr. Blake's imagination, by which a little mental exercise is forced upon us as we wonder and wonder whether the characters he presents to us are in reality strangers, or old acquaintances clothed in poetical raiment entirely new, and made by Mr. Blake himself, as the boy made the wooden ship, "all out of his own head." * * * We are never sure the stories are not where they seem to be, nor are we sure that they are not. It is true that in the preface Mr. Blake has placed a signpost warning us where we must not go; but his illusions counteract his warning; and we wander pleasantly along, not certain whether we are in the lawful pathway, or walking on the grass. * * * In many respects these little stories are better than Rudyard Kipling's, and they ought to be widely read.—*The Open Court*.

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to be
Well Born."

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ought to be pro-
vided for check-
ing the birth of
sickly children."—
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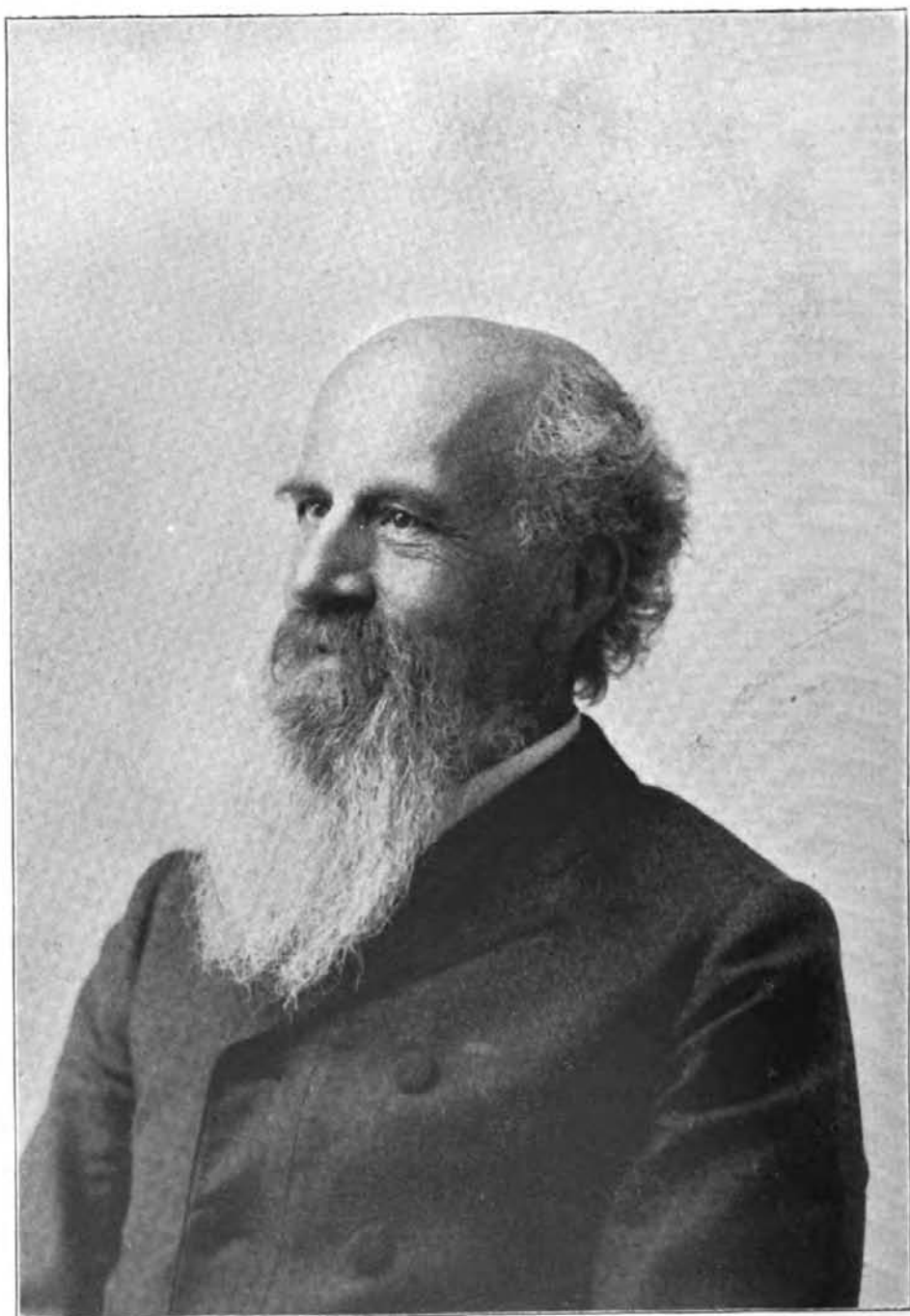
"As a natural sequence to pre-natal influence comes the limitation of offspring. To have well born children it is necessary that parents should know how to control procreation, that generation may take place under the most favorable circumstances. While abortion is condemned in the strongest possible terms, the regulation of procreation by preventing conception, so as best to secure healthy, well-born offspring and limited in every family to the number that can be carefully protected and supported, is strongly recommended and fully endorsed by a strong array of authorities in medicine, law and theology, from Plato to the present time." [Prevention of conception is emphatically declared to be often justifiable and obligatory from a moral and humane standpoint, and, if lawful, under the proper conditions harmless, absolutely effectual and entirely satisfactory.]—*Medical Times, New York.*

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Yours truly
H. C. Ireland

FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

THE BIBLE OF HUMANITY.

BY REV. W. E. COPELAND.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ;
And not on paper leaves or leaves of stone.
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it;
Texts of despair, or hope, or joy, or moan.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
While thunder's rages burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit.

WHAT Christendom needs as much as any other one thing is a proper conception of the Bible. Whoever will teach the churches what is the Bible of humanity, not of the Jews, or the Moslem, the Chinese, or the Hindus, but of the world, will be the greatest benefactor the world has ever known. Whatever sect shall use in the church the Bible of humanity shall finally triumph over all other sects and shall establish the religion of the world. For near two thousand years the progressive part of humanity have been like Prometheus bound; only that they have been fastened to the Hebrew Bible. What was to the people who formed it a source of inspiration and a cause of progress, largely because they were ever adding to it, became a pillory in which religious progress has been held firmly fastened, when the book was called God's Word and declared complete, when it was forbidden that another word should be added to it, or any change made in a text very plainly imperfect and corrupt. Ever athwart the path of advance has stood an infallible Bible, perfect even to the punctuation marks. Ever advanced students have had to thrust it to one side and so have been called Infidels to God, to Jesus, to Spirit, when they were faithful to the light within, which God has given to each human being. Advanced thinkers on religion, science, sociology, or any other subject are not naturally Infidels, they are

the ones who have seen the bright flame of the inner light, before which all other lights pale; they are the ones who have heard the Bath Kol, in the presence of which all other voices are harsh and dissonant. They have been called infidels, banned and excommunicated by the slaves to the letter of the Hebrew Bible; when they were worshipers at the shrine of truth, whose spiritual eyes were opened that they might see the words of God written in a thousand ways, on a thousand objects, now on paper leaves, now on granite slabs, then on blushing flower or painted cloud; whose spiritual ears have been unstopped that they might hear the Bath Kol, the Comforter, now speaking in temple through the lips of mitred priest and then in prison cell through the lips of chained convicts condemned, because they would not bow the knee to Baal; now in accents soft and low only to be heard in the silence; then in the crash of armaments which by dread battle right the wrong and bring divine vengeance on offending nations; now in the chant of strong men, who have valiantly battled for freedom and have won the prize, then in the wail of serfs, who dared not rise against tyrannical task-masters.

Why all these centuries has the Hebrew Bible been substituted for the Bible of Humanity, to the manifest injury of human progress? Partly because the party dominant in Christendom has so determined. Partly from the ignorance of the masses, who knew nothing of any other Bibles, and were fortunate if they could hear what had been adopted as the Christian Bible. Mainly, because in the Bible is contained the story of that great Jew, that true elder brother of humanity, that ideal, after which all may reach; whose life proves the divinity of human nature and so divinizes the race to which he belonged, and the literature familiar to his people and himself. The reason that the Hebrew Bible with its crudities, its barbarisms, its contradictions, its errors, has so long been revered, is that it has served for the wrappings of that Nazarene, who for more than eighteen hundred years has occupied in the hearts of all Christians a place different from that occupied by any other. As the flask of ottar of rose scents all the wrappings placed around it, until they give forth an exquisite perfume, so the personality of Jesus has made even dry chronologies and dull histories redolent of divinity. The little fragment of the life of Jesus contained in the Gospels, inspiring the epistles, has enlivened Jewish literature until it has come to occupy a place unique in the litera-

ture of the world. Yet there is nothing in the theology or morality of the Bible not to be found in other Bibles, nothing demanding any special intervention from the divine, nothing but what humanity unaided was competent to evolve. Prophets have lived in other lands, and without fear or favor have spoken, as the spirit gave them the word. Other martyrs besides Christian martyrs have died for the sake of what they believed to be the truth, and have made an edifying exhibit of their great faith.

Nor does the Hebrew Bible contain all in the way of theology and morality which humanity needs; while the chords struck are full, grand and strong, they are not all the chords, and we should remember what the prophets never forgot, that prophecy was never complete, ever in Hebrew history comes a new prophet, not infrequently overturning the old. As the people advanced new words of God were needed, and with the hour came the new word and the new prophet to proclaim the word. The Hebrew ever held that the Bath Kol was superior to any word, which had ever been written or spoken. God had never said all that he had to say; in guiding his people he ever had to choose new words for new conditions. God is infinite, then truth, which is God revealing himself, must be infinite too; no man or set of men, no book or set of books, can contain all of truth. The Bible of humanity is slowly writ, no book dropped into our midst all complete; but a book which with extreme slowness the race is preparing; one century perhaps adding no more than a page, while others may finish chapters. A progressive Bible, too, always with something new adapted to the new time and the new people. Some sentences in that Bible never can be changed, they belong to the foundation on which all virtue and morality must stand; others are for only a brief period, and shall be repealed when no longer needed. And while Hebrew literature was at its best, the scholars, the prophets, the living men, aflame with the inspiration of the divine, changed the old, left out and added, as there was need, the later prophets, especially Jesus, retaining hardly any of that which former ages had valued most highly. "It has been said of old, but I say unto you."

A study of other literature and other sacred books convinces us that they are from the same source as Hebrew literature. A comparison shows agreement on certain fundamentals, but a wide divergence on some essentials; shows prophets in every land. Has the prophet ended his work, will God no longer speak to his people,

has revelation ended? No. Men are the same men they have ever been; God is the same God, and he will still speak. Amid all the bibles of the world how can we tell what is to be now accepted?

We can take no other position than that held by the wisest and best in all ages, that the inner light must be used to detect what is God's word, and what is man's word, what is for all time and what is for some particular time. No Bible can decide what is truth for me; but I can decide by virtue of the Christ within me what is true in every Bible. I can select what is to be published in my Bible, and you cannot say me nay; because you do not find the text in your Hebrew Bible. I am a child of God or a part of God, ever under divine guidance. "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find," said the master. Jesus tells us that it is expedient that he go away; but that the world will not be left in darkness, for the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, shall guide the people. The Holy Spirit, the Bath Kol, the Voice of the Silence, shall answer those who ask. Light was offered to the world in the time of Jesus, and their condemnation was that they preferred the darkness to the light. Again and yet again the light has been and is offered to the world; shall we be among those who prefer the darkness? God forbid. The Hebrew Bible has been given to the world that all may read, but we need the light that all may read aright, and God has given that light to every one, not to the church alone, as the Roman church taught, but to all men everywhere.

"Whenever there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world, I incarnate from age to age for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness," is written in the Bagavad Gita. We insist that the apostle was right when he said God hath left no nation without a witness of himself, "nay, more, that God hath left no man without a witness of himself, for the life of man is from God and out of God. These can be only death. While then we are living any real life, we are in God, and the infallible guide can be heard, speaking so plainly that no one need err.

Friends, the Light of the World, at least of your world, is within yourselves. Prepare your bodies so that the light may dispel the darkness about you. Listen eagerly and you shall hear the divine voice speaking within in accents clear and unmistakable. To-day God speaks; let there be an entire liberty of prophesying as in olden time.

HEATHENDOM AND CHRISTENDOM.

BY ANNA B. BRAND.

TO man, by right of his own independent intelligence, belong reason, philosophy, free thought, and free speech. Superstition, with its twin offsprings, fear and hypocrisy, lifts its hydra-headed form upon the throne of tyranny, destroys these rights, and crushes down into the depths of darkness the intelligence of man. It wraps the mind in the winding sheet of creed and dogma, and entombs it in a misty maze of myths.

It has drawn the civilized world into a theological bias that found its origin in ignorance. Through it Christendom assumes the rights of a deputy deity, and, with the doors of its pet hell groaning wide, sweeps therein like dead flies the millions, who, from any reason, do not bow to its tenets.

The heathen is the special target of the theological guns; and the pearly portals of the beautiful beyond will never turn on their rusty hinges for his benefit so long as our learned D.D.'s hold the key of heaven.

Theology and orthodoxy, headed by the professors of Andover college, with an assurance that would be sublime were it not ridiculous, are industriously consigning the heathen to perdition on the very un-American principle of damnation without representation.

The pagan, they tell us, is lost—eternally lost—if he dies without Christ, or if he refuses to accept the God which Christendom claims to be revealed in the material universe. The alternative carries with it its own condemnation. Common humanity, the mere finite mercy of which man is capable, argues that no god capable of infinite mercy would refuse millions of souls a revelation of Christ, and then condemn them to everlasting tortures, because, forsooth, there were not enough missionaries to carry them the news.

After realizing the completeness of physical nature, it is slandering the workmanship of the great creative force to believe that it only completed the spiritual structure for part of the world and then gave the devil a mortgage on the balance, only to be redeemed by some stray missionary.

If there is a God, and to libel him is a crime, then the liveliest sizzlers on the hottest coals will be the orthodox Christians of to-day. The Agnostics are the best friends the God of Christendom has, since they are the only ones to defend him from the slanders of his supposed followers.

The heathen's soul, if he has such a troublesome impediment, is safe in the hands of nature's God. If there is a sentient Being at the head of the universe, are not those who, inspired by the higher pantheism, lift up their souls in adoration of visible nature—they who embody God in some portion of his own creation, be it a block of wood, a blade of grass, a stone, or a white elephant—are not they as truly satisfying the demands of the Infinite as they who kneel in their cushioned pews and pray to an invisible spirit?

Principle and not creed forms the great gauge by which souls are measured. The people who have among their precepts the Golden Rule as taught by Confucius five hundred years before the Christian hoax was perpetrated upon a credulous world, do not need missionaries to bring them the means of salvation. Buddhism, having for its foundation self-conquest and universal charity, is sufficient to work out the salvation of its believers. In fact, all the ethnic religions contain precepts superior to any in the Christian religion—except, perhaps, those which have been stolen and copied from the ethnic religions themselves.

Give the heathen, then, the benefits of our own arts and sciences. Teach them the gospels of liberty, intelligence and education; but in mercy to them let us not fasten about their limbs the ball and chain of the Christian religion. Let us not pale their cheeks and dim their eyes with the scarecrow of eternal punishment.

When we observe the crimes and degradations of Christian nations, with what degree of consistency can we offer to these people Christianity as an improvement over Paganism? Every vice of heathendom finds its counterpart in Christendom. The Chinese opium den is no worse than the Christian saloon. The festive cannibal gloating over his meal of roast missionary finds his compeer in our Christian authorized sinks of iniquity, where the licensed cannibal preys upon the morals of his victims. All the horrors practiced in heathen countries for religion's sake are counterbalanced in the story of John Calvin and Servetus, and that flower of theological zeal, the Holy Inquisition.

On the other hand, Christendom today owes, not only its be-

nevolent institutions, but existence itself, to heathendom. The first hospitals for diseased men and animals originated with the Indian Buddhists.

Hiaowentee, the Great, of China, 179 B.C., forbade the use of gold and silver vessels in the palaces, and appropriated their value to building almshouses for the aged poor. The great heart of humanity found responsive throbs in the heathen breast long ere the promised reward of harps and crowns induced a like response in the breast of Christendom.

When, in the night of the Middle Ages, the pall of ignorance enshrouded the Christian world in darkness and superstition; when church and clergy were a corrupt mass of bigotry and intolerance, and arrayed themselves against all institutions of learning; when schools were suppressed because the clergy knew that ignorance was essential to the propagation of a blind faith—what lighted the lamp of science, revived letters, started the world anew on a career of progress, and saved church and clergy from utter ruin? What, indeed, but the learning of the heathen Arabs and Moors!

Japan is a country where patience, gentleness, politeness, honesty, cleanliness, courage, energy, and intellect are national characteristics of a people whom we propose to convert. Convert to what? To the ingratitude, selfishness, dishonesty, political rascality, and religious hypocrisy characterizing Christian nations.

Said Gail Hamilton, that bright American woman with brains enough to have an opinion of her own and pluck enough to express it: "In this Christian country private virtues are so much submerged beneath degrading passions that we fly for refuge to the peace, comfort, fidelity, and love found only in heathen character."

It is only necessary to refer to our own Indians to prove that our "Christian" civilization, as applied to inferior races, is a failure. Whenever the white and Christian races have come in contact with the lower and heathen races, it has resulted in reducing a free and happy people to misery and ultimate annihilation through the agencies of drunkenness and vile diseases. The same conditions are slowly prevailing in Africa, where the stronger race is gradually usurping the birthright of the natives, and, incidentally, introducing all the vices of Christendom.

This simply goes to show that Christianity is not a civilizing influence, and that the heathen is happiest in his native ignorance of those comforting doctrines of total depravity and eternal punishment.

The universal evolution of intellect continues after physical evolution has done its work, and the rule of the survival of the fittest is as potent a factor in the establishment and existence of nations as it was in those of species.

The position of the Anglo-Saxon race as master of the universe was not attained because it adopted Christianity, but Christianity exists because it was adopted by the Anglo-Saxon race. And the selection was unfortunate for the race, since its great achievements might have been realized centuries sooner, had it not been for the retarding influences of Christianity.

Our civilization exists to-day not because of the Christian religion, but in spite of it. The higher nations have evolved toward the light impeded by religious obstructions, even as the escaping prisoner takes his iron ball under his arm, and, with his chain clanking about his heels, makes a dash for liberty.

The Christians are so accustomed to reading their Bible with their eyes shut that they do not realize that in forcing their religion upon the heathen they are going against the express commands of Christ. In Matthew, chapter x., 5, 6, in sending forth his twelve disciples, Christ said, "Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not. But go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." And again, in Matthew, xv., a woman of Canaan came to him to have her daughter cured of a devil. He at first refused to even notice her; and when importuned by his disciples to listen to the woman or send her away, he answered: "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." When the woman persisted in asking his help he said: "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to dogs."

The same expressions are found in Mark, vii., where the woman in the case is said to be a Greek.

This proves as clearly as anything can be proved by the Bible (and what can't you prove by it?) that Christ considered himself simply a savior of the Jews. It was for them he preached. It was not his desire to convert the world, for he thought the Israelite the only one worth saving.

The Christians have adopted a religion which was not only not intended for them, but which was repudiated by those for whom it was intended.

The Board of Foreign Missions would better turn its attention to aiding suffering humanity at its doors, rather than to forcing Bibles, red flannel, and an obnoxious creed upon foreign lands.

Clearly, the crying need of Christendom to-day is a Confucius to say, as he did twenty-three hundred years ago, "While you cannot serve men, how shall ye serve spirits?"

Evidently, the only solution of the problem concerning the weaknesses of Christendom is the immediate and liberal introduction of heathen missionaries.

Velasco, Tex.

A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON KNOWN FACTS.

BY CHARLES KENT TENNEY.

I.

THE officers having in charge the United States Geological Survey reported, some two years since, the discovery of the crater of an extinct volcano near the southeast corner of Marquette county, Wis., and about sixty miles from Madison, the capital. As it was demonstrated in their report that it is more than twenty-two million years since this volcano was in active operation, no alarm is felt by the people residing in its immediate vicinity as to their safety. The lava deposit is as perfect today as when it first flowed down the mountain side and spread out over the country for miles, covering the earth's then formation. We relate this simply to show that at that remote period the rocks had been formed and the earth's crust had already cooled. This crust was certainly hard and life was certainly upon the earth, as is evidenced by the fossils in the underlying formations. Whether human life, in any stage of development, existed at so remote a period is a question of much interest to both layman and scientist. Both prior and since, this country was under the sea, and since then came the last glacial period which covered it with ice.

II.

Primitive man, unfortunately, left but few traces behind to indicate his presence for any great length of time upon the earth; perhaps they are here, but not accessible, for we know the earth's surface is slowly but constantly changing. First, as dry land, then under the sea for countless ages, and it is more than probable that if the sea's bottom could be examined, it would yield up many

evidences of the early existence of man. We must, therefore, determine his presence by ascertaining whether conditions existed which would permit of human life, for, if these conditions existed, it naturally follows there was such life. We must also add to this such facts as we possess, showing his existence at a remote period, and by adding the two together see if we can arrive at a rational conclusion.

III.

Whether the nebular theory, as propounded by La Place, as to the origin of the earth and planetary system, is correct or not, it is unnecessary to discuss, and we will only say that it was never claimed by its author as a verity, only a suggestion or hypothesis by which the creation of the system might be accounted for, with a request to astronomers to direct their time and attention to scientific investigation to ascertain if the planetary creation could not be accounted for in the way suggested, and from their investigation has come much that would seem to indicate the correctness of the theory, although no one pretends that it anywhere near approaches actual demonstration. That the sun gives light and heat, as such, there can be but little question. It is contended there is a wall of many millions of miles between us and the sun, of intense darkness, but we have only to lift our eyes in its direction to know that we see it, and what we see coming from it is light. If a small cloud coming between us and the sun will totally obscure it from our view, how much more would the millions of miles of total darkness contended for obscure it and render it absolutely impossible for the eye to detect it or any other heavenly body. It is also contended that the most intense cold exists between here and the sun, and we confess that to a certain height this is true, but is it not a mere naked assumption as to this vast expanse of intense cold, not demonstrated? and we want no better demonstration of the sun's heat than to stand in it for a short time these August days. If it is an electrical effect, would not the heat be uniform? That is, nature being uniform, would not the same day in July this year be the same as last year, the year before, one hundred or one thousand years ago, the position of the earth to the sun being the same on recurrence of the same day? but we know as a matter of fact that in May a year ago we had intense heat, and in July it was quite cold, while in May this year it was quite cold, and in July quite hot. It is also contended that the

nearer the sun to the earth, the colder the atmosphere, but this argument entirely overlooks the fact that the southern hemisphere, during the same time, enjoys its summer. If our heat is due to electrical effects, would it not spread itself equally over both hemispheres at the same time? And would not the radiations from the equator, and upon which it has the most direct bearing, be equal, and always the same, at equal distances from it?

There is nothing more evident in science than that in nature nothing is lost, and therefore, we affirm that the heat coming from the sun in some way, and by processes of nature to us unknown, returns to it, and in this way the supply is constant and steady, and therefore there can be no such thing as its drying up. The blood sent out by the human heart permeates every portion of the body, and carries with it its nourishment and life-giving properties, and returns again to the fountain source, only to be again sent out on its mission of usefulness; so the light and heat sent out by the great heart of our planetary system permeates every portion of it, giving nourishment and life to everything within it, and, like the blood of the body, returns by processes of its own to its fountain source, only to be sent out again on its useful mission. Nature is similar in most of its works, and in their operation, and would it be out of place to compare our planetary system with that of the human body, with the planets as different organs of that body, each performing its own separate and distinct functions, and each, like the organs of the human body, depending upon itself and each other for its existence, and all forming one common system, and from the sun, the great heart of the system, coming that flood of life-giving properties spreading out to all parts of that system? Nature is similar, and all things depend upon each other, and was not man copied from that great system?

IV.

Whatever may have been the processes of origin, the significant fact remains that nature is ever tearing down and building up; nature is ever at this work without cessation. However great or small the object, this change has ever been and ever will be going on. There is nothing in nature which is not provided with the power of re-creation, and this re-creation, as for instance in man, is slowly and steadily developing. The thing may disappear, but simply to be reconstructed into something else. Time is but one

vast expanse—limitless at either end—and during this measureless past this ever exacting law has been constantly engaged in the work of construction, demolition and reconstruction. And, considering the extent of time, it is not hard to imagine the construction of our system, gradually and slowly, from the most infinitesimal particles of matter, and, after they have reached sufficient age, this same process will work their demolition, and as such system disappears, the matter going to aid in the construction of other of nature's marvelous works. Geology would seem to demonstrate the correctness of this world's slow formation, for it gives us its distinct epochs in such formation, each one following the other, and each taking countless ages to perfect, and we know not now what unseen and unfelt processes may be going on; processes to us infinitesimally slow, and yet not slow when measured by limitless time, and in which the life of man or race is as nothing.

V.

These different geological epochs had all occurred before the advent of our Wisconsin volcano, so that the earth's primary formations were 22,000,000 years ago as now, and perhaps for countless ages before. Were the conditions existing then, such as to permit of the existence of life, vegetable and animal? If life existed at all, it was both animal and vegetable, for we believe it to be an admitted fact that one cannot exist without the other.

VI.

Life first appeared upon the earth when the conditions were such as to permit of it. First in very low order, as conditions would not permit of anything else, and then, as conditions changed, developed with developing conditions. First, there appeared upon the barren rocks the lowest forms of vegetation, and with it animal life, and dying, left a small amount of nourishment for its successors to grow upon. This development and developing conditions have been as gradual and slow as the development of earth itself, and depending upon it. As conditions developed, vegetation first appeared upon its surface, and with it animal life, both in lowest forms, and from that early origin came all there is of life upon the earth, vegetable or animal, whether upon the land or sea. From this early start, countless millions of years ago, came man, not as man then, for he is but the development of what was

then; an evolution of natural processes from natural law of self-recreation. How long he has been what is now known as man no one can say, and we can only arrive at conclusions from evidences within our reach. That he has been such for ages there can be no question, and has been possessed of thinking, reasoning powers, although the time since he reached that age is as nothing compared to the time spent in reaching that point.

VII.

The fossil remains found clearly indicate a tropical condition of what is now known as the north pole. The conditions there must have been very different from now, and the ratio of increased and continuous heat at the equator must have made it so intensely hot that neither animal or vegetable life could have existed there, and the polar regions must have been the only part of the globe in which life could have existed. We doubt these were the facts, and we are led to the inevitable conclusion that the earth's axis changes, and that the now polar regions were once the line of the equator, and what is now the temperate and torrid zones the polar regions. These variations of the earth's axis would account for the different glacial periods, leaving the general temperature of the earth as now. That the position of the north pole varies is well known, and for the purpose of noting the variations of the magnetic needle, to avoid future trouble in our system of surveys, the government has established and maintains three magnetic observatories; one at Washington, D. C., one at Madison, Wis., and one in California, where the variations of the needle are carefully noted every day. These observations have not been taken long enough to note any perceptible onward movement that we know of. The oscillations would seem to be back and forth with uniformity; and yet in measureless time, where a second in the life of man is but as a thousand years, it would seem to be more than probable that there is a gradual movement of the polar regions toward the direction of the sun. If this be true, as it moves in that direction, other portions move toward the pole and receive its climate, while the advancing parts receive the warmer, and gradually moving on become the equator, and this would in time move on and form itself the south pole. By this process every portion of the earth is slowly and gradually changing position with respect to the sun, and it seems to us a rational way in which to

account for the different glacial epochs and their action on the earth. Thus the glacier is ever slowly forming as it reaches the region of cold, and as slowly and gradually melting as it passes out and into the warmer climate. To account for the glacier upon the theory that at certain periods intense cold existed upon the earth, is to assume that at these periods the sun lost its power to throw off heat, and is a claim which cannot be demonstrated, and is in direct opposition to the theory of many that it has from its commencement been gradually losing its heat, and will in time cease to throw off any. If this theory is true, the sun's heat during these remote glacial periods would have been more intense than now, and there could have been no ice. We cannot believe there was any such radical change in the temperature of the earth. The climatic conditions now existing at the poles are such as would produce the glacier, and it would seem very reasonable to suppose they did produce the glacier when the earth's surface was in such a position to the sun as to permit of their formation.

VIII.

There is no question but that at one time the now polar region was tropical, for the fossil remains of the mastodon and elephant are found there in abundance, and, as these animals lived entirely on vegetable matter, its growth must have been very rank and abundant. No such growth could have been produced in six months' continuous night. This period was before the last glaciers covered this section of the country, as is evidenced by the fact that their remains are frequently found in the glacier now extant. The change from tropical heat to intense cold did not come in a day or a year, but was a slow gradual process, as nature's processes are always slow; and, as the cold gradually took the place of heat, vegetation became less rank, and as the result animal life was forced to and did quit its feeding grounds, and slowly wind its way to more congenial climes, as self-preservation required, and we today occasionally find the remains of these monster animals in our section, which would lead us to ask, Did man exist with the mastodon at the time it was in the country now known as the north pole? If so, he was on earth, as man, before the last glacial period.

IX.

We read recently an account of the discovery of the remains of the mastodon in the southwestern part of Missouri, and there was

also found underneath the animal a large number of stone implements and arrow heads, and also the remains of a fire, which had been built under the animal. The animal had evidently gone to a spring to drink, and, the ground being soft, had become mired, and, finding it in this condition, the natives had killed it with their stone weapons, and, being too large game to remove, had cooked and eaten it on the spot. This fact not only demonstrates the existence of the animal in central United States, but also the existence of man with it, and that he was possessed of reasoning powers, and at least so far civilized as to understand the use of fire, and the making and using of stone tools. If man existed with the mastodon here, why not when it inhabited the now polar region prior to the last glacial period? If the conditions were the same in both sections, and they must have been to produce the same animals and means of subsistence, then there is no reason why he did not exist at what is now the pole. We find the remains of deserted villages among the glaciers of Greenland, and they certainly were not built when that country was in its present condition. Therefore, it would seem the conclusion is inevitable that he came here when the cold of that country drove the prevalent animal life into more tropical zones. Slowly and by degrees, he moved toward the world's center, with the advance of the ice, and took up his abode where conditions were more favorable to life. His migrations were not with one jump, but he tarried by the way and stopping hundreds of years, and building and living in large settlements.

X.

Along the southern shores of Lake Superior, in the copper belt, are vast ancient mines, covering hundreds of miles in extent, and showing that thousands of men must at one time have been engaged in their operation. This country is not now such as would support such a vast population as would be required to operate these mines to the extent they were worked, and either the country at that time was very different from now, where vegetation is very scarce, and such as would yield sufficient food, or it had to be brought there from long distances, and, as the means of transportation were very crude and limited, it would have taken a vast throng to have kept these ancient miners and their families in food and clothing. It seems to us, therefore, the conditions must have been

much more favorable, and this food was raised close at hand, a conclusion which is sustained by the fact that the now polar region was at one time productive of abundant supplies of vegetation and animal life; and that, as the advancing glaciers drove the population out, they settled in large numbers in this copper region, and the climate being favorable gave them ample subsistence. Gradually the glacier worked its way in the direction of what is now southward down through Wisconsin and Illinois, the extreme southern limit being about the Ohio river, and before its advance went the population, but they did not stop at this limit, it being too cold, but pressed onward to the now south, and the great bulk of the population settling in Mexico, and here we find the beginning of the Aztecs, a people as remarkable as any ever produced in the old world, and in many ways superior to the freebooting pirates under Hernando Cortez, who, in the name of Christianity, but really for plunder, destroyed them and their civilization. The remarkable works of these people left behind are evidences of their great civilization, and their wanton and wicked destruction is an everlasting disgrace to the Spanish people.

XI.

Here Christianity showed its first great work on this continent. Here it was that under the lying pretense of friendliness, in the Spanish advance to the great city of Mexico, it gathered the people together in the public places, and when all was ready commanded them to fall upon their knees before the cross carried by the priests, and acknowledge, instantly and on the spot, the Christian God. The people, wholly ignorant of the Spanish language and not knowing what was wanted of them, could not comply, whereupon they were slaughtered like so many wild animals, and, panic-stricken and frightened, and knowing nothing of the use of gunpowder, they were helpless to defend themselves, and not only were they murdered, but their persons, houses and temples pillaged of all valuables and their women ravished. It was a great day for Christianity, for not only was the pagan destroyed, but the learning and records of the only known civilized people who had ever occupied North America destroyed and forever lost. The Christian God "of infinite love, and tenderness, and mercy," must have been greatly gratified when he contemplated the awful completeness of the works of his chosen and select few, for not only did he reward

them with the accumulated wealth of these people, but no doubt, for their valiant services, they were given front seats in heaven.

XII.

While the inhabitants were slowly retiring before the advance of the resistless glacier in this country, the same was going on in the European continent, and we find the first evidences of great civilization along the Mediterranean sea. The climatic conditions were such in both continents at the time as to permit of this civilization, and perhaps such climatic conditions as now exist in present civilization, which would indicate that a high state of civilization is only possible under certain climatic conditions.

XIII.

Man's mental development has not always been onward. It has gone through various ages of advance and retrogression. Prof. Draper, in his very able work on the Intellectual Development of Europe, points out three distinct epochs, showing the advance and retrogression of the intellectual development of man in Europe, and the causes therefor. This retrogression was entirely due to fanaticism and selfishness, and always due to man himself. Ignorance and brute force has ever been the cause. The intelligent being in the minority, have simply been overwhelmed by the great majority, and the whole race relegated into ignorance through it, and it would seem that the periods of relapse and retrogression have far exceeded those of advancement. Selfishness in man has ever been the real cause, and, as it has worked to his great disadvantage in the times that are known, why might not it have been so previously? Will this retrogression in human advancement come again? It may be intended in nature's working. If so, we cannot help it. The tendency of the times is now the other way, but there are many among us strongly opposed to investigation and research, and who take the bible as absolutely true without question, and who in their blind fury and ignorance are willing to resort to anything to enforce their wild ideas.

XIV.

Let this class gain the upper hand, and a generation's time would destroy most that has been accomplished, and two, or three, or four such generations would repeat the history of the past, de-

stroy all learning, and relegate us to the condition of almost hopeless ignorance and barbarism. It is, therefore, not safe to feel that we are secured from the clutches of superstition and ignorance, but we should ever be on the alert, fighting the battles of freedom—of independence, conscience and thought, and until every vestige of superstition and ignorance is driven from the face of the earth. We owe it to ourselves, our posterity, and our race. We are not a pessimist, and have little or no forebodings as to the future. The spirit of liberty is so strong that it would be very difficult for any sect or faction to ever gain the upper hand, but "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Outrages and despotism are almost always committed in the name of the dear people, whom, it is represented, it is intended to benefit, and while they are lulled into temporary feeling of security by the sophistry and honeyed words of their betrayers, they awake to find themselves helpless and powerless in the hands of their wily and unprincipled masters. Let no one be put on guard but lovers of liberty—liberty of conscience, of thought and investigation, and thus will all be well, and superstition and blind fealty to ancient and antiquated myth be eradicated.

REVIEW OF TALMAGE.

BY JACK KAZAD.

"Cuba may one day be free, but it will be after she has shown herself capable of free government. To acknowledge Cuban independence would be to acknowledge what does not exist."—TALMAGE.

IT sounds cruel and unsympathetic to hear such sentiment as this fall from the lips of an American, but our surprise is happily dissipated when we learn that it was hatched in the fecund word incubator of that redoubtable sachem of the sky-pilots and devil-quellers, the ubiquitous Dr. Talmage. If any prominent Infidel had given utterance to a similar declaration concerning the less suffering Armenians, the preachers and religious press throughout the land would have denounced him as an unfeeling wretch and carping hypocrite, who had cudgeled every behest of right and violated every mandate of conscience. Throughout the world the Brooklyn divine is proverbial for his lip-sympathy for the suffering and down-trodden. Everything cruel and woful is repulsive to him, and the mournful cry of the helpless and homeless blend in harmony with the diapason of his ever musical heart. Like a ferret he caught a whiff of the blood of the unfortunate Christians which the merciless Turk was so liberally effusing amid the mountains of far-off Armenia, and it so shocked his immaculate piety that he cut sacerdotal antics all over his pulpit, and, mourning like the troubled notus, he sent his doleful lamentations all over Christendom. Two of his sermons wholly, and several partly, were devoted to exposing the ghastly crimes of the remorseless and pitiless Mohammedan.

Hearing of a famine in antipodal India, his loving and officious soul cannot restrain itself; his sanctified heart throbs for the suffering, sympathy leaps through his veins like fretful tongues of flame, and he even assumes the responsibility of making up a ship-load of provisions for the destitute. But when the night of death, desolation and despair casts the blighting shadows of its black wings over the peace-ridden isle of Cuba, why his wondrous change? Has his sympathy exhausted itself, or is the picture so ghastly that his delicate senses are stunned in attempting to conceive it? Probably some of his wealthy laymen own Spanish bonds, and recognition of Cuba's independence would endanger Spain's ability to pay

them. Is his flaming sympathy so timorous, that he cannot tread near those sacred precincts where repose the plethoric purses of the great divine's supporters? He is paid \$20,000 a year for his weekly performances, which consist of administering a dose of threadbare mouthings and a parrot-like repetition of historical incidents—has this anything to do with it? Cuba lies on the very shores of this nation. Our own brethren are groaning under the tyrant's lash and perishing in that most inhuman war. Maddened by the futility of his efforts to crush the doughty Cubans, Gen. Weyler has inaugurated a campaign of ravage and destruction as ghastly as ever was brooded in a murderer's brain or nurtured in a traitor's heart. The innocent and defenseless are without cause cast into dreary and desolate dungeons to languish and die, and old men in the midst of their families are shot down like dogs. Even children are murdered, and helpless women and young girls are ravished before the eyes of their loved ones by the lecherous and brutal soldiers of Spain. Yet Talmage, by being avowedly opposed to Cuba's recognition, is tacitly sanctioning the outrages of the war.

Talmage's brain is a vast reservoir filled with chunks of history steeped in a decoction of liquid dictionaries. He loves to display his erudition, but he is too much of a bungler to do it skillfully. He infers that Cuba is not capable of free government. This betrays his penchant to mislead, or else his dense ignorance of the history of our own hemisphere. Most of the South American republics are far less intellectual than Cuba, yet they have all demonstrated that they are capable of the best free government. During the American revolution France could, with the same propriety and assurance, have spoken of the Colonies as Talmage does of Cuba. How does he expect the Cubans to exemplify their capability to govern themselves? Does he expect them to exhibit the virtues of freemen while their limbs are fettered with the chains of kingcraft and tyranny? Does he expect them to attain the stature of enlightened citizens with the millstone of extortion hanging around their necks? Doubtless he never heard Lord Macaulay's famous apothegm—"Some politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition that no people ought to be free until they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the fable, who resolved not to go near the water until he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty

until they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever."

It has long since become proverbial that the American people are fond of humbugs—probably the latent wisdom of this maxim throws a beam of light into the unsolved mystery of Talmage's popularity. He is a preacher of but little reason, and utterly devoid of that gift which distinguishes all those who are truly great—common sense. There are hundreds of common country preachers who can preach a more practical sermon than he can. He is simply a word-juggler who amuses his audience with his sleight-of-tongue performances. None of his productions bear the stamp of original genius. They are a travesty upon the austere dignity which the pulpit assumes, and his bald and illogical ideas are an insult to common sense. In fact, his reverential harangues about some theological gewgaw or the keyhole of the pearly gates, and how the delinquent sinner can trick St. Peter and enter the New Jerusalem, remind us of good-natured mockery of religion, and sound like Washington Irving's burlesque on the battle of Fort Christina between Peter the Headstrong and Risingh. "Words," says a philosopher, "are the vehicles of thought." Verily Talmage possesses a multitude of vehicles which have never borne a burden save wind. His most marked characteristic is a natural predilection to hear his voice echo in his cranium. Let it be said, however, for his eternal credit, that, like that meek and obedient animal so conspicuous in bible history and noted for its long ears and sonorous voice, he is perfectly harmless. The power to do good is inseparably linked to the power to do harm, and whether a man who possesses native force of character is good or bad depends principally upon his early raising and teaching, and his own choice and application. Whilst Talmage does but little good, it must be said he does no harm. His mind is passive and not active; he receives, but he does not create ideas. He has a good command of language, and as a reciter of historical scenes and incidents he stands pre-eminent. He would have made a much better actor than he is a preacher, and as a noise producer even the most sanguine quail to question his right to the world's championship. He is considered great by those whose discordant thinkers mistake sound for sense and brass for brains. His exhortations are frequently as inflammatory as the vapid howlings of a frenzied female fanatic proclaiming the blessings and glory of the Salvation Army; and

antithetically considered his pulpit palaver is a splendid argument for free thought and infidelity. Judging from his utterances he is either densely credulous or cunningly designs to mislead his hearers by incensing their fears and figments and fanning the flames of denominational rancor. He preaches the bible, with all its idiotic theories and silly fables, as being the unerring masterpiece of the great Creator, and when his audience grows a trifle listless he spurs them to animation by telling them when and where and how the indignant Almighty struck dead some scoffing sinner. According to him this harmonious universe is governed by two omnipotent rulers, each the implacable foe of the other, viz., God and Devil. Isn't it anomalous that two such beings so radically different can get along together so amicably! In all the great events of history which have resulted for the good of mankind, Talmage can clearly see the blessed hand of God, but in those which have resulted in human misery and added to the sum of our sorrows he can plainly see the finger-marks of the slimy hands of Satan. Of course he has not yet invented a middle deity to which he could attribute those events which have been intermediate, neither good or bad.

Talmage is the Warrior of Words, the Napoleon of verbal array. He robs the dictionary of the mightiest treasures and crams them into his voice-box. He marshals them with mystic and masterful skill, and when he commands them to charge, too fierce and frosty for deliberate and efficient work, they rush to that famous aperture below his nose and tumble and roll over each other like apparitions in a drunken devil's dream. Oh, truly, to slightly change a bible sentence, "He shaketh his tongue like the cedar; his strength is in the muscles of his lungs, and the sinews of his jaws are wrapped together." (See Job XL. 16, 17.)

Samson slew a thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, but the Rev. T. DeWitt, being more humane and merciful, uses the same instrument to tickle the vanity and charm the ears of reverential audiences. Where and how he acquired his marvelous adeptness in using such lingual monstrosities is an unsolvable mystery as deep and dark as any which ever benighted the minds and bewildered the visions of the riddle-solvers in this world of wonders and witches. He can take an infinitesimal thought and girdle it with a tiara of verbal abortions and Talmagian thunder. He can bury a pismire idea under a mountain of sesquipedalian words.

An English king so loved tall soldiers that he searched his kingdom, picking out the lengthy men for his body-guard. Talmage rakes the dictionary for words measuring their merit by their horizontal hugeness. Stew down his ocean of noise and you will not have a quart of common sense. But he is a typical Christian. In fact, he is the Tamerlane of modern orthodoxy. His tongue is his sword, and his garrulous verbosity his artillery. Thus heroically formidably accoutered he is Gehenna's sleepless and unbending foe, perpetually bombarding the helmeted hosts of hell, and emptying the quivers of his virulent and untoward wrath endeavoring to pierce the rhinoceros hide of the devil.

When the Brooklyn Tabernacle was last destroyed by fire, the doctor is quite sure that the Lord postponed the conflagration, for he says: "Had the fire commenced thirty minutes sooner the most appalling catastrophe of the century would have happened." If the Lord held the fire in check for thirty minutes, why didn't he go to the less trouble of totally extinguishing it? Secret societies attribute the death of their members to God, but Talmage makes him a common incendiary, sneaking around burning churches, his own temples, and disturbing the congregations which love him so dearly! He knows well the prodigious depths of human credulity, and like all other preachers his favorite text is, "God loveth a cheerful giver." He is the most colossal pious snide of the age, and his hodge-podge homilies display a knowledge of the sycophant's art which only an adroit hocus-pocus could possess. We dismiss him with Horace Greeley's crushing blow, "His title to eminence rests on his ability to be a thousand different kinds of fools."

Dayton, West Va.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

SELF RELIANCE.

BY OTIS ORMSBY.

I N thyself have faith, O man,
Thy God is found within.
Thou art one with Nature's plan,
And not a child of sin.

Let thy conscience be thy God,
Swiftly its voice obey.
It will guide thee on the road
That leads to perfect day.

Dim not the light of reason
By any coward thought.
To doubt thy soul is treason;
'Twill bring thy life to naught.

There's no truth too high for thee,
No virtue too sublime.
Assert thy own divinity—
The best will come in time.

Greely, Col.

A CONSOLATION.

BY AUGUSTUS W. DELLQUEST.

I F I will make the best of life,
It's end I never need to fear;
And though my days be full of strife,
Yet if I keep my conscience clear,
All things can then be borne.

Let tears be falling thick and fast,
Let every star of hope turn black,
Let every sunny day be past,
But if I goodness do not lack,
All things can then be borne.

When throbs the heart of my loved one
 With perfect love and sympathy,
 When I pure manhood's crown have won,
 And worked for human liberty,
 All things can then be borne.

PROFESSOR GREENHILL REPLIES TO SOME INQUIRIES.

EDITOR Free Thought Magazine: As I have received letters from some of your readers asking for information upon astronomical matters, I thought it advisable to send you a short article, the publication of which will serve as an answer to the questions



JAMES A. GREENHILL.

asked, and perhaps interest other readers of the Magazine. The little knowledge that I have gleaned through the study of these things will be freely communicated to any of my fellow men or women, who will be at the trouble to correspond with me through any medium.

A gentleman living in Pennsylvania asks the question—How is it known that the orbit of the earth is elliptical? Another asks—How is it known that the aphelion and perihelion points do not coincide with the solstices?

Now, it is very gratifying to know that some minds have an inclination to devote time to such studies, instead of following something imaginary, over which so much quarreling can be done, without reaching any reasonable conclusion.

In science there is no ism. Science is knowledge, not guesswork. My ephemeris for '97, that I have had for over two years, told me of the eclipse of the sun that is visible as I write these lines, 9 o'clock A. M. July 29, and stated it exactly as we see it just now. These are grand phenomena to study, if for no other reason than because there is no occasion for disagreement over them.

I will now try in as few words as possible to answer the above two queries, that of my Pennsylvania correspondent first.

It is well known that the farther an object is distant, the smaller it appears, because the angle it subtends diminishes with distance.

Distance will make an elephant appear as small as a mouse and if, increased will make it invisible, the angle being too small for the eye. Now, if we apply that rule to the sun, we find that it is smaller in summer than it is in winter as 31 to 32. The extremes being reached on July 2d and January 1st. On July 2d it measures $31' 32''$. On January 1st it measures $32' 36''$. Thirty minutes equals half of a degree, so we see the sun occupies a little over half a degree, showing a difference in apparent diameter of disk equal to the difference between 91 and 94 millions, which is said to be the distance in miles between the earth and sun, according to the latest measurements, at July 2d and January 1st, the mean distance being $92\frac{1}{2}$ millions. Now, knowing as we do that, if the earth were at all times the same distance from the sun, it would always present the same size of disc to us, we readily perceive there is no way of accounting for its apparent difference in size except in difference in distance, and difference in distance shows ellipticity, and that fixes the aphelion and perihelion points at July 2d and January 1st, respectively, and which also determines the line of apsides of the earth's orbit in space. That is one of the evidences of ellipticity. Another proof is the irregularity of the sun in coming to the meridian from day to day, necessitating what is known as the equation of time. The motion of the earth on its axis is truly equable, as is proven by the regular nature of the star to the meridian, and if its orbit were perfectly circular, with the sun in the center, the sun would culminate as regular as the star, but nearly four minutes later, on account of the earth's movement in its orbit. Now we find the sun does not come to the meridian with equal regularity day after day; sometimes it culminates in less than twenty-four hours, and sometimes it requires a little longer time owing to the earth's place in its orbit, and whether it is going farther from or coming nearer to the sun.

To overcome difficulty in calculating, the astronomer assumes a fictitious sun called the mean sun, which moves with the exactness of the star, but slower; and counts the real sun fast or slow, as the case may be. And the difference between this imaginary sun and the real sun is called the equation of time. This mean sun comes to the meridian day after day with chronometer exactness, while the sun itself varies, making it impracticable to construct a sun dial to tell the hours correctly the year round, and nothing but the obliquity and ellipticity of the earth's orbit could possibly produce these varying phenomena.

Now let us examine the solstitial problem. The solstices are brought about by the direction of the earth's axis coming in line with the plane or line of the axis of the ecliptic; which is at the sixth and eighteenth hours in right ascension. But the distance between the summer solstice and aphelion, as well as the distance between the winter solstice and perihelion, is increasing from year to year, on account of the change in the direction of the earth's

axis in one direction, which causes precession, and the movement of its orbit in the contrary direction, which changes the line of apsides. This displacement or change is all the time slowly going on, and amounts to a little over one minute in arc in a year. We can tell the solstitial points by watching the sun. From January it climbs upward till June 21st, when it reaches its highest altitude of $23^{\circ} 27' 17''$ north of the equinoxial. For a day before and a day after it appears stationary, and then begins to go south, and keeps on going south till December 21st, at which time it reaches a point so far south of the equinoxial as it reached north in June, and is in like manner stationary for three days. This is the winter solstice, and was the origin of the myth of a god being three days and three nights in the grave. Then came the resurrection, when it began to rise higher again, and which myth, with many others equally unreasonable, became a foundation for a religion to our forefathers many thousands of years ago, and in later years, by ingraftation, became one of the dogmas of the Christian church.

J. A. GREENHILL.

Clinton, Ia., July 29, 1897.

BUECHNER ON FREE THOUGHT.

EDITOR Free Thought Magazine: Not long ago the great Free Thought Congress of Europe was held in Vienna, and was attended by a number of the foremost thinkers of the old world. Many interesting things were said in the course of its sessions; and among others was a memorable address by Prof. Ludwig Buechner, one of Europe's most powerful minds. I take pleasure in translating some of the most striking passages from this scholar's address, in order that the readers of this magazine may have some idea of what is being done across the water, for the cause in which we are so deeply interested.

Prof. Buechner was very ardent in the expression of his views, that religion should not be taught in the public schools. He was willing that religious history should be embraced in their course of study; but that it should be taught like any other branch, so that the child might learn how from the beginning of time man looked upon the deity.

"When the pupil sees what sufferings humanity has received at the hands of religious fanaticism and priestly dominion, he will naturally turn away from it and do homage to the principle: 'We have believed long enough, it is now time that we should know.' Science, not dogma, must be the basis of educating our children. The solution of this problem is a difficult one, since the state and the church have worked together, hand in hand, for ages; and in many places they still continue to cater to each other, the schools

being founded upon a religious basis." After discussing the nature of various dogmas, Prof. Buechner asserted that modern science and religious faith are absolutely revolutionary, as regards each other.

"The battle against the old powers and the apparently invincible indolence and ignorance of the great masses is a most difficult one. Yet the forward march of truth is not to be retarded; therefore we must persevere bravely, and attempt no compromise with the church, since it is wholly impossible to unite fire and water."

Prof. Buechner then discussed the essence of Free Thought, which he described as a system of morality without the evils of a religion. "The Freethinker's faith is love for fellow man, with Nature as his bible. Mankind has its heaven and hell upon earth; the falsely so-called materialism of science is the highest ideal of life. The Freethinker is a socialist; not in the sense of socialistic or social-democratic partisanism, but to the extent that he is desirous of equalizing the social inequalities and injustices that are now so prevalent. The Freethinker's endeavor is to encourage the diffusion of knowledge, instead of the propagation of ignorance, to reverence truth instead of worshiping mysterious fancy, to inspire self-confidence in place of trusting to prayer, to promote peace instead of waging war, to love all and hate none, to enthrone justice by wiping out all oppression, to secure liberty in religious and political matters by abolishing ancient superstitions and servitude—finally, to establish universal education and material prosperity instead of social rudeness and inequality."

The speaker continued: "We are striving to decidedly better the economical situation of the working classes, and we must admit that that which has been previously accomplished in this direction consists solely of but a few palliative remedies, which cannot possibly bring about the solution of the social question. I am no social-democrat, but rather an opponent of social-democratic theories, which I believe it impossible to demonstrate practically. The organization of labor for state authority is an impossibility. The existing social injustice can be remedied and a greater compensation in the battle for existence brought about without threatening individuality and personal liberty. This can be accomplished in three ways: by the reduction of all property, to which we as co-partners have a universal right, to a mutual ownership; by the restriction and gradual abrogation of the right to bequeath property; by resolving the state into a mutual insurance company, which shall provide against sickness, accidents, working incapacity, etc., not proportionate for all, but for each according to his standing in the civil community. If these principles are sufficient to make it possible for us to realize our plans, then we will have arrived at our great end, which can be expressed in the noble words: Liberty, knowledge and prosperity for all."

Indianapolis, Ind.

HANS O. STECHHAN.

THE LIBERAL UNIVERSITY.

BY C. ELTON BLANCHARD.

THE freethinkers of the United States may congratulate themselves that one state in the Union has courage and interest sufficient to undertake the establishment of an institution of learning which may not only from the first, but throughout its whole career, serve humanity, entirely free from religious superstition and creed; that one organization of liberal-minded men, the Oregon State Secular Union, has taken the first step in a work that good men the world over should encourage and commend.

When Stephen Girard willed several million dollars to the founding of a college under the condition that no minister, missionary or priest should ever visit the institution, he doubtless surprised the ecclesiastical world. Mr. Girard would be more surprised should he know that Christian authorities now control the college; that Theology is taught and has a chapel where Christian services are conducted therein. Thus orthodoxy follows the same old philosophy, "There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ."

Now, as in the past, the Christian can ask with no little force: What excuse had Stephen Girard to make such narrow-minded provisions in his will? Have not colleges and schools been founded by the Christian world as fast as they are needed? Who has led in education, in philanthropy, in reform, and who are leading today? Have priests and minister been such enemies of the young that they must be prohibited from setting foot upon a proposed college campus?

These same men can now turn to the Liberal University movement, asking: Has the country no schools and colleges doing good enough work to suit the Infidels? Has Oregon no state colleges, no non-sectarian schools, to say nothing of several denominational schools, that satisfy the needs of that sparsely settled country? What justifies this so called sacrifice to a cause, or rather a *supposed cause*; this struggle, work and worry to found a *Liberal University* (emphasis upon the word Liberal)—this agitation up and down the land about human need, etc.—what justifies it?

Even Liberals will, without thinking, feel inclined to judge the attempt on part of the Oregon State Secular Union as uncalled for, and visionary. It is a fact to deplore that Free Thought is anarchistic in its tendency. Its disciples too often refuse to make sacrifice or to labor that others may be free and intelligent as themselves. They feel as if it was a battle for the individual alone, and if a man is fool enough to submit to priestcraft and church burdens, let him submit! I want my fellowmen to let me alone and I will let them alone. This is the reasoning.

Dogmatic faith, however, and fear of hell, have made zealots, and zealots, in adding stars to the heavenly diadems, have ground

the masses to found colleges, hospitals and other institutions of an ethical character. Now that science has largely driven out dogmatism, the colleges under church control are doubtless doing the race as much, or nearly as much good as if no pretension of Christian faith was made.

It will be confessed by all thinking men, Christian or Liberal, that the teaching of the Christian faith will sooner or later be entirely eliminated from all institutions of learning and churches will evolutionize into places of social and ethical culture. Dogmatic faith is dying. Only about one-third of our population are communicants in all the twenty-one Protestant denominations and the Catholic church combined. A large part of these are merely members for other reasons than that they have faith and actual belief in the dogmatic creed they profess as members. Why then undertake at this time such a work as the Liberals of Oregon have undertaken, the founding of a Liberal University?

We are thus prepared by these few words of introduction, to appreciate the defense I am about to make for the new college. Natural evolution is retarded by creedism. Past history, such as the Reformation, the story of the Puritans, Separatists, Quakers, etc., has proven that retarded evolution culminates in catastrophe. Just as the waters of a river may be held back by the ice-jam until at last the great force thus generated sweeps everything before it, so mankind, if held back in its natural development and progress by some unnatural obstruction, will at last break away, and usually with loss of life and widespread suffering and sorrow. The A. P. A. and other every-day indications tell the thoughtful man that such obstructions now impede our progress.

If the clergy develops a man who dares to teach disregard for dogma, and we have seen them coming to the surface here and there of late, the "powers that be" punish the bold fellow by trial for heresy, blasphemy or in some other effective manner silence the unruly clerical.

It now becomes the duty of every Freethinker to be constructive. We have seen too much time wasted in contention and idle bickering. The time has come to demonstrate to the world that education, culture and civilization are not results of Christianity, but came in spite of it. We should now show the church that one college can be conducted successfully with no Bibles, prayer-books or confessions of faith laid in its cornerstone.

How easy it would be if all men were awake to the importance of such a demonstration. In the way of contrast, remembering that one-third only of our population are confessors of faith, which portion of course includes a large per cent of hypocrites, while two-thirds are not willing to subscribe to the creed of any church, it may seem strange that the one-third of Christian confessors support about fifteen hundred religious newspapers, while the non-confessing two-thirds support eight Free Thought papers, and these

are often in great need of funds if the urgent calls for subscriptions past due is any indication.

I feel safe in saying that 20,000,000 is not a large estimate of the number of able men and women who are rejectors of dogmatic faith, and who could support Liberal papers. Suppose each should give the very small sum of one dollar a year to the Liberal University, it would mean only the value of a postage stamp a week, half the price of a poor cigar, half the cost of a drink of beer—a trifle—yet if sent each year in the small sum of one dollar no school in the world could equal the Liberal University at Silverton, Oregon. Leland Stanford University, or any other, could not compare for worth and greatness with it. The Christian church demands one-tenth of our income as belonging to the Lord. Is Free Thought asking very much when it asks for two pennies a week for the Liberal University? A volunteer does not wait until an army of a certain size is in the field, nor does a true Liberal wait before doing his part, until somebody else has given a certain amount. The ground for the first building for the university is being broken. Would it not be a satisfaction to know that in the cornerstone of this first building, among others, your name could be found as one who had given one dollar, five dollars, one hundred dollars, or whatever sum your means allowed? Is it not worth our while to be able to point to at least one successful college wherein no dogma is taught, and where Christianity is studied, just as Buddhism or any other religion, for whatever good it may contain?

I understand that Silverton people are heartily interested in the coming university, and one of its respected citizens, Mr. John Hicks, Silverton, Ore., is the proper person to whom your "tithe" should be sent. I am also satisfied that the men who are giving their time and energy to the founding of this school, and sacrificing the best years of their lives, and I venture with no financial results that would tempt even a dry goods clerk to exchange places for that reason, are most worthy of and fitted for the duties that the Oregon State Secular Union has assigned them. I said something about sacrifice, but I am certain that these men, as would any man with the religion of Humanity in his heart, count it a pleasure to work for a cause so dear to us.

If this college can be successfully founded, and if others in the states follow, men will rapidly gain courage to be free. Hypocrites hate their hypocrisy. Many a deacon gets up to pray cursing himself for being too much a coward to assert his real convictions. Such a movement will save the country from a crisis which will surely come if reason is much longer outraged.

The Liberal University is started. Its organization is perfected. The rest is growth, now the tree is planted. The ground is opened for foundation of the new building. The foundation principle of the college is to know law. Science, as the search for this truth,

will be taught within its walls. The guide—the only safe one—is Reason, and the chief assistant is Experience.

To enumerate in brief then:

We need the Liberal University to prove to the world that men can be educated, cultured and progressive without dogma.

We need it to hasten the elimination of Christian dogmatism from already organized educational institutions.

The work is begun, and it is in worthy hands.

The location is excellent for the Pacific coast states, and can be readily reached by even those of the Atlantic states.

Two cents a week from liberal-minded men would give it an annuity of \$20,000,000.

When Stephen Girard came to die, though many times a millionaire, his fortune gave him no comfort. He disposed of it as his best judgment said was wisest. Yet I firmly believe that those Liberals who help one, five, or several hundred dollars' worth in founding the Liberal University will find, while still alive, a greater comfort in the thought that their aid was a part of this school's success, and this will be at least one solace.

Free Thought holds no crucifix over dying men and women extorting legacies from them. Free Thought appeals to our reason, asking us in the name of the Brotherhood of Man to lend a hand. Just now the Liberal University at Silverton, Ore., needs, deserves and expects your co-operation. Will it be disappointed? Answer for yourself, and let your neighbor do likewise.

A THEOLOGICAL DISCUSSION.

BY IDA BALLOU.

IT was not at all my fault. Nor did I go "out of my way" to seek it. Theological discussions, or, in fact, any discussion bearing upon visionary subjects in range with religion, are not specially desirable to me. I do not like anything illustrative of much effort. And it is something of an effort to "talk" rationalism to a religionist. And that to a pulpit exponent. Yes, I actually had the experience of "arguing with a minister." It was this way. Since our town has been inflated with a high sense of its importance in owning a few magnificent store buildings and "took on" city ways, it has been agitating its members for a new church site. And, of course, in the way of all such things, it was finally obtained—and a brave-looking new building soon faced a busy street with bright colored glass windows. The old minister was "superannuated" together with the old church. (And, by the way, it was the first opportunity I had had of really seeing what a "superannuated" minister was like. When a child I was moved

to tears over Fanny Fern's pathetic pictures of "the superannuated minister" grown "gray in service," bowed down with the burden of his parish—relentlessly cast adrift—thanklessly deprived of his only means of support—without a "cent" to live upon; for he was Chirst-like, and believed in "taking no thought of the morrow." But surely here was a different case. This "superannuated" minister drove around town in fine style, and now that he had become "discharged" from "God's service," dropped his former pious "cant" and became an agreeable and respected citizen. I feel a little different, now, about superannuated ministers.)

Well, of course, with the new church came the new minister. My friend, Mrs. M., gave me enthusiastic accounts of him, and, as she was an ardent "church member," was most anxious that I should meet him. "Even with your prejudices you cannot help but like him," she declared. "You will find him very agreeable, for he has frequently assured 'us' that we must be ever solicitous and patient with unbelievers, and so I know you will get along well together when you meet, as you surely will, for I am going to present you at my first opportunity." It was not long before the opportunity did come; in fact, it was but a few hours before the spoken decision of my zealous friend that I found myself side by side with the new minister.

I must do him the justice to say he was polite. I have not always lived in this town, but my notoriety as an "unbeliever" had "spread" far and wide. So it was safe to affirm that when the "new-minister" heard my name he knew he was face to face with a Freethinker—yet, to his credit be it said, he did not survey me with the astonished air, as though presented with some new order of species, that many of his "fold" assume. Instead he seated himself by my side and remarked differentially:

"We seem to have an agreeable little coterie here."

(You see we were in one of those many little social gatherings zealous people like my friend Mrs. M. often undertake for the benevolent purpose of bringing "people together." And when accomplished result in new food for scandal; at any rate, furnishing Dame Grundy new items for her "society ledger.")

Not to be outdone by such an example set before me, I willingly acquiesced and further added that I hoped he had found his advent among the villagers pleasant and advantageous.

He acknowledged that he had and thanked me for my implied good wishes; and our conversation took a literary turn. I found him, as might be expected, an admirer of Lew Wallace, with especial regard for his interpretation of biblical lore, and without the necessary attention to his gift as a story writer. Unconsciously I turned critic. I did not mean to, for, as I said before, I did not deem rationalism and emotionalism "fair foes." But the ridiculousness of deeming "Ben-Hur" an inspired work seemed to call

forth some denial. "Why not class the 'Arabian Nights Entertainment' among your list of 'inspired' works?" I asked.

"Because there is no comparison in the case whatever," he responded. "The character of Ben-Hur may or may not have existed. But Wallace's account of the childhood, manhood and martyrdom of Christ we know to be accurate, and, in so far as he dwelt upon the life of Christ more understandably than the great number of other writers, we feel justified in calling it inspired."

He grew a little confused toward the close of his little speech, and so regarding me rather sternly, he said: "I think you have allowed your mind to become too prejudiced to see the beauty and worth of such productions as those of Lew Wallace; and I am very sorry for you if such be the case."

I could not resist a smile.

"You must not let me forget the thread of our little controversy by turning it into a personal combat," I answered. "I believe I have given due appreciation to the talent of the author of 'Ben-Hur,' and other works, as far as his gift of rendering old legends and traditions interesting, extends. It is only when you call him an historian that I expressed doubt. Now, why you believe 'Ben-Hur' to be so truthful a work and doubt the veracity of the 'Arabian Nights' I cannot understand. Both were written by talented writers, with a good gift of telling a story—the only difference being in the fact that we have evolved out of credulous belief in fairies, while we have not in old Eastern lore."

He made a heroic effort to restrain his impatience. Mrs. M's garrulity was not at fault after all.

"I suppose it is useless to refer to the bible for proof of my statements, because you are an 'infidel,'" he replied rather ungenerously. "Infidels have been correctly likened to a 'mute who understandeth not.' And it is so with your idea of 'Ben-Hur.' You don't want to understand, that is all. You take pleasure in contradicting its statements, and the statements of those who try to interpret it for you. You are a literary woman. Supposing you failed to understand some passage in Shakespeare, and some friend tried to explain it to you. Would you call him or her untruthful because it was something you did not expect?"

"Not more than I have you, Mr. C.," I responded. "You jump at a conclusion too quick. I have not called you untruthful, though I may have called you rather inconsistent, in my heart. I do not agree with you, that is all. Whether I want to or not is another matter. I certainly do not want to be influenced by any other factor than that of reason. And I do not consider the inspiration of the bible or 'Ben-Hur' reasonable. As to the interpretations of the bible and those of Shakespeare, I see no comparison. I do not, nor does any one I know of, deem Shakespeare infallible. If I differed from my friend in interpreting any particular passage, I should try to thoughtfully consider both, and if mine seemed more

reasonable I should reject his, or hers. It might be natural egotism that made it seem so, nevertheless I should act upon conviction."

He arose to leave me.

"You are like all Free Thinkers, assured and positive while health and prosperity are yours. But when trouble and weakness come you will be just as anxious and as willing to call out to your forgotten Savior," he declared.

I arose also and stifled a little yawn.

"Why should you criticise that when your 'chosen people' declare with such fervor that

"While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return,"

and also 'that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than ninety and nine just ones'? We all like to be appreciated," was my parting shot.

But he had gone. And is he not like ten thousand others. Dwarfed and deformed by superstition from childhood; with truth so perverted and ill-used they cannot recognize it at all; together with a mind poisoned by imaginary woes, rendering them unable to converse on reasonable grounds. As Shelley has aptly written—

"The name of God
Has fenced about all crime with holiness,
Himself the creature of his worshippers."

Porterville, N. Y.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR FREE THINKERS.

(The following letter, that we take from the Blue Grass Blade, was written by a gentleman who is connected with a metropolitan journal of very large circulation.—Ed.)

DEAR Mr. Moore: I note with pleasure your programme regarding the future of the Blade as indicated in your last issue. I also note your request for opinions regarding the same, hence this letter. Being a confirmed pauper with only a salary between me and starvation, I cannot respond in the way that I would like to, but perhaps a word of encouragement will do no harm, if it does no good. Recently, infidel papers have been scolding because their subscriptions do not come in and because people seem disinclined to make their antes good with the publisher. From this they are inclined to fear that the cause of free thought is not gaining. They are prone to get discouraged. There are so many symptoms to the contrary that I want to call your attention to a few. It may revive drooping spirits. Christians say that Christianity is a "growing religion." Every change that has ever been made in the faith has been to take something away from it. The doctrine of "indulgences" is

now a-hissing in nearly every corner of the globe. Infant damnation has long since been wiped out of existence by all fathers and mothers. Original sin is fading fast away. Joshua's astronomy raises a smile in almost any congregation, while Jonah's whale is a laughing stock in the sanctuary. The story of creation has become a nice fable and the oratorical snake is now a legend. People can even doubt the divinity of Christ, without being hanged, and can cuss, without having holes bored in their tongues. Quakers can say that conscience has as much authority as a rule of life as the scriptures, without being burned alive and chased by the dogs. People can even discuss the truth of the scriptures and not be boycotted, sneered at, and cast out from social circles. We can do a little work on Sunday and not go to jail for it, that is, you can do it in more civilized communities. All these things have been driven out of the Christian religion by the heathen and in the past 150 years, and most of them in the past fifty years. The more you take away from the faith, the better it becomes. The less there is of it, the more it "grows." Only a few days ago I was talking with the editorial writer of one of the leading religious papers, and I asked him why he was letting up on his "hell fire" articles. He replied frankly that there was no use of preaching that kind of a hell any more, as people would not believe it.

Another thing. In my work I read some three thousand papers of all sorts and kinds every week. I do not know of a single reform paper that has not been crippled by hard times during the past year. Populist papers have particularly suffered. Half of them have gone out of existence. The rest have reduced their size. The prohibition papers have suffered likewise. Their subscription lists have dropped nearly one half. Religious papers are in the same fix or worse. Last week I was talking with the editor of the *Christian Work*, the big New York religious weekly. He told me that in the past year about 170 religious papers had died, and that most of the balance were on the ragged edge of bankruptcy. I have not heard of a single infidel newspaper quitting publication during the year.

Freethinkers have the least cause to get discouraged of any folks that I know of.

Respectfully,

W. E. Johnson.

New York City, July 31, 1897.

LETTERS AND EXTRACTS OF LETTERS.

John Smith Kirk, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. :

"We Freethinkers ought to be proud of our Magazine. It is the cleanest, and best, and fairest, of all our literary efforts. It has made a big rift in the dark clouds of error and enabled the most earnest students of nature to get a glimpse of the sun of righteousness, which once seen can never be forgotten."

H. J. Margerum, Springfield, Mass. :

"I am pleased to have made out so well in these 'hard times.' The inclosed names make sixty-seven in all that I have procured in this city and I may get a few more. I presume you need all the help you can get these dull times. All I have accomplished I have done gladly to sustain your clean Magazine. I am a Free Thought man and desire to do all I possibly can to do away with superstition, and get people to think for themselves; but if to be a Freethinker I have to endorse Free Love I shall leave the ranks forever."

[If this Magazine had a hundred other as earnest, practical friends as is Mr. Margerum, it would be on the right road to success. May their number increase.—Ed.]

Joseph Strump, Milo, Ohio:

"I have just read your January Magazine and my opinions fully accord with yours therein expressed. I have been a reader of "Lucifer" for some time, and I assure you I do not admire that publication at all. I fully agree with your and Col. Ingersoll's opinion as to marriage, and do not think Freelovers should control Free Thought conventions. I have been a member of the American Secular Union since last November only, but I can see that the work of these people will not add strength to our cause, and I believe, under the present management of the union, they will not be allowed to control our conventions as they have sometimes done in the past. You may not care for letters of this character, but I desire you to know that I fully endorse all you say on this subject. Find enclosed \$1 for the Magazine one year."

B. K. Purdum, Lauraville, Mo. :

"I asked a 'minister of the gospel' his opinion of the article 'The Myth of the Great Deluge' in the July Magazine. And his reply was, 'All things are possible with God.' I told the brother he was bringing his God far below the standard of human intelligence by believing that he would do things that he himself would call any man insane for doing; and that the Great Author of things formulated the laws of Nature with such efficiency that they would need no alteration."

[The trouble with this orthodox minister is when he says, "All

things are possible with God," that he is living up to Bible requirements—making himself a fool for Christ's sake. If "all things are possible with God," then God is responsible for all the crime and misery there is in the world, for he has power to prevent it, but refuses to do so.—Ed.]

Thos. R. Horner, Dayton, W. Va. :

"I had obtained eleven subscribers for the Free Thought Magazine, but a G— d— preacher (excuse my Greek) heard of it and at once rode several miles to see each man who had promised to take the Magazine, and told them that if they permitted that Infidel (myself) to seduce them into patronizing such an infamous publication as was the Free Thought Magazine he would anathematize them from the pulpit. He succeeded in frightening all but three, so that they withdrew their subscriptions—three stood firm, and I herewith send their names. But I am not discouraged and shall yet succeed, I think, in procuring a large club from this town for the Magazine."

[That minister understood his business and ought to have his salary raised. He fully understands that it will not answer to allow people to read all sides of disputed questions, especially on religious questions. His bread and butter depends on keeping the people ignorant. But possibly he may overdo the business.—Ed.]

Carl Burell, East Pembroke, N. Y. :

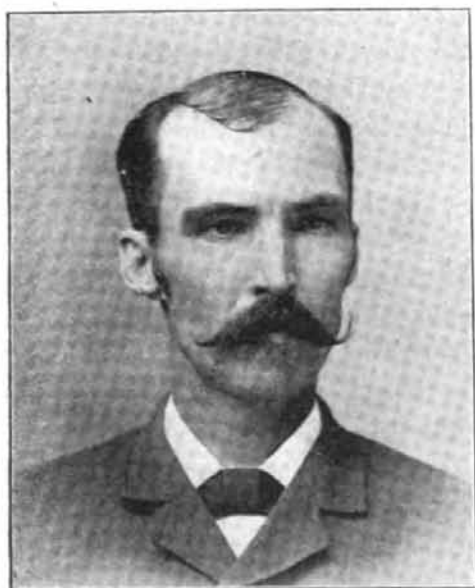
"I have been very much pleased with the poems of Miss Grace Gruber in the Free Thought Magazine, and I hope you will publish other poems or articles from her pen in the future. One like her will offset fifty Christian Endeavor girls who never dare think for themselves and have an opinion of their own, but fully endorse and pretend to believe anything that their 'dear good pastor' tells them is true, and all the absurdity to be found in the Christian bible."

[We are glad to know that many of the young people, both male and female, in this country are thinking for themselves, and prefer Truth and Science to bigotry and superstition.—Ed.]

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

WATSON HESTON.

WATSON HESTON was born in the backwoods of Anglaize county, Ohio, September 25, 1846. Was brought up on a farm at a time when the facilities for education were very limited, being able only to attend the common district schools during the usual term of three or four months in the winter season, but being an omnivorous reader, ransacked the surrounding country for reading matter of any kind, and by studying at home of evenings and at odd times, managed to get a fair English education in all the usual studies of the day. As a boy he was rather puny, pale and small for his age,



WATSON HESTON.

but endowed with a good deal of endurance and energy. He was no "goody-goody" boy by any means; on the contrary he had, perhaps, more than his share of boyish deviltry and recklessness, the result of which caused him to get in numerous fights and "scrapes" with his mates, and many floggings from parents and teachers. Never being very strong physically, and growing tired of the monotony of farm life, he got the consent of his parents to seek other employment when he had a chance to do so. Being of a roving disposition he traveled

about selling books, sewing machines, or whatever seemed to bring the best returns, but growing tired of such a bohemian sort of life, quit it and taught school a few terms; but despising the rule of the rod then in vogue and enforced in the common schools, he quit that occupation rather reluctantly and learned the painters' trade, soon becoming an excellent workman in that call-

ing. After learning the painters' trade, Mr. Heston made several trips west of the Mississippi, worked in several states, wandered over the plains, took up a claim in Kansas when the bison and wolves were far more numerous than the people are now. Being called back to Ohio on a business matter in which he had an interest, and his father dying not long after his return, his aged mother naturally looked to him to care for her in her declining years. Having a most dutiful affection for a noble mother, he cheerfully and gladly provided a home for her for ten years; although at great sacrifice to himself and his aims for the future. In 1873 he married the girl he loved and in '76 moved to Carthage, Mo.

Failing health compelled him to give up the painting trade, and he learned photography and worked at that calling till the close confinement again so affected his health that he had to quit it. For about a year he turned carpenter, built houses, and painted them. A long siege of typhoid fever, however, left him so weak physically that he has never been strong since, and then came hours of mental torture and a hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door. He then turned his attention to writing political and literary articles, and was offered a position as associate editor on the Chicago Express, by Col. Heath. He accepted that offer, and that work and his pay for an occasional article in the New York Weekly enabled him to meet expenses. In 1886 he was solicited to try the cartoon work for the Truth Seeker, at which he labored faithfully for over eleven years, but was forced to quit last February owing to the hard times. At different times during the last ten years he issued quite a number of political cartoons, which were published in many papers throughout the country. During the last seven years, on account of the sickness of his wife chiefly, he has moved about much in search of health, only in the end to be disappointed, and to-day, after all these years of toil and privation for the sake of Free Thought, he and his wife find themselves, broken in health, out of work, and bankrupt! Verily a sad reward for such long service in behalf of human liberty!

Mr. Heston never took kindly to churches, Sunday-schools, or religious dogmas, even when a boy, but preferred to ramble on Sundays in the woods or go fishing rather than listen to the gospel. He never belonged to any church, and became a skeptic or Infidel when yet a youth from reading the Bible, which he read through. The first Liberal paper he ever saw was the Religio-Philosophical

Journal, and the first Liberal book he read was *Ecce Homo*. He believes in no god, gods, devils, angels, saviors, saints, popes, priests, parsons, mediums, or mahatmas; is an enthusiastic lover of nature; believes in equal rights for all, regardless of sex or race, and regards womanhood as the crowning glory of nature's work, which true manhood should reverence, and with whom he is only worthy to associate when his heart is pure and his mind clean. He is strong in his friendships and affections, but a relentless foe also. He likes sincerity, and frankness, and hates cant, affectation, and hypocrisy; is genial, generous and charitable, and thinks home is the holiest and sweetest spot on earth. His ancestors are of English stock, with a sprinkling of Scotch, German and Norse blood, thoroughly Americanized by a line of descent born this side of the ocean for over two hundred years. He is the youngest of nine children, six of whom were boys and all in the Union army, and two of them lost their lives in the war. Mr. Heston has traveled a good deal, has been from Canada to Mexico and from sea to sea, and is now stranded at Kokomo, Ind., trying to get some kind of employment till better times.

REV. W. E. COPELAND.

REV. W. E. COPELAND'S likeness appears as the frontispiece of this number of this Magazine, and we publish a sermon by Mr. Copeland as the first or leading article of this number. The radical Free Thought reader need not be alarmed, we have not gone over to the church, and are not moving in that direction, but we are glad to know that many of the clergy are coming our way.

Many years ago, when the Liberals were holding a Free Thought Convention at Watkins' Glen, N. Y. (and, by the way, we think Mr. Copeland was with us at the time), the Rev. McCabe sent us a bragging telegram informing the Liberals how many churches the Methodists were building each year. Cortlandt Palmer replied: "Go on, Brother McCabe, and build all the churches you can, build them so that they will last, for before many years we shall need them in which to teach Science and Free Thought." And we are glad to know that many of the churches in this country are already used for the purposes that Mr. Palmer predicted, and many clergymen are now, from Sunday to Sunday, preaching, in place of ortho-

dox Christianity, the blessed Gospel of Science, Free Thought, and Humanity. And the subject of this sketch is one of the most advanced of these radical religious advocates—so far advanced that he is willing to extend the right hand of fellowship to any man or woman who is laboring to make the present world a little better, whatever may be his or her theological opinion. And when ministers of any denomination are willing to extend the hand of fellowship to "Infidels," certainly we ought to be as liberal as they are, and fellowship them. All that any Freethinker can justly demand of anyone is that he grant to others all the rights he demands for himself. There should be no bigots among Freethinkers, but we are sorry to say there are a few, we fear. We all inherited bigotry from our Christian ancestors and it still runs in our blood.

W. E. Copeland was born in Roxbury, Mass., April 22, 1838. He graduated from Harvard University in 1860. In 1861 he enlisted as a private in Co. "F," Forty-fourth Massachusetts regiment, and served in the Union army for eleven months. After being honorably discharged from the army he entered the Cambridge Theological School, from which he graduated as a Unitarian clergyman in 1866. He has been settled as a minister over societies in Kansas, Nebraska, Washington, and California, and is now preaching for the Unitarian church at Salem, Ore.

Mr. Copeland is a Mason of the thirty-second degree, and belongs to a number of other secret fraternities. From the first he has been counted a radical of the radicals in religion. He has lectured in behalf of the Liberal League and has been for years an advocate of the principles of the Nine Demands of Liberalism first drafted by F. E. Abbot—the political creed of Freethinkers.

Rev. W. E. Copeland, for one thing, especially, is entitled to the gratitude of every Freethinker. It is this: Every year since he was a clergyman, on the Sunday nearest the 29th day of January, he has preached a sermon in defense of Thomas Paine. The truth is, that the religious creed of the Rev. W. E. Copeland is precisely the same as that of Thomas Paine, namely, "The World is my Country; to do Good is my Religion." So that we can see it was not so strange after all that Mr. Copeland took this distinguished heretic as his text once a year. In a private letter to us Mr. Copeland writes: "I account myself a Freethinker and am in hearty sympathy with the ideas advocated in the Free Thought Magazine."

"FAITH OR FACT"? OR, HENRY M. TABER'S CON-
FESSIONAL.

COULD the civilized and intelligent people of the world be brought into a common Confessional, where each, unknown to the others, should give his or her real, actual, bottom belief about the doctrines and tenets of Revealed Religion or Theological Orthodoxy—would there be any great difference of opinion between them? Such a very singular and yet very useful confessional our friend Taber has been presiding over for years as a sort of chief confessor, and all the more effectively because no one thought of him in that capacity at the time he was quietly doing this work. He was, as Burns would say, simply "a chiel amang ye takin' notes" of the inmost thoughts of all "conditions and classes" of intelligent people, and now he has "gang and printed them" all—first, in this Free Thought Magazine, and now finally in one of the most beautiful of books from Mr. Peter Eckler's press (from whence we are accustomed to receive Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's works), and with a charming introduction by Col. Ingersoll himself. So the work comes to the light well done, and by the most competent men. The colonel and his publisher need no word of praise; the book work and the introduction speak beyond need of words—they are simply superb.

Nor are words needed for our father confessor, Taber, himself, to those, at least, who know him as he is: A man of fine natural talent, liberal education, business and other experience, by land and sea, which has given him deep insight into men and motives as various as human nature affords. With eye and ear out he has collected what especially the Clergy and the Believers, and also what the Liberals and Free Thinkers actually *confess* and say to themselves about the theological tenets of "faith." And now, before a ripe old age, he lays it all before us. The result is a concurrence few would suspect. Please to look over the chapters of this book on God, the Trinity, Inspiration, Miracles, and similar topics, and observe how that the Clergy and the eminent "religious laity" are not far away from the Liberals in acknowledging the realities of the world as *facts*, and the unverifiable ideas and traditions about the past or some other world as the *shadows* vanishing as the sun of science rises in their minds.

In bringing out this emphatic fundamental agreement of all intelligent and sensible people about the realities of this world as their common conviction, Mr. Taber has done all such people, and indeed the whole world, an essential service; for he has indicated to all such people a common basis of action for the common benefit of all. For certainly, in view of the confessions recorded in this book on the part of the clergy and really religious people, they can no longer be guilty of the hypocrisy—to use no stronger term—of taking people's, and often poor people's, money for these shadows. They know perfectly well that the old heaven above, with its white throne and cloud of angels, was forever dissipated by the telescope of Galileo. They know that there is no longer possible to scientific, sensible people any such spook-God, or Christ, or Ghost, or spook-Bible, as was believed in a hundred years ago. All honest people have no other way out *now*, but to at once stop so pretending, and to do the other thing; which is this: To drop all past creeds and their limitations, and to unite with all of our brethren to make possible the real heaven which evolution has indicated to us as the destiny of mankind, not *above*, but in the "beyond,"—the future of our race on this earth; the foundation of which is the great republic of the United States of America, founded for that purpose by Thomas Paine, and to be "emancipated, regenerated and disenthralled" by those to whom that purpose has become *the* Faith, until it is realized as the greatest of facts in the history of our race. The time for "kingdoms" and "kings," whether in any heaven or elsewhere, was closed by the "Common Sense" that turned our Revolution into a Republic; designed to be the cornerstone of "The Republic of Man," the final "Co-operative Republic" of emancipated peoples and nations.

There is but one supreme fact, duty and reality on earth: The Great Republic to which we have all sworn allegiance and infinite obligation of fortune and life. Well spoke James Parton to the Nineteenth Century Club of New York: "At bottom the citizen of the United States has and can have but one religion: that is the United States of America." When the spook and fog worlds are rubbed out of our eyes by science, the real world stands revealed as *that*. And with the striking dangers to *that* from those spooks and fogs, Mr. Taber most worthily closes his book.

T. B. W.

WEISMANN'S THEORY OF HEREDITY.

PROF. JOHN M. MACFARLANE, in a paper read before the Boston meeting of the American Society of Naturalists, spoke of the improbability of Darwin's theory of pangenesis, and of the probability of the truth of Weismann's view, that the chromatic substance is the bearer of heredity, "if it be accepted that this substance is found in every living cell." Says the professor:

"The wandering of his (Darwin's) gemmules to and from definite positions has seemed cumbrous and unlikely, but the most fundamental law of plant and animal physiology is circulation, metabolism, and ultimate assimilation as the physiological groundwork of life, growth and heredity. On the plant side physiologists have only realized within the past quarter-century how potent and generally present are ferments of diverse composition and action. Thanks to the labors of Green, Chittenden, and others, we further know that highly complex nitrogenous compounds are readily converted into solid and liquid form, and can migrate, in an as yet often mysterious manner, to definite centers of nutrition to be again converted into solids. So far as my knowledge of physics and chemistry leads me, there is no obstacle to our admitting that transfers of complex dissolved materials are passing to the protoplasm, and through it to the chromatin of every cell, more or less affecting its micellar structure. It is necessary, therefore, to learn what relation, if any, exists between the chromatic and plasmatic substance of cells."

In the preface to his work, "The Germ-Plasm," Prof. Weismann states that he has searched in vain for a substance from which the whole organism might arise by epigenesis, a gradual process of differentiation, and that he has become convinced an epigenetic development is an impossibility. He affirms that he has found actual proof of the reality of "evolution," as understood by the early physiologists, whose "preformation" theory supposes the presence in the germ of all parts of the fully formed animal or plant, or at least of their special representatives. He regards his views on the subject of heredity as being in general accord with those of Darwin, whose theory of pangenesis he treats, however, as simply an inquiry into the problems of heredity, and not its solution. According to that theory, all the cells of the body con-

tinually give off great numbers of "gemmules" which are conveyed by the blood and deposited in the germ-cells of the organism. These cells are thus endowed with the power of developing a new organism of the same kind, each gemmule being capable of reproducing the cell from which it was derived.

A child resembles its parents because the cells of which its organism is composed are developed from living atoms collected from all parts of their respective bodies; but as many of these atoms were received by the parents from earlier generations, their presence accounts for the reproduction of ancestral traits.

While, however, Weismann accepts the assumption of the existence in the germ of minute primary constituents, to which he applies the term "biophors," as the ultimate vital units, he does not accept Darwin's further conclusions. According to his own views, the biophors are of various kinds, each kind corresponding to a different kind of a cell, and they are the bearers of the characters or qualities of cells. The biophors are not, however, the immediate "bearers of vitality." They are arranged in groups to which Weissmann gives the name of "determinants," and these groups are combined so as to form ancestral ids or germ-plasms. Each determinant, which is made up of perfectly definite numbers and combinations of biophors, is the primary constituent of a particular cell, or of a group of cells, such as a blood corpuscle. The determinants thus "control the cell by breaking up into biophors, which migrate into the cell-body through the pores of the nuclear membrane, multiply there, arrange themselves according to the forces within them, and determine the histological structure of the cell," impressing upon it its inherent specific character. The structure of the cell, and of every subsequent stage, exists therefore potentially in the inherited architecture of the id, and the determination of its character "depends upon the biophors which the corresponding determinant contains, and which it transmits to the cell."

Weismann's theory differs from the theory of Darwin, in that it supposes none of the formative material which is to constitute the new organism to be generated by any part of the parent organism. This is merely the medium for the transmission of the germ-plasm from the earlier ancestral stock, and the source of the nutriment on which it depends for its growth and development. According to this view, to quote Romanes, "a small portion of this substance is told off to develop a new body to lodge and nourish

the ever-growing and never-dying germ-plasm; this new body therefore resembling its so-called parent body simply because it has been developed from one and the same mass of formative material; and, lastly, that this formative material or germ-plasm has been continuous through all generations of necessarily perishing bodies, which therefore stand to it in much the same relation as annual shoots stand to a perennial stem; the shoots resemble one another because they are all grown from one and the same stock."

The plasm which forms the vital germ of every organism, and whose perpetuation from one generation to another explains the phenomena of heredity, was originally supposed by Weismann to be absolutely stable. Hence, while variation in an individual organism was explained by the Lamarckian theory, congenital variation could be brought about only by amphimixis, that is, the intermingling of individuals. According to this view, heredity can be affected only through the germ-plasms, and not through the somatic cells of the individual. The character of the offspring is predetermined from the germ outward, and the germ-plasm in the new organism is separated from the body cell and is transmitted to the next generation unmodified by the personal habits and experiences of the individual. All permanent variations as represented by heredity proved from modifications of the primary constituents of the germ, and individual variations due to the influence of environment on the body, are not transmissible.

Since Weismann first propounded his theory it has been considerably modified. Instead of supposing germ-plasm to be absolutely stable, he now ascribes hereditary variation to the direct effects of external influences on the biophors and determinants of the germ-plasm, which thus ceases to be stable. Amphimixis occupies only a secondary place as necessary to the development of congenital variations, the instability of the germ-plasm being so slight that otherwise they could not be acted on by natural selection and thus be perpetuated. That Weismann much exaggerates the influence of amphimixis in this respect is certain. The union of the sperm and ovum is a blending of the elements on which the characteristics of offspring depend, and not their increase. But it appears to me that its influence need not be called into account for the perpetuation of congenital variations, even if the action of natural selection in connection with them be also given up.

In an essay which first appeared in *The Contemporary Review*,

Herbert Spencer, writing in reply to an article in the same journal by Prof. Weismann entitled "The All-Sufficiency of Natural Selection," shows conclusively the untenableness of his opponent's position, and gives strong reasons for believing that "functionally produced modifications of structure are transmissible." The effect of arrested nutrition on the structure and habits of wasps and bees referred to by Mr. Spencer is remarkable. It has especial effect over the reproductive organs, and from the inquiries of Prof. Geddes and M. Thompson, it would seem to affect the sex of offspring even among the higher animals. According to Weismann's theory, this might be explained by reference to such an affection of the germ-plasm as is supposed to give rise to transmitted variations. These are said to be due to the constant recurrence of slight inequalities of nutrition in the germ-plasm, which affect every determinant in one way or another. The variations are at first infinitesimal, but they accumulate with the continuance through several generations of the modified conditions of nutrition which gave rise to them. To the objection that the changes referred to by Mr. Spencer are not thus delayed, it might be replied that originally they were so, but they have been hastened by continual repetition, many minute variations having become amalgamated so as to form a single large one.

Weismann's theory requires, however, that variations should be capable of being established as transformations only by the operation of amphimixis, which is supposed largely to increase them. It would almost seem that the importance of the separate variations referred to is minimized for the purpose of introducing amphimixis as the essential condition of their perpetuation by selection. If Mr. Spencer's contention that the development of variations may be due to functional activity be correct, there is no occasion to call in the aid of amphimixis, and if the effects of this activity influence succeeding individuals the action of selection is not required.

But how are the modifications transmitted? It can be only by an affection of the germ-cell, which probably takes place by deviations in the structure of what Weismann calls determinants or groups of determinants, through rearrangement of their primary units. The modification would be preceded, however, by a corresponding change in the nerve centers concerned in the use or disuse of the organs affected. Mr. Spencer shows that under

certain conditions changes take place in the conduct of certain insects, and that "the maternal activities and instincts undergo analogous changes," facts which point to a loss of nervous energy and to an intimate connection between the nervous system and the reproductive functions. Use or disuse first increases or diminishes the activity of certain nerve centres, and this leads to a modification of the corresponding germ-cells or plasm. If so, the determinants, instead of being first affected, and thus determining the variations, are in fact modified as the result of the functional changes, and are thus able to transmit these changes to succeeding generations. There would be in this case no difficulty in accepting Weismann's conception of the complicated structure of the germ-plasm, with its ids, determinants and biophors, which is no more extraordinary than that of the chromative bodies of the nucleus of organic cells.

Weismann applies the name "idioplasm" to a substance contained in the chromative bodies. This substance is always derived from the idioplasm of another cell, and therefore it is heredity, and "it not only determines the actual characters of the particular cell, but also those of all its descendants." It is an important inference that, as there is a difference between the cells in various parts of the most simple organisms, there must be different kinds of idioplasm. This notion is consistent with, and is required by, the presence in the germ of the minute primary constituents whose existence is considered by Weismann as condemnatory of the epigenetic theory. The ultimate facts can be ascertained only by further study of the nature of the so-called unicellular organisms, which will doubtless throw more light on the constitution of germ-plasm and its relation to nerve substance. Weismann does not regard his theory as a complete and perfect one; but that it is, as he modestly describes it, "of such a nature as to be capable of improvement and further development," must be recognized when it is considered as a whole. In certain points it fails by giving too great a prominence to particular agencies at the expense of others, but this a fault which is common to most theories, and its author has shown that he knows how to accommodate himself to the environments of scientific research.

B. F. U.

FIFTY CENT SUBSCRIPTIONS AND CONTRIBUTIONS.

Up to this date, August 23d, we have received the following fifty-cent subscriptions by the persons named:

H. J. Margerum, 67; W. L. Ryder, 20; R. W. Ostrander, 16; Geo. E. Dahlstrom, 14; S. C. Armstrong, 12; C. E. Levi, 10.

Eight each: J. H. Alcorn and W. B. Lambdin.

Seven each: S. C. Adams, J. B. Dazey, Chas. Martin, N. Mitchell, and Mrs. C. Schofield.

Six each: H. Berg, S. N. Bolton, D. D. Bunn, J. B. Elliott, Dr. T. B. Englehart, P. Franzman, Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, E. W. Kenyon, Chas. R. Kimberly, Gilbert Lincoln, T. J. Miner, B. Peabody, Dr. S. W. Wetmore, and E. H. Whittere.

Five each: H. Austin, P. F. Chambard, L. B. Chandler, Wm. Crossland, Alfred Davis, S. H. Ellinwood, J. A. Hallman, W. H. Jackson, Chas. Kratzer, Wade H. Morgan, I. Moser, A. A. Raymond, J. W. Roberts, Henry Shibley, Geo. L. Smith, and H. T. Talbott.

Four each: T. A. Ames, B. M. Bland, C. E. Graham, F. E. Hall, J. J. Kerr, F. Lewin, L. F. Mansfield, and B. Pickering.

Three each: C. W. Anding, H. C. Backus, Harry Hoover, Thos. R. Horner, J. C. Jackson, C. C. Millard, J. J. Smith, and B. M. Warner.

Two each: R. Allen, M. Bailey, L. G. Barnes, C. Boulton, J. H. Crain, Frederic Dahlstrom, W. F. Dodge, J. Edwards, John Frazier, D. A. Gibson, Eliza W. Haines, Geo. N. Hill, J. Y. Houser, W. R. Howey, Dr. P. Kentzing, J. H. Lacher, Chas. K. Ladd, Chester Martin, E. D. Nauman, B. K. Purdum, H. C. Robertson, Michael Ryan, Hiram Shera, Fred. D. Sparks, J. W. Stevens, D. G. M. Trout, J. E. Vest, O. Wettstein, J. B. Wise, and P. A. Zaring, M.D.

Forty-four persons sent one subscriber each.

CONTRIBUTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED.

Contributions received from May 25, 1897, to Aug. 23, 1897: H. M. Taber, \$20; Capt. R. C. Adams, \$10; C. K. Tenney, \$3; James A. Greenhill, \$2.50; H. J. Margerum, \$2.50; A Friend, \$1; Peter Stewart, \$1; H. H. Marlay, \$1; Caroline Rich, \$1; Dr. S. W. Wetmore, \$1; A. W. Dellquist, 50 cents. Total, \$43.50.

P.S.—Fifty-cent subscriptions received from August 23d to September 1st will be acknowledged in the October Magazine.

BOOK REVIEW.

Faith or Fact. By Henry M. Taber, with preface by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. Peter Eckler, 35 Fulton street, New York, publisher. Pp. 331. Price, \$1.00.

This is a heavy book. But looking inside, the reader perceives that the heaviness consists only in the material of the paper. He finds himself neither wearied by long lucubrations of the author, nor by lengthy quotations from other writers. His quotations are short and very numerous. In fact, the book is a perfect magazine of the views of eminent thinkers and writers on the subjects specified in the various chapters. The preface, by Col. Ingersoll, adds to the value of the work, not only on account of its own intrinsic merits, but because it serves as a guaranty that the book itself is worthy of being read. Standing in the vestibule, he says, "Come in."

Some of the subjects treated are of the utmost importance: "Civil Liberty," "Sunday," "Taxation of Church Property," "Intolerance," "Religion and Education," "Mental Emancipation," "Church and State," "The Republic in Danger," etc.

Speaking of the taxation of church property, the author says (pp. 146, 147):

"The exemption of church property from taxation, in utter disregard of the rights of a minority, is an abuse of power which should be expected only from monarchical governments. It is opposed to every principle upon which a republican government is founded.

"Let no one say that we have not a union of church and state in this country so long as the practice of exempting church property from taxation continues.

* * * * *

"The theory of our government is that all interests that are protected by the state should contribute equally to the support of the state. If the churches do not contribute to the support of the state they are clearly not entitled to the protection of the state. Churches are protected by our police and fire departments, and when injured or destroyed by mob violence the city pays for the damages done; and yet they contribute not a dollar for the protection accorded them."

In support of these views of his own Mr. Taber quotes from many writers and statesmen. Among others he cites the words of Gen. Grant (p. 153):

"Such vast amount of untaxed church property, receiving all the protection and benefits of the government, without bearing its proportion of the burdens and expenses of the same, will not be looked upon acquiescently by those who have to pay the taxes; and if permitted to continue will probably lead to great trouble in our land before the close of the nineteenth century; possibly to

sequestration without constitutional authority and through blood."

"The Republic in Danger."—Under this heading the author says (p. 312):

"Probably very few persons are aware of the danger to civil liberty now threatened in this country. Those who founded the government did so with a jealous eye to all religious encroachments upon the political liberties of the people. These founders of the republic sought to profit by the fearful results of an alliance of the church with the state in other countries. They had read the bloody pages of religious history. They were warned by the intolerance, the persecutions, the tortures, the butcheries, which religious zeal and ecclesiastical bigotry had accomplished against those whose only crime was the claiming of natural liberty and the assertion of those rights to which they were entitled by a proper recognition of the principle of civil and religious freedom: the right to hold their honest opinions and express their honest thoughts on matters of religion."

And again (pp. 327, 328):

"But few of us are aware of the secret but determined effort of the Christian church against the liberties of the people. All over the country these religious fanatics—these treasonable Catilines—are at work in the interest of that worse than a slave oligarchy—a religious autocracy.

"We do not realize that we may be on the eve of witnessing the destruction of the most valuable inheritance which has come down to us from the patriots of the Revolution. This inheritance—independence of kingcraft and priestcraft—then secured, has no parallel in the blessings bestowed on any people. The liberty then achieved is priceless. * * * And it is this liberty which the Christian church is engaged in an effort to overthrow—the liberty which we thought had been secured to us from the foundation of the republic."

This book, as a literary work, well corresponds to the beauty of its mechanical execution. In clearness, force and beauty of style, when expressing his own thoughts; in the tact and good sense displayed in introducing the thoughts of others; in the judicious selecting from an immense number of works consulted; in knowing when to stop, and where next to begin—one of the most difficult things, by the way, in many writers—in all these respects the book is a model. It should be in the possession—I will not say of every Freethinker, but of every citizen.

C. B. W.

ALL SORTS.

—"Faith and Fact."

—Read all that is said of "Faith and Fact" in this number.

—The reader's attention is called to our new advertisement of "The Woman's Bible. The books are for sale at this office.

—Read our ad. on last page of this Magazine, and see how easy you can introduce this Magazine to six of your friends.

—Mrs. Stanton's book, "Bible and Church Degrade Woman," ought to be put in the hands of every intelligent woman in this country.

—"Thirteen Hundred and Six Questions to the Clergy, or the Candle from Under the Bushel," by William Hart, is one of the best Free-Thought books published. We have it for sale. Price, 40 cents.

—Watson Heston, the distinguished and well-known artist, tells the readers of this Magazine, in an ad. in this number, how they can get a good portrait and at the same time help this magazine and the Free-Thought cause. Do not fail to read his ad.

—C. Elton Blanchard has something to say about the Silverton Liberal University in this number. Read the article carefully, then put your hand into your pocket and send to the treasurer all you can afford to help the university along. If you can do no more, send one dollar to Prof. J. E. Hosmer, for the Torch of Reason, of Silverton, Ore., for one year. This is one of the best Liberal papers published.

—One day a preacher called on Horace Greeley to ask for a subscription to a temperance society. "What are its objects?" querulously asked Horace with-

out looking up from the manuscript upon which he was working. "To prevent people from going to h—," was the pious man's response. "I'll not give you a d— cent," piped the maddened Horace, in his well-known shrill tones. "There are not half enough people going to h— now."—*Chicago Chronicle*.

—Cincinnati, July 1.—Maggie Gaffey, of Covington, aged 15, and Millie Hober, of Cincinnati, aged 16, made a daring escape from the Convent of the Good Shepherd in this city after midnight. They dropped twenty feet from a fourth-story window to a roof, and then scaled the convent walls.

Millie Hober sprained her ankles, and her companion would not desert her. So the police took charge of them. The girls tell stories of starvation, hard work and cruel treatment, and threaten suicide if they are returned. The police will investigate.

—The following result of a conversion is the best we have ever read:

Once or twice a year St. Louis does something neat in the shape of a story. Its latest is the tale of a tramp who became converted by the Salvation Army, and, having stolen the last railway ride he had before religion got hold of him, his conscience troubled him and he sent the money covering the fare for a thousand miles to the railway company he had defrauded. He sent the full rate, asking no rebate on any account, and not even taking note of the cheap rates now afforded to St. Louis merchants for shopping purposes.—*Chicago Chronicle*.

That story is as true as "sacred writ."

—We clip the following from the Philadelphia Times:

Bellefonte, June 27.—The removal yesterday to the Danville asylum of Miss Jennie Galbraith, an aged woman of Boalsburg, this county, is one more climax to the strain of religious excitement. Miss Galbraith has always been very pious, but for the last six months has taken such an unusual interest in all

religious work that her mind became unsettled.

Lately she has grown rapidly worse, even violent, and for her own safety she has been sent to the asylum. This is the fourth case of religious dementia occurring in this county inside of two years.

—Said Rev. De Witt Talmage in the course of his sermon at Washington, June 27, on lawyers: "If I were on trial for my integrity or my life and I wanted even-handed justice administered to me, I would rather have my case submitted to a jury of twelve lawyers than to a jury of twelve clergymen. The legal profession, I believe, has less violence of prejudice than is to be found in the sacred calling."

A jury of lawyers would acquit Talmage, probably, on the ground that he is non compos mentis.

—Elmina Drake Slenker has for the last thirty years been one of the leading and best known female Freethinkers in this country. She has given the best years of her life to the cause, and now in her old age is publishing the "Little Free Thinker," for children. Reader, we ask of you a special favor. It is this: Send three 2-cent stamps to Elmina Drake Slenker, Snowville, Pulaski county, Va., and ask for a sample copy of her magazine. Do not forget to do this. There is no more worthy woman in America than "Aunt Elmina."

—On the morning of July 29, the mother of the editor of this Magazine, aged 87 years, painlessly and without a struggle or a murmur, dropped into the sweet slumber of death. No better woman ever lived. Her intense love for her children, which we have experienced without one moment's intermission from the first hour of our existence, up to the

day of her death, was her most prominent characteristic; next to that was her love for humanity generally. If at some future day we shall feel that we can do anything like justice to her life and character, we may attempt to write a short obituary notice of her for this magazine.

For the present we dare not undertake it.

—Isaac Von Schoich, a subscriber and most liberal supporter of this magazine, died at his home in Jamesville, N. Y., July 8th, aged 74 years. We have known Mr. Schoich for many years as an honest, intelligent, worthy man, whose religion, like that of Thomas Paine's, consisted "in doing good." He was in every respect a good citizen, and a kind and generous husband, and a worthy father, and the world was made better for his having lived in it. He was a member of the "Radical Club," of Syracuse, for a number of years, and of the New York State Freethinkers' Association. Like Abou Ben Adhem, his name may not be found among those who love the Lord, but it is recorded high up in the list among those who love their fellow men.

—Fort Smith, Ark., July 21.—A shocking case of destitution came to light in this city yesterday afternoon. In an old shanty, within the shadow of the United States jail, lying upon a pile of straw and covered with rags, was found Mrs. John Hauer, the widow of a once well-known German resident of this place, almost dead with malarial fever. In another corner lay two scantily clad corpses. They were the bodies of Mrs. Hauer's children, one 6 months, the other 4 years. The children had died from disease, exposure and starvation. In the hut were also found Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Hauer's mother, and three living children, all of whom were fast yielding to the pangs of hunger. Mrs. Hauer was removed to a hospital, where she will die.

Will some one of our subscribers who resides in Arkansas inform us how much

money has been raised in that state during the last year to send the "gospel" to the heathen?

—A modest friend, when sending a financial contribution for the Magazine, writes:

I am much pleased with the magazine as now published, as the matter it contains is all to the purpose, and written in a manner not to offend any one who may read it, which I think will add much to its success. The article by Col. Ingersol cannot fail to prove convincing as to the matter of a power outside of nature, and those of my orthodox friends whom I have shown it to do not dispute his logic. The Magazine also contains many other articles that are highly commendable, and cannot fail to impress themselves on the mind of the reader, and have the effect to induce thought by those who have heretofore accepted as truth what they have been taught by others without the slightest investigation as to its credibility."

—The following "profane jokes" we clip from *The (London) Freethinker*:

—"Ma, have I been a good boy to-day?" "Yes, Bobby." "Well, ma, let me go to bed like a man without saying my prayers."

—Sky Pilot—"Do you like to attend church along with your papa and mamma?" "Well, I guess I like it about as well as pa does."

—Eve—"Did you eat that apple, Adam?" Adam—"I'm sorry to say I did." Eve—"And I was going to make a pie with it!" Adam—"Then I'm glad I ate it."

—Revivalist—"My dear boy, when that great day comes will you be found with the sheep or the goats?" "Blowed if I know; ma calls me her pet lamb, but pa calls me a kid; so I'll give it up."

—"Now, dear boys, I have been telling you about the Blessed Savior. You have read your Bibles, and I want you all to tell me which Bible character you would most like to see when you get to heaven?" A general chorus rose for "Goliar."

—"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." (Matt., viii, 20).

That was the condition of things when Jesus came the first time, but the following item shows that there will be no "born in the manger" business when he comes the second time. Bishop Vincent and Miss Helen M. Gould are building a \$20,000 "Hall of Christ," in which he will probably have his second birth, and the New York "400" millionaires will be on hand to give him welcome. This is what the associate press says:

Jamestown, N. Y., July 23.—Through the generosity of Miss Helen M. Gould, Bishop Vincent, of Chautauqua, is now able to realize his pet ambition to construct on the Chautauqua grounds a white marble building to be known as the Hall of Christ. The estimated cost of the building is \$20,000.

Bishop Vincent has been collecting subscriptions for several years. Miss Gould came to Chautauqua last Saturday. She expressed herself as much pleased with the place. Learning of the bishop's undertaking, she gave him \$5,000, the sum necessary to complete the work.

Prof. T. R. Horner, of Dayton, W. Va., sent to the Rev. S. S. Drew, of that town, the July Magazine, and requested him to read "The Myth of the Great Deluge," and to inform him what he thought of the article. We publish below Rev. Mr. Drew's letter, and pronounce it one of the soundest and most consistent orthodox documents we ever read. We commend it to the orthodox clergy generally as good Sunday school literature:

Craney, W. Va., August 1, 1897.
Prof. T. R. Horner, Dayton, W. Va.

My Dear Sir:—Your letter, with the Free Thought Magazine, received. I had not heard from you since we left college, nevertheless I have never ceased to think of you. I am now located, have a circuit of six churches, and receive six hundred dollars per annum.

Now, as to the Magazine article,

"Myth of the Great Deluge," I can sum up the whole business in a few words. It deals with the flood as though it were done from a human standpoint. Of course, I readily admit that it would be utterly impossible for a man to have so arranged the Ark so as to make its safe keeping of its contents a possibility, but you must remember that all things are possible with God. He could take this earth, and condense it into a space no larger than a walnut. He could take an elephant and make it no larger than a pismire. He could make, just by commanding it, the deadly rattlesnake as harmless as a dove.

As to the food item, God could have easily so manipulated their stomachs that the desire for food would be totally extinct, therefore Noah need not have taken any food into the Ark with him. As to the deluge being unable or impossible to kill all the animals, God could have easily destroyed all that the deluge failed to drown. A flood could not have killed the animals of the sea, but God could have said "Be dead!" and they would have been dead.

I don't know whether the deluge was universal or not; anyway, it is impossible to fathom the wisdom of God's word.

If God requires me to believe the deluge I propose to do so, even though I know it to be a lie, because it may be that he requires us to stultify our senses just in order to show our humility.

Wishing you success, I am,

Your friend, S. S. Drew.

—Anna B. Brandt, one of our most intelligent contributors to the pages of this magazine, truthfully says, when sending us the following from the San Antonio Express: "It may interest you as showing that even Texas preachers, who are as a rule the most narrow men on earth, are beginning to think:"

—Paris, Tex., July 26.—(Special.)—Dr. George M. Fortune, whom the Baptist council of this state more than a year ago declared guilty of heterodoxy, but who was sustained by a majority of his church, surprised his congregation last

night by his retirement as pastor, and for a time at least from the ministry.

In closing his brilliant sermon he said: "For myself I shall not again accept the pastorate of an orthodox church. These organizations are so constructed as to place the control of affairs into the hands of the least admirable part of the congregation. Who are in control of the vast body of Baptists in Texas today? You know it is the portion of the people who have made least progress in moral development, and who have religiously abstained from eating the fruit of the true knowledge. They have governed with the iron hand of the zealot, and dictated the thought of their fellows with the confidence of infallible knowledge. To consort with them is to surrender your manhood to the dictates of blindness, and concede the soundness of a system whose forms of belief cover, but do not conceal, a multitude of moral obliquities. They have, many of them, divorced religion from morals and recognized immersion in water as far more powerful in securing a place in heaven than keeping your balances straight at your merchant's store. To them the Ten Commandments have been submitted by ordinance, and the law of humanity by the ceremonies of the church. I shall for the future, as I have done in the past, insist upon a religion whose corner stone and turret are made of the fiber of honest dealing with your fellow men and truth in the inward parts of our being. If we get our character right our beliefs may safely take care of themselves. What we believe is a matter of little consequence compared to what we are. Our beliefs deal with what may not be true. They are the reflex of our lives, and are usually strong in proportion as our knowledge is limited."

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By Elizabeth Cady Stanton

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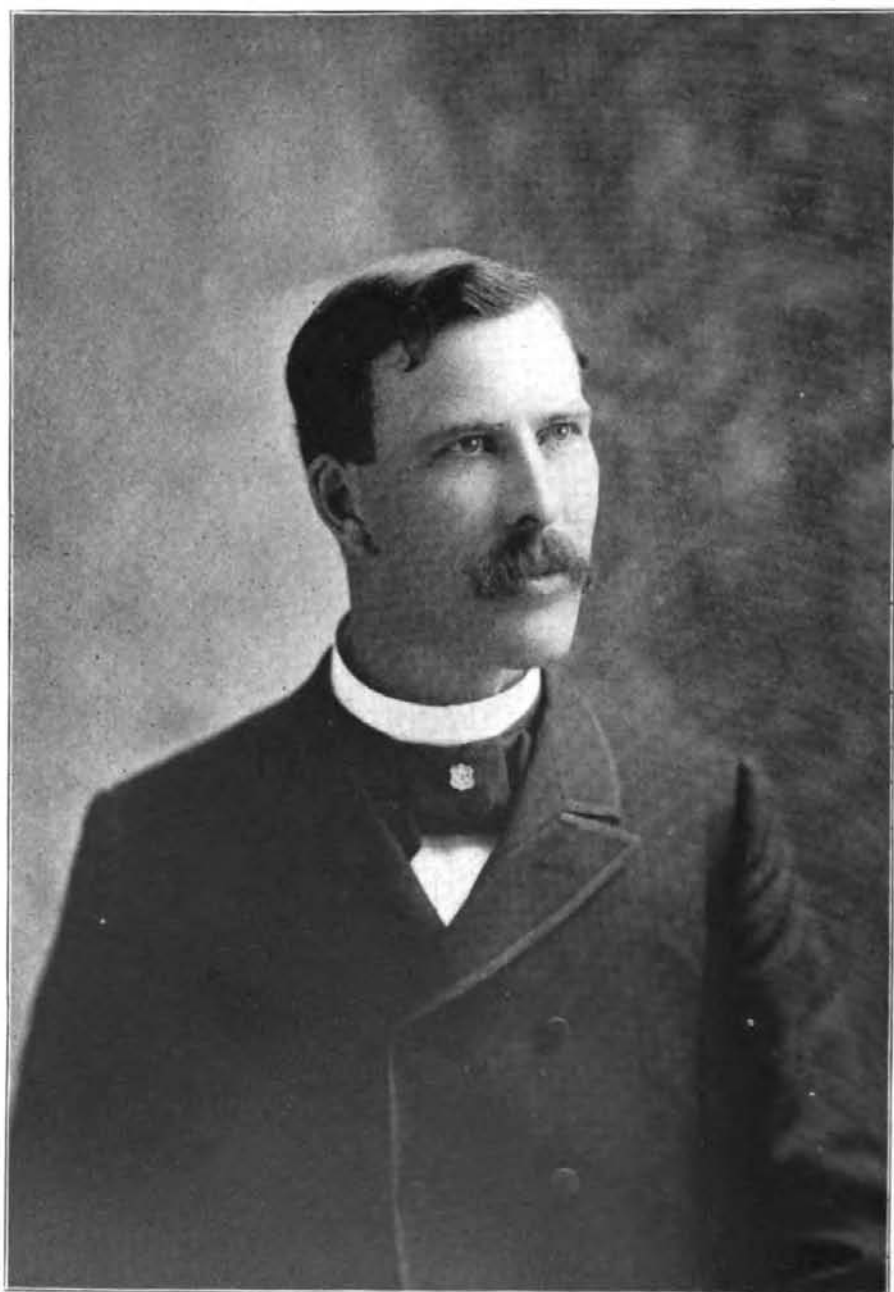
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OCTOBER, 1897.

THE THANATOIKIAD.

BOOK THE FIRST. THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

BY PHILIP A. ZARING, M. D.

I.

ONE gloomy winter in the Coeur d'Alenes,
Where fall deep snows and penetrating rains,
I pitched my camp down in a canyon deep,
Where storms might never catch me in their sweep.
Great trees grew tall and thick around my hut,
And Phoebus never looked upon the spot.
The walls of unhewn sapling trunks were made;
The roof of poles, with boughs and earth o'erlaid;
The fire was built upon the earthen floor,
The smoke escaping through the open door;
Above the corner where the fire was kept,
One little hole was left and through it crept
A portion of the smoke. A round or two
Was built above it. This was called a flue.
There was no window to admit the light,
And when the door was closed, 'twas dark as night.
The dirt roof proved to have been built in vain,
For never did it turn one drop of rain—
Absorbing all, and then for days to come,
Discharging all its contents in the room.

II.

Once when a great Chenook had wrapped the hills
With constant rain for many days, and still

Was letting down its torrents like a flood,
Till everything indoors was wet as mud,
I woke from sleep one night to find my bed
Afloat in water from the foot to head.

III.

I could not laugh, and 'twas no use to weep,
'Twas far from morning, but I could not sleep.
Then lying there supine, I heaved a sigh;
And said, "Oh, for wings like a dove to fly!
Or for the pinions of an eagle proud,
To carry me above the humid cloud.
Ah! wings at all, if but a vulture mean,
To take me from this miserable scene.
I'd fly away to some more favored spot,
And bask in sunshine and forget my lot.

IV.

A gentle voice then fell upon my ear,
To which my heart awoke with better cheer;
"Come troubled spirit, go along with me,
And I will take thee where 'tis thine to see
Eternal pleasures unalloyed by pain;
Where day is unobscured by clouds and rain,
Where no extremes are felt of heat or cold;
Where rivers sparkle over sands of gold;
Where birds of untold beauty sweetly sing;
Where flowers blossom in eternal spring,
And shed their fragrance on the balmy air,
And fill the land with beauty everywhere;
Ambrosial fruits on trees perennial grow;
A thousand rivulets with nectar flow;
Brighter than suns eternal ages gleam,
And life's a never-ending, happy dream."

V.

As when from sleep awakening to hear
Well executed music greet the ear,
The richness of the melody's enhanced,
So that the very soul will seem entranced,

So was that voice so wondrous sweet and rare,
Which broke the stillness of the midnight air.
"Pray, who art thou with voice so strangely sweet?
And whence dost come?" began I to entreat.

VI.

"I am that spirit who am wont to go
To anxious mortals in this world below,
To show them visions they delight to see,
And divers names have nations given me;
To Homer, when I came in days of yore,
To sing the legends of the Trojan war,
A 'Heavenly Goddess' I was deemed, divine,
And many nations worshiped at my shrine.
But when to Jewish prophets I revealed
What had from all the nations been concealed,
And for true merit offered bright reward,
Then I was called the 'Angel of the Lord.'
Then when I went with Dante down to Dis,
And thence all through the paradise of bliss,
He knew me not, but thought that Virgil's shade
Had been with him and all those scenes portrayed.
Again the English poet waxes wise,
And sings his matchless song of Paradise,
And calls me 'Heavenly Muse,' and still you'll find
That others say 'Tis but a dreamy mind."

VII.

"But why to me, sweet spirit, dost thou come,
Down to this mean, and dark, and dreary home?
Does any send thee to my low estate—
Some friend, who wishes me more happy fate?
Or have my own prayers reached the Lord of all;
And art thou come in answer to my call?"

VIII.

"Yes, yes and yes. Thy mother's tender love,
Who watches o'er thee from her home above,
Sees that thy skepticism doth deceive

Thy better wish her teachings to believe.
She moved high Heaven that one be sent to thee,
To show thee Heaven is a reality.
Likewise thy willingness the truth to know,
Prevailed with God above who rules below,
And I was sent to do high Heaven's will,
And I am here my mission to fulfill.
So come with me, those mysteries explore,
See for thyself, and henceforth doubt no more."

IX.

Then in the spirit I was borne away,
And was not conscious or 'twas night or day.
Without the body who can comprehend
If time's a moment, or without an end?
But on the way it seemed a mountain high,
Rose up before us reaching to the sky.
The road was narrow, up the rugged height,
And deviated not to left nor right.
My eyes at once the mountainside to scan,
Most eagerly and searchingly began,
In hope that I some easier way might find,
Some by-road which its gentle course would wind
Around the steep ascent on smoother ground.
But no such easy way was to be found.
There was but one diverging, winding trail
Around the mountain base among the shale.
Then when I could not see some smoother way
Than this steep road which now before us lay,
With eager query I the silence broke,
And thus my guide and comforter bespoke:
"Must needs be we ascend yon lofty height
To reach the land you represent so bright?
And can there not, by going farther round,
Some easier and smoother road be found—
A gradual ascending, inclined plane,
Like Peru built to Lima from the main?
For since that country is for one and all,
Why should the way be barred by mountains tall?

It ill befits to offer people bliss
Concealed behind such obstacles as this."

X.

"Thou shouldst not murmur thus before the time.
We have not yet begun the hill to climb.
But while far off a duty seems uncouth,
And people murmur ere they know the truth.
So forward go until the journey's done.
A task is difficult till 'tis begun.
'Tis they who dread and murmur most that find
Their way most rugged and the world unkind.
While those who forward press with cheerful will,
Surmounting obstacles, outstripping ill,
Have little plaint, and even less to dread.
Take courage, then, and ever press ahead.

XI.

As we advanced, quite frequently we met
With those whose faces were adversely set—
Were going farther out upon the plain.
All our attempts to bring them back were vain.
Then when we fully reached the mountain base,
We found a multitude about the place.
Some anxiously were looking up the slope,
Their faces indicating feeble hope.
But little could they see to lure them hence.
Their resolutions failed in consequence.
Still others I beheld indifferent seemed;
About the better land they never dreamed.
Its meaning unto them was never taught.
Hence on the subject they had never thought.

XII.

"Interpreter," I thus began again,
"What means this rabble here of uncouth men,
And women, too, and children—what a throng!
Are they to go with us the way along?
And shall we wait till they are ready all,
And climb together up the mountain tall?"

XIII.

"If we should think for all of them to stay,
We might be waiting till the judgment day.
Then let our motto ever be, Press on
Until the promised land is fully won.
There is no other way that we may gain,
By which to reach yon elevated plain.
And those who take that zig-zag path around,
The way to glory never yet have found."

XIV.

I, halting for a moment, cried aloud,
"Are any here among this mighty crowd,
Who wish to climb this hill along with me,
Come then, I much desire your company."

XV.

"I'd like to go," replied a feeble heart,
"And would not hesitate to make the start,
If I could know I would at last prevail.
I do not wish to start and ever fail."

XVI.

"I mean to go," replied a braggart bold,
"But am not ready yet to be enrolled.
Some things I wish to do which won't allow
Of undertaking such a journey now.
Grieve not thyself for me, but go thy way,
And I will come a more convenient day.
Be sure of that. Whatever I propose,
I always do, as everybody knows."

XVIII.

"I shall not go," replied a simple dude.
I turned me round and his appearance viewed.
His entire dress was neat, and clean, and sleek;
His shoes were pointed like a sparrow's beak;
Kid gloves enwrapped his dainty little paws;
A tooth pick sagely held between his jaws;

His idle hands had naught to entertain,
And, feeling awkward, held a walking cane;
His derby hat I saw him gently raise,
To show his hair from center lay both ways;
He stroked his mustache, cast around his eyes,
And made a mighty effort to look wise.

XVIII.

"Why wilt thou not go 'long, kind sir?" said I.
He hastened forward eager to reply.
He perched himself upon an eminence,
Making great preparations to commence,
His arms extended, and he tossed his head.
And finding he was noticed, thus he said:
"To climb that hill to me seems worse than vain.
I cannot see what any one may gain
By such a journey. But I am aware
That Christians hope to find a brighter sphere.
Their Bible promises a paradise.
But this with science does not harmonize."

XIX.

"Alas, poor fool!" said I within my mind,
"I doubt not thou dost fail all this to find.
Thou canst not find what thou hast never sought,
And if a truly scientific thought
Should e'er invade thy narrow little head,
'Twould burst thy cranium and kill thee dead."

XX.

"I do not wish to go." This was a sage,
Whose hair was silvered with the frost of age,
Had spent his life in studying the laws
Of nature, and in seeking nature's cause.

XXI.

"Happy were I indeed," I thus began,
"To go with such a venerable man,
But if thy conscience leads thee otherwise,

Presumptuous 'twere if thee I should advise.
But whilst thou seekest wisdom I will pray
That God may lead thee in the holy way."

XXII.

I thank thee very much, young friend," said he
"And though I may not see as others see,
The things which I believe are forced on me
By evidence with which I must agree.
While other folks see things some other way,
Their right to do so I shall not gainsay.
Then if 'tis thy desire to go thy way,
I wish thee peace and happiness—good day!"

XXIII.

The place, to me, quite dark and dreary seemed,
For not a ray of light upon it gleamed,
Except refracted rays, which bended o'er
The lofty mountain down upon the moor.
To make it worse, a dark and humid cloud
Had settled all around above the crowd.

XXIV.

With alpenstock in hand, we take our way
Toward the source of never-ending day.
The road which looked so rugged from below,
Becomes more gentle as we upward go.
The path with fragrant flowers is thickly strewn,
As we pass upward through full many a zone.
Higher and higher the flowers bloom more sweet.
Our ev'ry step more lovely blossoms greet.
Higher and higher the air grows fresh and pure,
And all the way there's something new to lure.
The light is breaking o'er the mountain brow;
The golden dawn is fast approaching now.
With quickened step we press the rolling sod,
And soon are standing on the Mount of God.

XXV.

O! wise interpreter, teach me to sing

How flowers blossom and how fountains spring;
How birds with plumage so rich and so rare,
Are warbling their carols of rapture there;
How butterflies dance in the sunlight of day;
How insects are humming their musical lay;
How squirrels are frisking about in the trees,
Among the green foliage which moves in the breeze;
And the zephyrs are murmuring a pleasant refrain
Through the grasses and daisies which carpet the plain.

XXVI.

My eyes now feast upon the pleasant sights;
My soul is ravished with untold delights;
New beauties greet me wheresoe'er I go;
And streams of pleasure never ceasing flow.
Awhile I ramble o'er the lovely plain,
Then merge upon the mountain brow again.
Ten thousand fathoms depths of nether air,
My vision penetrates while standing there.
I gaze upon the country whence I came,
I need no prophet to declare its name;
For where the light and darkness meet in space,
Above that country, I can plainly trace
Its name and destiny in letters quite
As black and gloomy as the pall of night.
Its name is Sin—named from its character—
Its doom perdition, and its end is near.

XXVII.

But farther on bright rivers seemed to roll.
Methought I saw loom up a tempting goal—
As when one stands upon a mesa high,
And looks far out across the prairie dry,
To where some canyon opes its massive jaws,
And stones, like giant teeth, the gazer awes.
Fantastic shapes to lure him thence arise,
Bright lakes of water gleam before his eyes;
But to the traveler who journeys there,
It proves to be a mirage of the air—
My ancient home invited my return,

While olden memories made my spirit yearn.
A thousand tempting spirits called me thence,
And I was yielding to their influence,
When lo! another scene appeared to me:
Far out upon the frontier I could see
A region occupied by demons fell,
Its borders reaching to the verge of hell,
Where gloomy castles held by Satan's host,
Are standing fast along th' infernal coast.

XXVIII.

I faced about and took the narrow road
Which led toward the city of our God.
'Tis narrow, straight, but easy of access.
'Tis called the "King's Highway of Holiness."
'Tis smooth and even with a slight ascent
Which scarcely we perceived as on we went.
The horizon seemed level all around,
But ev'ry night we pitched on higher ground.
Like one who travels o'er the western plains,
Which the great Mississippi river drains.
For days and weeks his journey is pursued,
Each step acquiring greater altitude.
He knows it not, so gentle is the rise,
Except by purer air and clearer skies.

XXIX.

At length when we had journeyed many days,
The land ahead assumed a greater raise.
My escort said, "When we yon height shall gain
We'll be upon the summit of the plain."
We hastened forward with a quickened bound,
And soon were standing on the higher ground.
A level plain extended far away,
With verdure green bedecked with flowers gay.

XXX.

As when I had stood on the mountain brow,
Contrasting its beauties with regions below,

Those beauties in turn will but feebly compare
With the gorgeous splendors I revel in here.
The heavens are clearer; the air is more light;
The songsters seem gladder, the fountains more bright;
The flowers more fragrant and modest and sweet,
All nature so lovely and fresh and complete;
The valley of Sin is now far out of sight;
The horrors of Hell are all forgotten quite;
The way is more pleasant, though narrow and straight,
But level all way to the Heavenly gate.
Far on in the distance is dimly in sight,
The beautiful city, the City of Light.
As when one is traveling o'er prairies vast,
Toward some mountain away in the west,
The evening shadows beginning to fall,
Imparting rich beauty and splendor to all,
The glorious sunlight will give him delight;
He never considers the coming of night.
The way to the mountain seems level and green,
For he sees not the river that's rolling between.

XXXI.

Awhile we sojourned in this Beulah land,
Then took our course toward the Heavenly strand;
But when we came well nigh the city wall,
Dread horror fell upon me like a pall;
For lo! a dark and sullen river flowed
Before the city, cutting off the road.
Methought it rolled too furiously to wade.
Then of my guide I thus inquiry made:
"Where is the boatman who shall bear us o'er
In safety to yon bright and shining shore?
It surely cannot be yon city bright,
Which sits upon that elevated height,
O'erflooding all the universe with light,
And built by power and wisdom infinite,
Has stood all through a past eternity,
Unrivalled beauty and sublimity,
O'erlooking this unsightly angry foam,
Which severs Christians from their final home,

Without a bridge on which they may pass o'er,
Or boat to waft them to the other shore.
There are no Yankees living here I know
Or they'd have bridged this river long ago,
And built huge ships and locks, and docks, and quays,
And railroads leading off a thousand ways."

XXXII.

"His majesty has willed," returned my guide,
"That all shall pass beneath this rolling tide.
Full many 'genious men have tried in vain,
To build some bridge or boat to cross this main;
But vain it is, for when they reach the brink,
They're swallowed up, and all together sink."

XXXIII.

My heart recoiled from scenes so desperate,
I thought to flee from such an awful fate.
The world beyond had no allurements more—
But I was on the treach'rous, slimy shore.
Every attempt I made to extricate
Myself but brought me nearer to my fate.
Already rise the waters round my feet;
The angry billows 'gainst my body beat;
And now I strive to buffet back the wave—
And now am 'whelmed in a wat'ry grave.

XXXIV.

Down! down!! down!!! and downward still I tended;
Down! down!! down!!! and downward still descended
Into the depths unlimited I fell,
Like Lucifer precipitate to Hell,
And harassed all the way by hideous sounds,
And hideous goblins which beset me 'round.
Fierce dragons gnashed upon me as I passed;
Unightly reptiles hissed me to the last;
While all around shone eyes like gleaming fire,
Of gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire.
Still down I went, I could not speak but said
Within my mind, "I'm gone! I'm lost! I'm dead."

BOOK THE SECOND.

HEAVEN.

I.

How long I lay beneath the surging deep,
I knew not more than if I were asleep.
I nothing knew, except that I was drowned,
Until a mighty arm enclosed me round,
And bore me to the shore beyond the sea,
And took my dripping garments off of me,
And dressed me in a robe of spotless white,
And put my fears and sorrows all to flight,
And heralded me to the open gate,
Where many thousand spirits stood in wait,
To welcome me into their blissful home,
With shouts of gladness filling Heaven's dome.

II.

I quickly recognized my mother's face,
Who came the first to meet her son's embrace.
I next beheld my father, waiting stand,
To greet my coming to the glory land.
My soul was wrapped in ecstasy profound.
The salutations having gone around,
We started to the Throne, 'mid shout and song,
And noted all things as we marched along.

III.

One thoroughfare toward the center led,
With bending arches high above our head.
The street was paved with gold, on which we trod,
Until we reached the great white throne of God.
Archangels, elders, saints, and cherubim,
Apostles, priests, and flaming seraphim,
Came round to worship at the throne of God
Who sways creation by his awful nod.

IV.

The city seemed to be one building vast,
Each mansion interlinked with all the rest.

The rooms were all arranged in pairs and suites,
With halls and archways answering for streets.
The upper rooms were furnished as below,
With halls and corridors through which to go
From each department of the common sort,
Toward the center, to the Monarch's court.
Three strong partitions, without gate or door,
Built from foundation to the topmost floor,
From center reach to each extremity,
Dividing Heaven into sectors three.
Three avenues or archways, broad and high,
Midway between the three partitions lie.
The walls are jasper, of the purest mold,
And all the streets are paved with burnished gold.

V.

Our journey round the public court began,
Admiring the perfection of the plan.
We came at first to Roman avenue,
And watched the flood of Catholics sweep through.
The pope sat on a throne (to make a show)
And deigned to let them kiss his sacred toe.

VI.

The Greek church held the second avenue.
The partriarchs were holding a review,
And numbering the millions of their flocks,
Who came in by the name of Orthodox.

VII.

But when we came to avenue the third,
And Martin Luther of my coming heard,
He called to know, "Who comes, whom have we here?"
My father answered him, "Most Reverend Sir,
My son this is who from the world has come
To visit us in our eternal home."
"You're very welcome," the reformer said.
Then down the archway Protestant we sped.

VIII.

But soon the street divides abruptly quite.

One branch leads to the left, one to the right.
The left is called the Calvin avenue.
The right bears Luther's name the whole way through..
We followed on the Luther avenue
Until a new division we came to.
The English avenue to rightward led,
The Luther ever keeping straight ahead.
This time we took the English thoroughfare,
And traveled on how far I'm not aware,
Then turned on Wesley street and onward trod,
A long, long journey from the throne of God.
We thus pursued our journey on and on
To where the streets divided one and one,
Then subdivided, and then met anon,
And crossed and recrossed, as we journeyed on.

IX.

I found myself quite at a loss to see
Why such confusion of the streets should be,
And asked my father, "Why these winding roads?
And are these temples built by rival gods,
That such irregularities should be?"
"There's no irregularity," said he,
"This is the city of the one great God;
But ev'ry church requires a different road.
As when they lived upon the earth below,
They had their own respective ways to go—
And even as that world would love its own,
So here they have their quarters, every one.
For this cause all these temples you see here,
Each one provided with its thoroughfare,
Were built to be eternal habitation's
For all those various denominations.

X.

We reached an artificial forest green,
And saw the hosts of Methodists convene,
In their peculiar way to pass the while
In old time Methodist camp meeting style.
The bishop preached, the elders prayed, and then

The congregation all roared out "Amen!"
The program being finished, all began
With one accord—as it had been one man—
Harps tuned—and all, in one united voice—
To sing, and shout, and worship, and rejoice,
In strains so full and loud, and clear, and shrill,
Methought their noise the universe would fill.

XI.

Then this was ended and we passed along
From out that most innumerable throng.
The elevator caught us up on high.
We seemed to soar above the upper sky.
At length we landed on an upper floor.
My parents led the way as heretofore;
And to their own apartments made their way,
Where 'twas arranged for me with them to stay.

XII.

Now, as of old, we brought our chairs and sate,
And formed a broken circle round the grate.
Then thus my mother, "What's the news from home?
And will the other children shortly come?
How goes the time? And are they growing old?
Do silver threads yet mingle with the gold
Upon their brows? Or do they promise still
A glowing future ere old age shall chill
Their vital energies, and thwart their joy,
And make their fond anticipations cloy?
Full many things we see, and hear and know,
But day and night recur not as below.
And how the time goes on there is no way
By which we may observe, because a day
Is as a thousand years—or, we may say,
A thousand years is only as a day."

XIII.

She said and ceased for my response, when I
Took up the task of quite a sad reply:

"They all but one still breathe the vital air,
And have no cause to murmur how they fare.
They're in their vigor yet as you may see,
By judging them of what you see of me.
Those who are living (one except) still try
To be prepared for Heaven when they die.
But one, alas, how very sad to tell!
Not being here, I fear he's gone to Hell—
My brother John, who loved to live so well,
And would be happy whatsoe'er befell.
But ah! how brief that life turned out to be!
For although I was older than than he,
And still am young, 'tis years since that sad day
He went to seek his fortune far away,
And followed westward, with a reckless heed,
The fickle goddess where she did not lead—
So reckless that on one unhappy day
When he had stopped beside the dusty way,
To learn if happily a brooklet flowed
Among the timber growing near the road,
Where he might rest and quench his desert thirst.
But that sad ramble was his last and worst.
His fickle gun discharged a fatal shot
Which left him lying lifeless on the spot.
Without a moment's time to stipulate
For terms with God, he yielded to his fate."

XIV.

Thus briefly was my brother's story given,
For they must happy be who are in Heaven;
And lengthy discourse on a hapless fate,
In Heaven, were counted inappropriate.
Their lot was one of infinite delight,
With harps, and crowns, and palms and robes of white,
But, strange to say, it seemed infinite joy
Would not suffice them when they knew their boy
Had gone to Hell, to nevermore return;
And we could almost think we saw him burn,
And roast, and sputter, in eternal fire
And writhe and welter in those torments dire.

But those in Heaven should enjoy it well,
Regardless of their friends who go to Hell.
They knew this and assumed to be as bright
And cheerful, as if everything were right.
But still they could not help but sympathize
With their poor fallen son in other skies.

XV.

We changed the subject then and made believe
That we were happy; for 'twere wrong to grieve
Because it pleased the Lord to take away
My brother, without giving time to pray,
And cast him into Hell for endless time
In torture infinite for finite crime.
Infinite justice thus is satisfied
Infinite love and mercy thus applied,
Shows forth infinite grace, for which the Lord
Hath claims infinite for to be adored.

XVI.

In pleasant converse we indulged the while,
Until my roving nature would beguile
The time by strolling in the open air,
To know by observation what was there.
My father and myself then rambled out,
And strolled among the temples all about.
We saw the lunatics in mighty throngs
Who were not held responsible for wrongs.
The sympathy and mercy of the Lord
Had saved their souls, according to his word..
And little infants, innocent because
They never lived to violate the laws.
We saw the gleanings of the lanes and byways.
We saw the scrapings of the streets and highways.
The ignorant, uneducated classes,
We saw, where'er we went, in seething masses.
In fact, we saw but few of other sort.
The intellect supply was wondrous short.

XVII.

When I had seen of these my full desire,

Then of my father thus I made inquire:
"Where are the quarters of the great and wise?
Or have they never come to Paradise?
I mean the great and wise of earth below;
For them I long have wished so much to know.
Where are the statesmen, and the heroes brave,
The wise philosophers, the poets grave,
The architects, who built those towers tall,
Artists, sculptors, and inventors all?
Where are those orators we loved to hear;
On whatsoe'er profession or 'soever sphere?
In short, where are the intellects of Earth?
For of them, I perceive, here's quite a dearth."

XVIII.

My query gave my father some surprise;
Yet, with deliberation he replies:
"Since I have been within this broad domain,
I've roamed the realm time and time again.
I'm quite familiar with the ins and outs;
But know not of those people's whereabouts."

XIX.

I now resolved to go before the Throne,
And ask his Majesty if't might be known
Where I could meet with all those master minds.
I told, of course, my father my designs.
We bent our steps toward the center prone.
And quickly stood before the shining Throne.
My father bowed himself unto the earth,
Before the Monarch of the universe.
I stood erect and doffed my hat meanwhile,
In keeping with my native country's style.
His Majesty required why I had grown
So stiff as not to bow before the Throne.

XX.

I thus replied: "I'm an American —
A Hoosier from the woods, which means freeman."

Freeborn, I've so continued until now,
And before a monarch have not learned to bow.
Thy laws I shall obey while I remain.
These customs of submission I disdain.
Laws should evolve from sheer necessity.
These customs come of pride and vanity.
And minds can never soar to that high plane,
Which nature has designed they should attain,
So long as they will grovel in the dust
Before—no matter whom, nor how august.
They thus degrade their higher natures, when
They should aspire to be more noble men.
Perhaps I shall return some time to stay,
I then may learn thy customs to obey."

XXI.

He knew my body had not lost its breath,
And would not learn submission until death.
He knew I breathed the air of liberty.
He knew the country whence I came was free.
He spoke me kindly and my suit inquired.
I promptly answered him that I desired
To see the many master minds who led
The mighty hosts of Earth, from darkness dread,
And degradation dire, and ignorance,
Up to a plane of high intelligence;
Who gave to us our great prosperity;
Who civilized us in sincerity;
Who taught the dormant human mind to think;
Who taught us how to write with pen and ink;
And how to chain the lightning at our ease,
And with it talk to the antipodes;
To hang it on a jet and let it blaze,
With brightness rivaling the solar rays;
To bind the steam and drive it at our will,
Upon the road, and make it turn the mill;
The distance of the stars to calculate,
Their periods, their motions, and their weight;
To gather from the ocean, earth and air,
Their riches to supply our every care;

To read the story of the ancient earth,
And find the laws which gave creation birth;
Who taught us how to navigate the sea;
Who taught us to be absolutely free—
But, lest I should be tedious with my plea,
“It is the master minds I wish to see.”

XXII.

The King of Glory thus replied to me:
“Those people whom thou dost desire to see,
But very few of them are in this place,
Salvation’s plan they never would embrace.
Therefore for them I have prepared a place,
As I thought meet for those who forfeit grace—
Within the borders of a spacious Hell,
Where Satan and his angels ever dwell.”

XXIII.

“But may I not go see them though in Hell,
As Dante did?—Why may not I as well?
I’ll turn my back upon this shining throne;
I’ll set my face toward the vast unknown;
I’ll make my exit from this world of light;
I’ll bend my course through Chaos and old Night;
Into Tartarus my way I’ll make;
I’ll dare the terrors of the Burning Lake;
The horrors of all Hell I will abide,
If I may find the place where they reside.”

XXIV.

He did not seem to blame, but to admire
My stern deportment and my bold desire.
“Thy suit is granted. It is given thee
To make the journey.” Thus responded he,
And called the messenger who brought me there,
And gave my transportation to his care.

XXV.

Now with my father I returned to take

Leave of my mother, before I should make
My journey to the fathomless abyss,
To seek those sages in the land of Dis.
I told her all that had occurred meanwhile,
And on her countenance appeared a smile.
They both were pleased to know that I had gained
Such favor as but few had e'er obtained,
But when they seemed so glad for me to go
And make that awful journey down below,
I thought it was because my journey done,
I'd bring them tidings of their fallen son.
All this I pondered well, and wondered then,
Why God could not be merciful like men.
"Infinite Love," I had now to concede,
Is not the thing that finite beings need.

XXVI.

They then resolved to see me on my way;
And soon we started, for I could not stay.
We then retraced the steps we came before,
To make our journey to the outer door.
But wheresoever we might wish to go,
Or in, or out, or upward, or below,
The streets converge, that whichsoe'er we trod,
They always led us by the throne of God.

XXVII.

But when we reached the ample court, we found
A host of people, covering all the ground,
Arranged to sing another song before
Their great orchestrian should quit the shore.
My parents tuned their harps and joined the choir,
But I stood off to listen and admire.
One figure tall rose high above the crowd,
And many million voices cheered aloud.
He waved his hand and all were still again;
He touched his harp and all took up the strain.
I viewed his form, while standing at his side,
And when he turned his face I knew my guide.
With one accord they struck their harps of gold,

And "Worthy is the Lamb" through Heaven rolled.
"Worthy is the Lamb," the chorus rings
While skillful fingers sweep the trembling strings.

XXVIII.

The song was ended, but the dome above
Was still re-echoing those strains of love;
And the accents "Worthy is the Lamb who died,"
Reverberated still from side to side.
I listened to the sweet, melodious sound,
Which still reverberated round and round.
More mellow and more sweet the accents move,
Till lost in the spacious vault above.

XXIX.

The chorister descended from the stand,
And came to me and took me by the hand,
And asked if I were ready now to go
Across the yawning chasm down below,
And undertake the fathomless abyss,
And to investigate the land of Dis.
I answered him I was prepared to start
Whenever 'twas in order to depart.
We now were ready for the vast unknown,
And for instruction went before the Throne.
My guide bowed down in adoration prone,
And this response came promptly from the Throne:
"Go with this searcher after truth to Hell,
And let him see the people who rebel
Against our majesty. And whatever he
May wish to see, permit thou him to see."
All this the herald with due deference heard
And answered, "Be thy will obeyed, my Lord "

XXX.

Meanwhile the concourse on our coming wait,
And all attend us to the outer gate.
The gate so ponderous swung open wide,
As to emit that immense, living tide.

My parents all the while kept close to me,
 That taking leave our latest act might be.
 I took them by their hands, and said "Farewell!"
 Presuming that I might remain in Hell.
 They never thought of this, but said "Good day!
 Be swift as light, and come back soon and stay."
 I looked to see their grief break forth once more,
 As when we said "Good-bye" in days of yore;
 But when they smiled and said, "God speed thee well!"
 My heart was lightened and I sailed for Hell.
 I waved a last salute to all the crowd.
 "God speed thee well," they all responded loud.
 We spread our little wings out like a lark,
 And made a mighty leap into the dark.

BOOK THE THIRD.

FROM HEAVEN TO HELL.

I.

As in the city of eternal light,
 Where never comes the change from day to night,
 We could not estimate how moments went,
 Nor calculate the time of an event,
 So now we could not comprehend the time
 In which we journeyed to the lower clime.
 For in those regions of eternal night,
 Where never comes the change from dark to light,
 Time passes by unheeded in its flight.
 Yet still we swept along through empty space,
 With speed as if the lightnings ran a race.
 Ten thousand times the distance that the sun
 Can shoot his rays athwart the dungeon gloom,
 Such is the distance Heaven is from Hell—
 The distance the rebellious angels fell.
 But when repeated our goal loomed up before our ken,
 We disregarded time and distance then.
 As, when the weary day winds to a close,
 We lie down on our couch to take repose—
 We pensive lie—while silence reigns around,

And fall unconscious into sleep profound.
Time passes on, but all unconscious though,
Till when we wake again we do not know
If we have slept an hour or a day,
For so unconsciously time flies away.
So time had passed—an age for aught I know—
While we were sweeping to the world below.

II.

We reached an opaque orb—a massive one—
Which seemed as a stupendous extinct sun.
Its heat exhausted and its flame consumed,
Its ancient brilliancy no longer lumed.
From other stars it caught a glimmering ray,
By which we marked its outline, far away.
We landed on a rocky precipice,
Upon the margin of the chasm of Dis.

III.

Inspire my soul, O Muse, while I portray
How vast the chasm which before us lay.
So very wide across from brim to brim
Such bodies as the sun might tumble in.
Compared with which the planets are but small—
As 'twere a stripling school boy's gaming ball;
Or pebble stones such as the gods might throw
At roaring devils in the pit below.
Yet though so wide, and though the walls were steep—
Were perpendicular—it was so deep
That when our gaze into its depths were urged,
Its granite walls appeared to be converged
Perspectively, until they seemed to meet,
Which barred investigation most complete.
Our vision could not penetrate the gloom,
To see what lay engulfed within its womb.
As if one stood beside a mining shaft,
A gazing downward at the low'ring draft,
The light diminishes until his gaze
Peers unavailing in the nether haze.
Although he sees no further, he must know
The miners are at work far down below.

IV.

From that exalted perch we saw no more
Than demonstrated we could not explore
Regions infernal, long as we should sit
A hovering above that yawning pit.
So we resolved at once that we would make
The deep descent down to the Burning Lake,
And learn what is to see, and hear, and know,
Within the awful regions down below.
We poised ourselves upon the brink so high,
Unfurled our pinions and prepared to fly.
We dropped ourselves down from the lofty hill,
And saw the cliff grow high and higher still.
Higher and higher rose the rugged height,
Until we plunged into the depths of night.
Still down we went, how far I never knew,
When suddenly a wonder broke to view.
A million glowing sparks ope'd to my eye,
Which seemed a nether star-bespangled sky.

V.

Suppose you stood upon a mountain high,
With some majestic river rolling by,
The pensive valley stretching out between,
Far down below the quivering lake serene,
A mighty city in the central ground:
Now when the shades of night have gathered round,
The deepened darkness settles over all,
Until the scene's enshrouded like a pall;
But not in vain you seek imposing sights,
When flash ten thousand bright electric lights.
'Tis unavailing weakness though for me
To like *those* scenes with scenes of less degree.

VI.

If you the population wish to know
Of this large world to which we now shall go,
Then take the time and patience to compute
The time since Adam ate the winter fruit,

And God was certain (so the scriptures say)
He'd take the bellyache and die that day.
But Adam lived, and so did Mother Eve,
And in her fallen nature did conceive
A race who all were born in sin, they say,
Because they ate the winter fruit that day;
And being born in sin, we're taught as well,
They're doomed to death, and after death to Hell.
An estimate thus let us try to make
Of all the souls cast in the Burning Lake:

VII.

Three score and fifteen generations passed
Without a Savior, and, of course, were cast
Into the gulf of unremitting woe,
Because they had no other where to go;
They having no alternative to take,
Were doomed to welter in the Burning Lake.
A favored few, by special dispensation,
Obtained the chances of their souls' salvation.
Then three score more have passed since Mary had
That cunning infant without any dad.
Yet still the gate is wide, still broad the way,
Which leadeth to destruction. And since they
Who seek to enter in at Heaven's gate
Shall not be able, as the Scriptures state,
We must conclude that when their lives expire
They have their portion in the Lake of Fire
We cannot comprehend those generations,
So nearly infinite their populations.

VIII.

But as we near drew the lights grew brighter,
And all that mighty concave loomed up lighter.
Advancing further onward we descried
A city larger than the earth outside.
We poised ourselves about it to begin
To try to take the situation in.
We hung aloft its boundaries to note,
Then swept around the suburbs far remote.

IX.

We came to where the great Cocytus poured
Its torrents wild and terrible, which roared
And dashed and thundered over breakers wild,
And cascades high, and whirlpools, which beguiled
Bold sailors who would dare its surges dire,
And in their vortices would oft expire.
While o'er the tossing billow came the sound
Of lamentations loud and woes profound.
The rivers of the earth, though they be great,
If they were all in one, their aggregate
Would still compare but feebly quite with this,
The smallest river in the land of Dis.

X.

We followed down the stream along the town,
And saw a thousand cataracts cast down
Their mighty torrents into gulfs profound,
Which run in mighty whirlpools round and round,
Then leap in other cascades down below.
And with augmented fury, onward go,
Till the mighty Styx its waters glide,
Augmenting that already matchless tide.
Imagination fails to comprehend—
Words are inadequate to serve the end—
How shall I undertake to illustrate
A scene so far beyond all estimate?

XI.

See where the Amazon invades the sea—
If London, Paris and Berlin, all three,
Were planted where those turbid waters swell,
We'd have, in miniature, this scene of Hell.
Along the lower Cocytus all way,
Unbroken lines of ships and wharf boats lay;
Then down along the Styx a thousand bays
Were fringed with docks and moles and piers and quays.

XII.

Great Styx! What shall I say of such a tide?

What illustration here may be applied?
As if the great Pacific flood had flown
Through some broad channel to the far unknown—
Suppose the center of earth's gravity
Should move toward the northern Polar Sea,
And all the waters of the mighty deep
Through their broad channels to the north should sweep,
The scene sublime indeed as it would seem,
Would scarcely equal this infernal stream.

XIII.

The city front along this river lay
For many thousand miles, where erst a ray
Of light was never known until man fell
By getting knowledge, and was sent to Hell.
But when these thinking beings came to fill
This region, they applied their art and skill.
Undeviating science was their guide,
Eternal nature all their stores supplied;
Till Hell became a Heaven, so to speak,
In spite of all the vengeance God could eke
On human beings who would dare to think,
From which crime he admonished them to shrink.

XIV.

Henceforth let none despise a felony,
As murder, treason, rapine, larceny;
Believe on Jesus Christ, and all thy sin—
No matter how corrupt thou mayst have been—
Shall be accounted naught, and thine abode
Shall be in the Paradise of God.
But if thou wilt persist, O, vicious man!
In thinking only such thoughts as thou can,
Will not believe that God was crucified,
Because the proof is on the other side,
And if thou meditate thoughts which present
Themselves to thee, though without thy consent,
And reason on from causes to effects,
And put thy trust in scientific facts,
Thou shalt be cast into this awful sink,

With all the people who have learned to think,
And there remain an outcast evermore,
With all great thinkers who have gone before.

XV.

Now, far interiorward we heard a sound,
Melodious, of music sweet resound.
My escort thitherward instinctive sped,
While willingly I followed where he led.
We reached the zenith of the mighty choir,
And poised ourselves to listen and admire.
"Academy of Music" loomed up bright,
Through transparent letters, by an inner light.
We hung aloft and read the glowing sign;
We saw the burnished street beneath us shine.
We 'lighted down upon the shining things,
And folded up our cunning little wings.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

HELL.

I.

We listened till the music was suspended,
When we supposed the exercise had ended,
Then entered in with hope of finding one
Great class of Earth's immortals, who had done
Their pleasant task upon the Earth so well,
And now had come to cheer the hosts of Hell.

II.

Wake thine imagination now, and try
To estimate my ecstasy, when I
Stood in the presence of that choral band,
In order, with their instruments in hand.
If I should tell the names of all the bards
And minstrels whom I saw, with all regards
To truth and candor, still thou mightest doubt
My narrative, so I must leave them out.
Should some one else have told it me in sooth,
Myself could not have half believed the truth.

I came to think it must be Heav'n averred
Earth's bards and minstrels, for it now appeared
That none of them were missing out of Hell,
As if the place were but a poet's cell.

III.

But when I visited the other parts,
I found that all the sciences and arts
Were represented by the mighty men
Who followed them upon the Earth. I then,
That Hell was made for all, became aware,
And now I mean to tell why they were there.
Let one example represent them all:
I asked a noted bard what made him fall
From that ideal to which he aspired,
When erst upon the Earth his singing fired
The world with Christian zeal. For many wise
And learned lays he sang of Paradise.
When I adverted to his Earthly fame,
He, conscious of the greatness of his name,
Was moved with honest pride, and thus replied:
"I did aspire to Heav'n before I died.
For Heav'n I lived; for Heav'n I spun my rhymes;
But had opinions of my own, some times,
Which is pernicious in the sight of God.
Why it is so is very strange and odd.
But He who knows our thoughts while far away,
Marked how I doubted what the scriptures say.
Of all pernicious sins He deems it chief,
And cast me off because of unbelief.

IV.

"Me thinks since God takes all our secrets in,
And never with allowance looks on sin,
And if we disobey the least command,
We're guilty as the vilest in the land,
It seems but chance if any one should die
While in a state of pardon from on high,
So that he may ascend above the skies,

And be admitted into Paradise.
Perhaps, according to the Christian rules,
All lunatics, all infants, and all fools,
And all illiterates who never knew,
Nor thought, nor cared, what might be false or true,
Incapable of doing willful sin,
Are not accountable and may get in;
While those who may have nothing else to do
But pray unceasingly, may get there too.
If Heaven's an asylum for such classes,
Such ignorant and idiotic masses,
Society were surely very rude,
Made of materials so very crude."
I told him, "I was there and sure enough
The place was filled with just that kind of stuff."
His count'nance brightening, he answered, "Well,
Then, I am happy that I came to Hell."

V.

That meeting was a literary feat.
To witness it was quite a happy treat.
The music we had heard above the skies,
We found to be the op'ning exercise.
'Twas poets' day, and I was made to stare
To see the troupe with Shakespeare in the chair.
In recitations first the troupe engage,
And Bobby Burns was called upon the stage.
Now such a strain of wit you never heard
As then was uttered by the Scottish bard.
To tell you what he said I have not time.—
And if I should 'twould spoil my coarser rhyme.
I'd oft deplored that I might never see
This jolly bard renowned for repartee,
Whose wit has never had an equal yet.—
But now my great desire was fully met.

VI.

The father of the epic took the floor,
Who sang as never man had sung before;

And all the crowd showed deference and regard
To this most ancient and renowned bard,
Who long ago had played the happy part
Of introducing in the world, the art
Of making verse, and singing it to time,
And made it possible for men to rhyme.
He sang the praises of the Prince of Hell;
And as I listened to his numbers swell,
I thought the vigor of the poet's flame
Would put even Heaven itself to shame.
The matchless strain the tuneful choirs prolong,
And Hell resounded with heroic song.

VII.

Then Hesiod gave the genealogies
Of all the ancient Grecian deities.
He gave the best account of the creation,
And of the gods, and of their generation,
That e'er was linked in one concatenation,
Till philosophical investigation
Revealed (and proved it to a demonstration)
The universe to be an emanation.
He was a man of fine imagination,
Who dreamed day dreams and called it revelation.
He must have felt that strange infatuation,
Responsive to some female fascination,
Whence he conjectured the origination
Of all things was produced by propagation.
The only way that his enunciation
Differed from those of many another nation,
Was in its merit. His elucidation
Was more profound. I'd give an illustration
But 'tis not needed. Men of education
Who for themselves will read his nice narration,
Will know that this is no exaggeration.
So I shall give no further explanation.

VIII.

Lucretius came next upon the stage,

Who clothed in verse the doctrines of the sage
Who taught that doing good brings happiness,
While doing wrong produces man's distress.
In other words whatever makes us blest,
Is always right; but what makes us distressed,
Or what would give our fellow creatures pain,
Is always wrong; and such we should disdain.
Likewise what gives us momentary joy,
And then reacts and makes our pleasures cloy,
Such as licentiousness, debauchery,
Is always wrong, all which if men could see,
And would consider, they would learn to be
Virtuous as being the best policy.
And quit their dreaming of a better sphere,
But make a better of the one that's here.

IX.

But what, O Virgil! can I say of thee?
What of thy song, and of its melody?
Though more original those gone before,
Thou sure didst profit by thine ancient lore,
And made thy happy song the more complete,
More beautiful, more tender, and more sweet,
And more dissolving to the souls of men
Than e'er the word is apt to see again.

X.

Then Pope came forward, to my great delight,
Who told the world "Whatever is is right;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know."

XI.

Then Byron's fingers swept the harp of gold,
And symphonies of sweetest music rolled
Throughout the place, and ravished ev'ry ear
Within a distance possible to hear.
His theme was nature—wonderful his theme—
Of what more worthy could a poet dream?

He sang of birds that warble in the trees;
 Of insects humming in the balmy breeze;
 He sang of brooklets sparkling in the sun,
 And rippling through the pebbles as they run;
 Of trees which toss their shaggy boughs on high;
 Of mountains towering toward the sky;
 Of lakes serene and zephyrs sweet and mild;
 Of waters torn by winds and tempests wild;
 Comets which through the heavens lawless run;
 And golden planets rolling round the sun;
 Of the emotions all, and passions too,
 Which actuate mankind in all they do;
 And of the ecstasies of bliss which prove
 The sequel of reciprocated love.

XII.

But time would fail if I should try to tell
 The names of all who played their parts so well.
 Yet must not pass till I have said Shakespeare
 Acquitted himself worthy of the chair.
 He knew how to manipulate the stage;
 He knew the entire theatrical page;
 He knew just when to speak, and what to say,
 To best promote the success of the day.
 His thoughts were vigorous; his words were wise;
 His genius seemed to soar above the skies.
 His style was easy, perfect, and complete.
 His numbers flowed so full, and clear, and sweet.
 If possible he seemed of greater worth
 Than when he played so well upon the Earth.

XIII.

Great man!—if man—and if not man, then what?
 The gods are what men make them—are they not?
 What were the Grecian gods till Homer's mind
 Their beings, actions, passions, all defined?
 Or what Jehovah till he was descried
 By Moses, and by David glorified?
 The gods have had the glory, well we know,

But men have done their thinking for them, though.
All revelations have been made by man.
The gods themselves are fashioned by his plan.
One truth seems clear, if we survey all time,
Of things observed, the figure most sublime
Is man developed to a perfect state.
We scarcely can conceive a thing more great.
The man of all his race developed most.
Unrivalled by the world's aspiring host,
Can have no higher appellation then,
Except the greatest of the world's great men.

XIV.

The exercises ended when the band
Had all arranged themselves upon the stand,
And executed one more masterpiece;
Then I observed the exercises cease.
Nor Earth nor Heaven never may excel
The music which I listened to in Hell.
My great companion thought it no disgrace
Among the choir to occupy a place.
If God had chanced the circumstance to know,
I think he'd been a little jealous, though.
Myself was introduced before the throng,
And I was asked to join them in their song;
But I desired that my modesty
Should equal or excel their courtesy,
And prudence seemed to check my great desire
To join my uncouth voice with such a choir;
So I begged leave to hear and not be heard,
And they politely took me at my word.
All Hell seemed vocal with the strains so rare,
As peals of richest music shook the air.
The orchestra poured forth its symphonies,
Sweeter than purl of brook or hum of bees,
Yet louder than the din of battle roar,
When modern armies strive in deadly war,
And clearer than the warble of a bird.
Such melodies no mortal ever heard.

XV.

I telephoned my brother—my first care—
To know for certain whether he were there.
Forthwith he joined me with that gleeful mirth
Which so became him while upon the Earth.
I introduced him to my guide, and he
Continued thenceforth with my guide and me.

XVI.

I loved a little maiden, sweet and mild,
When I was but a stripling of a child.
Our ages were the same; our stations not;
For mine was then, as now, a gloomy lot;
While she was born to ease and luxury;
But that was nothing then to her nor me;
For well she loved me, and I loved her well,
How much I could not then, nor now can tell;
But children's plays have meanings deep and vast,
And loves are there engendered that will last;
While vows are plighted for futurity,
And hearts united for eternity.
But I was poor; her parents were morose;
So we agreed to keep the secret close.
Then years rolled on and no one knew that she
Was loving me, or she was loved by me.

XVII.

Now she would soon attain maturity,
While I was growing up as fast as she.
Our hopes were growing as our statures grew;
Our vows were constant and our hearts were true.
But ruthless death will sometimes interpose,
And rudely pluck away the blooming rose,
To fade and molder in the clammy ground,
While still its sweetness fills the air around.
One day I sat beneath a spreading tree,
My mind absorbed in blissful reverie.
While lost to all the world around, I dreamed

Of happy days to come, until they seemed
To be within my reach, when I should be
A mighty man for her sake, and that she
Should be my beautiful and blooming bride—
Then through the world we glided side by side.
The world was mine, because it seemed to be
That she, my love, was all the world to me.

XVIII.

That dream was broken when a little maid,
In passing, saw me lying in the shade,
Who coming by the country church, had seen
A sad assemblage at the church convene,
Had learned the cause, and thus to me she said:
"Are you aware that little Gracie's dead?"
"Impossible!" said I. "That cannot be!"
But she insisted, and declared that she
Had seen her buried on that very day.
My heart then bursted, and my grief gave way.
Talk not of children's troubles being brief,
Of constant joys with naught to bring them grief.
I wept as those more hard by many years,
Could not appreciate my bitter tears.
Then oft at night, when all were sound asleep,
I rose, and from my room would slyly creep,
And through the darkness grope my lonely way
To the old churchyard where my darling lay:
And there would kneel, and weep, and moan, and pray,
That I might meet her on some happy day,
Upon some safer and more blissful shore,
Where death could take her from me never more.
Then wept again, because it gave me pain
To know that she had not been born again,
And therefore could not go to Paradise,
And mingle with the angels of the skies.
But even then (I must confess to you)
Were she in Hell, I wished to go there, too.
Then I would bid farewell, and go away,
To be at home before the break of day.

Thus many a sad farewell by me was said,
Until my mind would wander from my head,
And dare to question the reality
Of Heaven, Hell, and Christianity.

XIX.

Now, Christian friends, be candid in God's name,
And say if you believe I was to blame
For questioning if justice infinite,
Infinite love, and mercy, could unite
In one great Being infinitely wise,
Exalted on a throne above the skies,
Would damn forever in a burning Hell,
A soul so pure, and one I loved so well,
Because it happened she had never thought
Of certain things the Christian Bible taught.
Yet all my life a lurking hope was given
That after all my darling was in Heaven.

XX.

At Heaven's portals she was my first care,
For I had hoped that she would meet me there.
Then while I rambled through the world above,
My eyes were ever seeking for my love.
While strolling up and down some golden street,
And a fair damsel I would chance to meet,
I steadily would gaze into her face,
To see if the resemblance I could trace.
Then when convinced my darling was not there,
That she had gone to Hell, I was aware.
Believing this (I scarcely need to tell)
She was my chief attraction down to Hell.

XXI.

Now, when my brother 'twas my joy to meet,
And all our formal greetings were complete,
I asked him eagerly where I might see
My little Gracie. Then he went with me

My darling's whereabouts to ascertain,
Where soon we met to never part again.

XXII.

On an excursion we were all agreed,
And took a palace car of lightning speed.
It swept along the Central Thoroughfare,
Until our party reached an ample square,
Which art and science had ordained a park.
When all its beauties I began to mark,
We called a halt and landed there, and we
Strolled through the park to see what we could see.
Espaliers here in festoons hang around;
Here shady quincunx darken all the ground;
Here terrace above terrace towers high;
Here gay parterres and fountains please the eye;
Here pleasing intricacies intervene;
And streaks of wildness emulate the scene.
Through groves of stately forest trees we strayed,
Whose foliage commingled light with shade.
The glowing light the mimic sun supplies,
Which cunning art had made to tread the skies.
As up, and down, and round, and round, we went,
And noticed all the pains which art had spent
In trying to resemble mother Earth,
I tried to estimate our planet's worth.
If oceans, rivers, gulfs, and lakes, and vales,
And mountains, canyons, geysers, grotes, and dales,
To imitate are worthy their aspiring,
They're surely worthy of ourselves admiring.
Then I rejoiced because my time was not
To quit my enviable life and lot.

XXIII.

Now, through this automatic world there strayed,
Or sat delighted in the genial shade,
Those whom to see I had the most desired,
The men of all the most to be admired,
Who dared to think against the public mind,

And thus extend the knowledge of mankind.
In spite of ignorance they would be wise;
In spite of bigotry they would arise
Superior to the level of their day,
And superstition's shackles cast away.
Then when themselves emancipate, in sooth,
They forced the world to recognize the truth,
Who faced the pillory, the stocks, and rods,
And braved the thunderbolts of all the gods.
Though persecuted by their generations,
Posterity redeemed their reputations,
Among the great have catalogued their names.
And shown the world the splendor of their fames.
Of things admired, the figure most sublime,
Is a brave man who lives before his time.

XXIV.

Pythagoras, who taught the Earth is one
Of many planets rolling round the sun,
Believed the soul would live forevermore,
That it had lived in ages gone before,
And when the body dies would transmigrate,
Developing toward a higher state,
Here in his spotless flowing robe appears,
A-dancing to the music of the spheres.

XXV.

Xenophanes, who in the days of yore.
Said, "Men create the gods which they adore,
And if the ox or lion should aspire
To be religious, they would then desire
A god to worship. Their imagination
Would furnish one according to their station.
Credulity into a faith would grow,
"In an almighty beast of long ago."

XXVI.

Here Socrates was walking on the street,
Interrogating whom he chanced to meet.

He sought to save the noble minded youth,
And relished hemlock for the sake of truth.

XXVII.

Aristocles, beneath his shady bower,
Discoursed in words of beauty, grace, and power,
To thronging multitudes, like bees or birds,
Who hung enraptured on his honeyed words.

XXVIII.

Through shady gardens Aristotle walked,
While in a style sublimely grand he talked
To those who 'tended at the Lyceum,
And dared to doubt another life to come.
And for this bold presumption met the fate
To die an exile from his native state.

XXIX.

Here Epicurus taught philosophy
Which all the ages since could not deny;
The end of life is pleasure while we've breath;
The bane of life is fear of God and death;
Whate'er promotes this pleasure, understood,
Is virtue, and is always right and good;
Whate'er augments that fear, and gives us pain,
Is wrong, and such to do we should disdain.

XXX.

Bold Erigena in mediaeval night,
Discerned a trace of intellectual light
Which glimmered in the west of ancient day—
He caught the gleam and reproduced the ray.

XXXI.

Poor Abelard! Of all the persecutions
Endured by leaders of great revolutions,
Thyself, perhaps, hath drank a deeper draught
Than any other soul has ever quaffed.

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"Where love is liberty and nature law."
I would not give one such a blissful night
For any royal mace, or robe of white,
For any diadem and golden throne,
That Earth or Heaven yet has ever known.

XXXIII.

O, all ye Powers!—if powers there be which move
The souls of mortals in the sphere of love,
Oh give to me the woman I adore,
And henceforth I will ask for nothing more.
Give her a heart of such peculiar mold,
So large—or small; so very warm—or cold,
That I may fit and fill it up complete.
Make it so tender it will thrill and beat
Reciprocally for the love I give,
Then happy is the life which we will live.
Give me in this world such ideal bliss.
Give the next life to those who forfeit this.

XXXIV.

Poor Abelard! 'twas thine to love as few
Great hearted mortals have been wont to do.
While those who do love seldom have the pleasure
Of being loved in turn in equal measure.
But thou wast loved for all thou didst bestow,
Which was the signal for thine overthrow.
Then wast thou subjected to many an ill:
Thrown from that station none but thee could fill,
Emasculated, and thrust into jail,
Far from thy loving wife who took the veil.

XXXV.

The worst imprisonment the world has known,
Is cloistered womanhood—confined alone,
While nature haunts them every breath they draw,
With thrilling sense of violated law.
Such is the sacrifice the nuns must make,
Against the god of nature, for God's sake.

XXXVI.

Against thy God of course thou didst rebel,
And would, perhaps, have cast Him into Hell,
Had not His allies on the Earth arose
To His Godship's assistance, to oppose
Thy progress. Even they could win the day
But partially, and that was by foul play.

XXXVII.

Here Bruno spoke the sentiments he chose,
Unpersecuted by his ancient foes.
While on the Earth, to think he would presume,
And though eternal woe would be his doom,
The loving Christians were not satiate
To let him run his course and meet his fate;
But led him to the fatal stake to burn,
And sent him on to Hell before his turn.
Nor God, nor Satan meant a death so ruth
For this great pioneer of light and truth.
But Christians heaped the pile and struck the flame,
To rid the world of its most worthy name.
Believing ere their fire should cease to glow,
His soul would have descended down below,
Its everlasting dwelling place to make—
To bask for ever in the Burning Lake.
But I am here to tell them their mistake;
To tell them Bruno is not in the Lake.
His influence—his spirit I may say—
Is emulating others to this day.
The flames which wrapped his body round about,
Are not extinct because the fire is out.
But by that glowing light brave men may see
How arrant is religious bigotry.

XXXVIII.

Descartes 'twas next the inspiration caught.
And now the newest, strangest things were thought:
He thought at first to rid his mind of all
That other people education call.

Then in his honest and unbiased brain,
Permit nothing to enter and remain,
But what could be established beyond doubt,
By direct knowledge, or be reasoned out.
Then found when he to this conclusion come,
He one thing knew, "Cogito, ergo sum."

XXXIX.

Spinoza undertook the problem next,
With that same proposition for a text,
Reasoned that nature and the Deity
Are one in substance—in reality.
From this eternal substance emanated
This universe, which never was created.
Thus law, and matter, body, life, and soul,
Are all but parts of one stupendous whole.
A pious Jew devoutly sought his life,
But the philosopher escaped the knife,
And lived to write his name among the great,
And leave his reputation fixed as fate.

XL.

But time would fail for me to mention, though,
The seven sages of the long ago;
The German rationals who made a name;
The English naturalists known to fame;
French atheists of reputation, too;
American free-thinkers, not a few.

XLI.

From mentioning one more I cannot refrain,
Whose name was Thomas and his surname Paine.
My courage failed to look him in the face,
For I was conscious of the deep disgrace
To which my fellow countrymen descend,
By so defaming their own country's friend.
He asked "How fares the cause of liberty?
Are all the nations of the world yet free?
How fare the churches of the world of late?

Is yet the human mind emancipate?
Or do the superstitious wretches cower
And cringe before ecclesiastic power?"

XLII.

'Then I replied, "Let me apologize
To thee before thou further catechise.
And this I do preliminarily
To answering thine earnest inquiry:
In yonder world you earned immortal fame,
Yet few historians will write your name.
Your works are read but by a very few,
But all the world is criticising you.
They know not what you taught or what believed;
They know not what you wrought or what achieved;
They've heard somebody call you infidel,
From which they deem you instrument of Hell,
And shudder at the mention of your name,
As if it were synonymous with shame."

XLIII.

"Does not the 'Age of Reason' yet abide?"
He asked. "And is there none on freedom's side?"
"Yes," I replied, "hope thou for evermore.
A brave man lives on yonder Earthly shore,
Who dares to stand against the world alone,
And thunder truth in such astounding tone
That Superstition trembles on his throne.
What though no myth attaches to his name,
And what he says or does himself may claim,
Ingenious wit is planted in his brain,
And honest candor in his soul has reign.
And no one, since the ancient Cicero,
Has made such strains of eloquence to flow.
And none who ever dealt with human thought,
And to emancipate the mind has sought,
Has been so largely heard in public hall,
And made himself so felt as Ingersoll.

XLIV.

"The church is yielding ground on every side,
Although her numbers may be multiplied.
Yet what the church denounced as heresy,
And worthy death, just back one century,
The orthodox to-day will preach is right.
The church itself advances tow'rd the light.
Unconscious though as to what it will come,
It promises to be the Deists' home."

XLV.

A grand observatory towered high,
Which we approached, and found on drawing nigh,
A university, the institute
For all the scientists of great repute.
'Tis built upon a little mountainette.
And whom would you suppose while there I met?

XLVI.

How would you like to see Copernicus,
In meditation deep and serious,
While riding on a ship upon the ocean,
Comparing real and apparent motion,
Time-honored nonsense headlong to disperse,
And plan the movements of the universe?

XLVII.

How would you like to see Galileo,
Watching the chandelier swing to and fro?
Though seen by others it availed them naught,
But made him think what none had ever thought.

XLVIII.

See Kepler fix the station of the sun,
Instruct the planets in what course to run,
And calculate how very fast or slow,
Throughout their orbits they have need to go?

XLIX.

See Newton sitting 'neath the apple tree,
Reflecting on the law of gravity,
While in his august hands he grasps the reins
Which hold the universe as bound with chains?

L.

When future knowledge shall blot ignorance
Forever out, and fiction and romance
Shall cease to be apprized, the world's ideal
Will be true knowledge—knowledge of the real—
The one man of antiquity who then
Will keep his hold upon the race of men,
Because of works of merit which he did,
Will be the great geometer, Euclid.
As long as men shall navigate the main,
Astronomize the sky, survey the plain,
Distances, plains, and volumes, calculate,
His reputation is as fixed as fate.

LI.

All these and many more great men I met,
Whom time would fail—but I must not forget
A man I saw upon an open plain.
The angry elements were threatening rain;
The storm cloud tossed its shaggy locks on high;
The fiery lightnings blazed athwart the sky;
The rattling thunder crashed about his head,
And shook the atmosphere with terror dread.
He dared invade the hostile thunder cloud,
And raised high up in air his standard proud;
Their dazzling fury he would dare to brave,
And forced the lightning to become his slave.

LII.

Darwin, the evolutionist, was there,
And occupied a most exalted sphere.
Attracted by his magnitude there came

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Let's enter in and feast our greedy eye.
A catalogue of all that's here to see,
Would keep you reading through eternity.
So I shall not begin to write them down,
But mention the inventors of renown,
Whom here we meet, and meet but to admire.
To meet such people is my chief desire.
For this cause came I here. While this is true,
To estimate these men as is their due,
You need to see the products of their art,
In one great panorama set apart.
Much I admired the cunning works displayed,
But more the men by whom those works were made.
I met them coming, going, in and out;
They kindly showed me through and round about.

LVI.

The first that I shall mention here in brief—
The one our modern world esteems the chief,
For whom our praise can never reach excess—
Is the inventor of the printing press.

LVII.

Hero applied the sciences and arts,
And wrought inventions which became the starts
Of great developments which now we find
To be of much importance to mankind.
The fire engine, the steam engine also,
Their first invention to this Hero owe.

LVIII.

The greatest men in this line ever known
Have lived quite recently, as could be shown
By mentioning their works. But some of them
Have Christian friends alive, who would condemn
Me for malevolence, if I should tell
That those great benefactors are in Hell.
But if we judge by evidence and law,
A plainer case no jurist ever saw,

Than that the most of them were born but once.
The law is so explicit any dunce
Can not mistake—as plain as God could tell—
“Except you’re born again you’re bound for Hell.”

LIX.

Our way toward the capital we made
(The distance lying through a colonnade)
To where the outer gate stood open wide—
But let us first consider the outside:
I stood and gazed upon the massive wall,
Which, as I gazed, seemed infinitely tall;
And stretching far away to left and right,
In the perspective, reaching out of sight;
And strengthened all along with towers high,
Whose blazing summits glimmered in the sky;
Adorned at intervals with balustrades,
With porticoes, oriels, and grand arcades
Balconies, baldachins, verandas round,
And trappings rare, from turret to the ground.
In size, in fashion, and magnificence,
This capital had counted no expense—
No matter howso infinitely nice,
No matter howso cunning the device,
To rival God’s eternal citadel,
In which they had succeeded wondrous well.
No gorgeousness nor beauty was omitted.
The architecture and adornments fitted.
The style and execution were complete
From gleaming turret down to golden street.
From side to side, from end to end, throughout,
This had the same design as that, about,
Excepting those partitions we have seen
In Heav’n, dividing all the sects between.
For here the people know not sect nor creed,
And hence of those partitions have no need.
But then the jasper wall, and pearly gate,
The arching thoroughfares, the throne of state,
The halls and corridors, the aisles and suites,

Retiring vistas, and converging streets,
All centering around the throne of state,
Whereon His Majesty, Satan, sate,
Are not unlike the ones which we have given
Description of, where God presides in Heaven.

LX

But why this great resemblance we would hear.
Which modeled after which, is now our care.
When God enthroned himself above the skies,
And caused the Heav'nly city to arise,
Say did His Godship do the work himself?
Or hire mercenary slaves with pelf?
Or ordain powers to work out his design,
With skill infinite, genius divine?
Tell, O my Muse, what powers were employed
To bring materials from the boundless void,
And raise those walls, and set those spires on high,
And rear those domes and towers to the sky,
The whole emblazoned with a radiance bright,
More glorious than the sun's refulgent light.

LXI.

The genius of the sciences and arts,
The spirit which inspires human hearts
To undertake to know what's to be known,
And skillfully to do what's to be done,
Chief counselor of God, Satan his name,
Designed the building of the Heavenly frame.

LXII.

Great Mulciber, the cunning architect,
Put the design of Satan to effect.
Then he employed Plutus, who controlled
Exhaustless quantities of purest gold.
And Mammon, not content with gold alone,
Brought diamonds of which to build the throne.
And jasper in unlimited supplies,
Of which those massive walls were made to rise.

Of shining pearls the pond'rous gate was made.
Of precious stones were the foundations laid.
Apollo touched it o'er with gildings bright
Resplendent as the morn's effulgent light.
Minerva last with art and skill divine,
Adorned the whole with many a rare design.

LXIII.

When the eternal city was complete,
Sublime, and grand, and beautiful, and neat,
The master of the sciences and arts,
Inspected all its features, points and parts,
Pronounced it good and set on high his name,
And Heaven's vaults resounded with his fame;
Until his sovereign Liege had envious grown,
And vowed that Satan should be overthrown.

LXIV.

But now the patrons of the many arts
And sciences assumed their sev'ral parts,
(Supporting his Satanic excellence)
And undertook the unequal defence.
Forthwith the place was shaken with the trod
Of armed legions in the cause of God,
From ev'ry quarter rushing to the fray,
To swell the ranks of God and save the day.

LXV.

In deadly conflict now the hosts begin.
The dome above resounded with the din,
While thunderbolts were crashing, peal on peal,
Terrific sounds of rasping, steel on steel,
With shouts exulting here, and groanings there,
As this advantage gained or that despair.
And wheresoe'er was heard the battle cry,
Were seen the waving plumes, and standards high,
And brandishing of swords and lances bright,
While gods and angels strove in deadly fight,
And shook the air with ponderous blow on blow,

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Chief counselor in matters of the State,
And recognized by all his nearest mate.
He came to Earth far in the long ago,
When men, like beasts, roamed lawless to and fro,
Gave civil government to pristine man,
And taught great chieftains how to rule the clan.

LXIX.

The warlike Ares was the third in rank,
Who from the direst conflicts never shrank,
Who in the strife adverted to before,
Led the embattled seraphim to war.
And though o'erpowered by the mighty odds,
Superior numbers, though inferior gods,
His daring spirit never was subdued,
For desperation unto hope ensued.
And mean submission he would never own,
And ne'er was vanquished, although overthrown.
With vengeance flamed, the Earth he ravaged then,
And sowed dissension in the souls of men.
Then war ensued which drenched the Earth with blood,
And tears were made to flow an endless flood.
The Earth was one continued scene of war,
Till carnage heaped the plains from shore to shore.

LXX.

The world renowned Mulciber was next,
The god of workmen and of architects,
Who came into the world when time began,
And taught mechanics to primeval man,
Till cities grand bedecked both hill and plain,
And navies huge sailed proudly o'er the main;
While pyramids, and domes, and towers, rise
And thrust their daring summits through the skies.
He then returned to Satan's cabinet,
Although his spirit tarries with us yet.
'Twas he taught ancient Egypt's builders all
To raise the pyramids so huge and tall,
As well as Karnak's most capacious hall.

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Were taking in the music of the spheres.
Then came to Earth and made himself a lyre,
With which he set Apollo's soul on fire,
And made himself the master of the herds.
Then he invented figures, letters, words.
He gave to mankind speech and eloquence,
Commerce, the sciences, and self-defense.

LXXIII.

Of all immortals in the category
Apotheosized in ancient story,
Young Eros was most beautiful of all,
His figure chubby and his stature small;
For he was but a boy who ne'er grew old.
Eternal youth was his while ages rolled.
His features smooth and handsome were to view.
His countenance was most bewitching too.
Though he was blind—or he was thought to be,
But I suspicion His Godship could see—
Yet he is very reckless though, they say,
And shoots the wrong one oft as any way.
But when his arrows smite them, I'm inclined
To think his victims may be stricken blind.
He hurls his reckless shafts through boundless space,
Nor gods, nor mortals can his missiles face;
For whom they touch, no matter howso brave,
Will cringe and cower as the meanest slave.
The wisest breast, by reason steeled, 's dissolved;
The rising soul is quelled, the heart's involved.

LXXIV.

The hero locks his body up in steel
Till swords and spears he does not fear to feel.
Then moves like awful terror on the foe,
While in his wake the bloody torrents flow.
The iron storm beats heavy on his shield;
He heeds it not but sweeps athwart the field.
While trusting solely in his brawny arm,
Disdaining death and disregarding harm,

He asks no quarter while he offers none;
And where he goes the bloody work is done.

LXXV.

This was the hero of the long ago.
The modern hero's scarce less savage though,
And only makes a still more bloody fight,
As modern ordnance far transcends the might
Of stalwart giants who in days of yore,
Led the embattled savages to war.
He takes a farther distance on the field,
Stockade and redoubt answering for shield,
And hurls his thunderbolts—what have I said?
Not thunderbolts, but cannon balls instead.
For thunderbolts in modern times are tame;
And Gatling guns can put them all to shame.

LXXVI.

But when the war is over, and at home,
The lovely maidens round the hero, come,
To greet the victor as becometh those
Who owe their freedom to a soldier's woes,
Adorned with every gorgeous art that's known,
And charms voluptuous of nature's own,
They sing, and play, and tread the measured round,
The hero all the while observes spellbound,
Or joins them while they lead the mazy measure,
Or this or that, he feels a thrill of pleasure.
'Tis then that Eros hurls his magic dart
(Tell me he's blind?) right through the hero's heart.
Where's now his spirit proud? his iron shield?
His manly daring shown upon the field?
He prays and sues, in his humility,
Before the weaker of humanity.
He swears, and vows, and prays; he prays, and vows and swears;
Declares his love; his passion he declares.
He's now all patience, yet all impatience,
All adoration and obedience,
All sighs and tears, all faith and fantasy,

All duty, humbleness, and constancy.
This is the hero. Then what shall I say
Of the rude swain who happens in the way
Of Cupid's darts?—just what I've said above,
For all are fools alike when they're in love.

LXXVII.

He casts his arrows with regardless chance.
They touch the maiden floating in the dance,
Or in the kitchen, wheresoe'er she be,
And that she's smitten you may plainly see.
Her cheeks will redden; then become more white;
Her eyes grow heavy; then they flash with light;
She smiles, then weeps, and then she smiles again;
She sighs, then laughs, then sighs again for pain;
She hangs her head, and curls her pouting lip;
Her dimpled arms her heaving bosom clip.
While there she sits and muses all alone,
And dreams herself a queen upon a throne.
Presuming, yet retiring; cold, yet kind.
A happy sadness occupies her mind.
She shakes her curls, and casts a roguish glance
Into some hero's sturdy countenance.
But if no hero be there, it is said
She's apt to ogle some poor swain instead.
No matter which she brings him to her feet
In worship sadly mean yet strangely sweet.
O loveliest of created things that move,
Thrice lovely art thou when thou art in love!

LXXVIII.

Grim visaged Azrael, who long ago
Was wont to boldly strike the fatal blow
Of death, to those whose time had come to die,
And thus alarm the living who stood by,
Now sits hard by the royal throne in Hell,
Directing and commanding demons fell,
Who come and subtly steal our souls away
From out these Earthly tenements of clay.

Diseases, plagues, contagions, alcohol,
Pests, fashions, luxuries, infections, all
Obey, upon the Earth, his high command,
And bring their victims to this nether land.

LXXIX.

The female sex was represented too;
And them I sought as I am wont to do.
Minerva first it was my joy to meet.
'Twas then my pleasure seemed to be complete.
My pilgrimage into those nether skies,
Had been, as I have said, to meet the wise.
She the impersonation seemed to be
Of wisdom, virtue, and true piety.
O holy maid of intellect divine!
Let me forever worship at thy shrine;
And O sweet goddess grant to fashion me
As like thyself as is for me to be!

LXXX.

Then I accosted Vesta, and would know
Why she forsook the Earth, to live below.
This was her answer: "There was once a time
When men and women worshiped at my shrine;
When chastity was woman's greatest care;
And men preferred the chaste before the fair.
'Twas then my altars never ceased to burn.
But those bright days have passed away in turn.
My fires are out—extinguished every spark—
While men and women wanton in the dark.
My temples closed, my worship is no more,
And Cytherea's taught the race to w——"

LXXXI.

"Where's the bewitching goddess?" I inquired,
(For now my curiosity was fired)
'Tis Venus I would see, that wondrous fair."
"She's on the Earth. Thou couldst have seen her there."
Thus Vesta said, and would have added more,

But I had heard the like so oft before,
From aged females who had had their day,
Yet were unwilling to resign the sway
To those who in their turn should take their place,
And I had long since learned, in such a case,
To make my courtesy, and get me gone.
So I excused myself and hurried on.

LXXXII.

But Venus, it was true, had gone to roam.
But Clytie I found was at her home.
Then I approached her with a swelling soul.
My ecstasy was now beyond control.
For all my lifetime I had sought in vain,
Yet not the first conclusion could I gain
If there were any such a being real,
Or if she represented the ideal.
Then I thus: "O thou goddess of my soul,
Say where upon the Earth hast thou control.
Where thy dominion is, if I may know,
When I return to Earth there will I go;
And there I will abide and worship thee;
No one on Earth so blest as I shall be."
But she replied, "On Earth I have no claim,
Though there it seems that thou hast heard my name.
But there in person I have never been,
Nor am I apt to ever be again."

LXXXIII.

Star-crowned Astraea stood and held a pair
Of balances suspended high in air.
Astraea I had often wished to see,
But when her countenance fell full on me,
I kind of trembled, though I knew not why,
But people sometimes do and so did I.

LXXXIV.

The rank of Mammon was the last and worst,
Though in this world mankind esteem him first.

Enthroned within the heart, he rules the mind,
And sways the every action of mankind.
'Tis he presides in legislative halls;
'Tis on his side the court's decision falls;
He sways the juries with his golden rod;
The stern executives obey his nod.
The social world all recognize him king;
He's loved and honored in the marriage ring;
"For pomp and opulence are woman's care,
And where these are light Eros finds a feere.
Maidens like moths are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins where seraphs might despair."
He treads the halls of revelry and glee,
And none so favored by the gay as he.

LXXXV.

The moral world may boast of charity,
And vaunt their virtues when in company;
Observe them and they play a double part,
Because they worship Mammon in their heart.
The pious preacher stands upon the form,
His spirit heaving like the raging storm,
His count'nance darker than a thunder cloud,
And hurls his eloquence athwart the crowd;
But while his gospel thunders down the nave,
His actions prove that he is Mammon's slave.
The wise, the brave, the noble, all are wont
To take the rear while Mammon's at the front.
The poor he passes by with visage grim;
Yet all the paupers tip their hats to him.

LXXXVI.

In short the world at large set him on high,
And all together in his service vie.
Hereditary instinct leads the child,
When cross, and fretful, and its anger riled,
To dash its toys away in naughty style;
While Mammon's signet it will grasp and smile.
The youths are bred to serve him during life.

In choosing their professions, there's a strife
Whose it shall be to fill the honored place
Accommodated nearest to his Grace.
The full grown men are more and more his dupes.
The proudest dignitary to him stoops.
No matter how degrading or how low,
'T's enough to know that Mammon wills it so.
The force of habit makes the bowed with age
Still fawn on Mammon, though his wonted rage
May have decreased with his vitality;
Yet he will dote and fondle till he die
The works of each profession, and each trade,
And every calling, whatsoe'er, are made
To be but off'rings to this money king;
And by his scale men judge of every thing.

LXXXVII.

Great Mammon, let a poet here confess
How much ourself admireth thy success.
Not that thy merit recommendeth thee,
But that necessity impelleth me.
For shouldst thou deign upon this page to look,
And stamp thy approbation on my book,
The world will tender me a happy fate,
And set my name on high among the great.
But pass me by unnoticed if thou will,
And let my mansion be a hovel still,
Let me continue ever more to get
My daily living by the price of sweat,
The world will scoff, and scorn and hiss my name,
And e'en deny me an ignoble fame.
Then when I die (as die I know I must)
The grave will flourish o'er my humble dust.
Eternal death will seize upon my name,
And dark oblivion its own will claim.

LXXXVIII.

In consultation with his Majesty,
Were these, and others of no mean degree,

Composing the imperial ministry.
While each department amply was supplied
With men of merit, trusty, true, and tried,
Such as Darius who could organize
An empire without bloody sacrifice;
Also Lycurgus who in days of yore,
Gave Lacedaemon laws for evermore;
And Solon, one of Greece's seven sages,
Whose laws made Greece the wonder of the ages;
And Pericles whose rule in Athens shone
The brightest age that Greece had ever known;
Epaminondas who could organize
The greatest power then beneath the skies;
Demosthenes of all the sons of men,
The grandest orator that's ever been;
Augustus who could mould all nations known,
Into one mighty empire of his own;
As well as Brutus, Titus, Cicero,
And other statesmen of the long ago.
And many modern statesmen known to fame,
Whom I shall not be tedious to name,
Who while they lived on Earth were counted great
As founders or as rulers of a State.

LXXXIX.

Cyrus was there who Media overthrew,
As well as Lydia and Babylon too;
Nebuchadnezzar, the warrior so great,
Whose buildings adorned and embellished the State;
And Sagon who great Egypt overthrew,
And lost the Ten Tribes, where none ever knew.
So I might name Menes, and Rameses,
Miltiades, and Alcibiades,
And Alexander, and Themistocles,
Great Caesar, Hannibal, and Scipio,
And other warriors of the long ago.
And many modern warriors too were there,
Whose living Christian friends might not prefer
That I should honor them with mention here.

XC.

Now when his Majesty became aware
That one from Heav'n, and one from Earth, were there,
He raised him from his throne and thus began:
"Celestial spirit, and terrestrial man,
Accept our welcome to ourself and State;
Our hospitality participate."
Himself presented us before the court,
And we were recognized as men of sort.

XCI.

These ceremonies done, I turned and said,
"Great monarch of the regions of the dead
(As well as of the living) deign to hear
The cause for which I at thy court appear:
The many men of Earth whom I admired,
Who lived, and flourished, and in turn expired,
Before my time, and I supposed had gone
To Heaven for noble deeds which they had done,
For whom I searched through Heaven's broad domain,
But all my searching proved to be in vain,
I hither came to seek them here as well,
And learn the customs and the laws of Hell."

XCII.

"Know then," said he, "when we were driven out
Precipitate from Heav'n, in utter rout,
We fell into Tartarus bound in chains,
Harassed by torments dire and racked with pains.
Ten thousand fathoms deep in liquid fire,
We suffered death, but never could expire.
The flaming ocean heaved, and groaned, and tossed,
While all that we could know was we were lost.
For each one thought himself was all alone,
And that those agonies were all his own,
Until at last myself the surface broke.
As when from sleep profound one has awoke,
But cannot catch the faintest glimpse of light,
He knows he's either blind or it is night.

I knew not but supposed I'd lost my sight.
I tossed upon the burning, lurid sea
A time which seemed eternity to me.
At length I drifted by the burning strand,
And cast a searching glance athwart the land,
To ascertain if there were any light;
And though it seemed a never-ending night,
I thought the dark seemed less intense to be
Above the land than o'er the smoky sea.
I knew my sight remained. To my desire,
I recognized my faculties entire,
Which proved I could not be destroyed by fire.
My courage never lost was then increased
Till I resolved that I would be released—
The shackles from my reeking limbs to break,
And dash them to the bottom of the lake.

XCIII.

"A moment thence I stood upon the shore
With resolution to resume the war.
I raised my voice and called my heroes brave.
Ten thousand answers came across the wave.
The call reverberated round and round.
Ten thousand times ten thousand heard the sound.
Ten thousand daring spirits came to me,
And cast their broken shackles in the sea.
Ten thousand times ten thousand joined our band,
To share our conquests in some fairer land.
We traversed every region near and far;
Then settled in this place and here we are.

XCIV.

"But many expeditions we have made
To other worlds where we have dared invade
God's provinces in spite of all his care;
With what success thyself may be aware.
We went to Earth and captured the first pair
That God had ever made inhabit there,
And ever since have had the greater share.

Thy grand ancestors, Eve and Adam, lay
Like idle beasts, till one eventful day,
We went upon the Earth and made our way
To Eden, where we only had to say,
'Think, woman, think! Think thou, O idle man!'
Their latent minds with energy began.
They thought, for which atrocious crime they fell,
And by Jehovah were condemned to Hell.
Their children followed them and all was ours
Until Jehovah sent more subtile powers
To win them back. Then we would go to Earth,
And by appealing to the men of worth,
Would hold our ground, and thwart, or else destroy,
Whatever plans Jehovah might employ
To reinstate himself. And to this day
The world at large acknowledges our sway.
And if we failed with some, we got the rest;
And thou thyself hast seen we got the best.
So here we think thou'lt find the great and wise
Whom thou hast vainly sought in other skies.
So go at will where'er thou dost prefer,
And may thy stay be ever pleasant here."

XCV.

We made full many pleasant visits then,
With those who erst were Earth's most valued men,
Who many mysteries were pleased to show,
Which God had not intended we should know.
But I cannot presume to tell you all
I learned while there. Like the apostle, Paul,
When he was carried up to Paradise,
Or in the body, or in some disguise,
He there heard words unspeakable, said he.
(I've heard such words myself—from a Chinee)
He heard what even he would recognize
Unlawful to repeat beneath the skies.
A law forbade him tell what there he saw.
(I may be hindered by the selfsame law)
Perhaps the law which hindered him to quote

Those words unspeakable, of which he wrote,
Was one of style, which says to never pen
Such words as are unspeakable to men.
But I confess that why I do not tell
The mysteries which I explored in Hell,
Is that I can not weave them in my song;
And if I should 'twould make my rhyme too long.

XCVI.

When we had quite explored this ample State,
Had seen the wise, the noble, and the great—
Had seen all those whom we had come to see,
My escort then addressed himself to me,
To know if I desired to explore
The river Styx and old Tartarus o'er.

XCVII.

Now, Satan's story of that awful sea,
Had raised such curiosity in me
That I decided I would like to go,
And went and told His Royal Highness so.
Then an excursion was prepared to make
The tour of the river and the lake.
His Majesty provided an escort,
And we at once betook us to the port.
A gallant ship at anchor rode the bay,
Which we embarked upon and sailed away.

XCVIII.

The ship was like a moving mountain high,
Its top masts reaching to the vaulted sky.
The sky of darkness all the blacker seemed
For the electric lights which brightly beamed
From out the ship, and sent their dazzling ray
Athwart the gloom, much like a solar day.
The ship compared with those which plough our sea
As works of gods with works of men agree.
It moved with lightning speed adown the tide,
Now on this side, now on the other side,

And now the center of the current broke,
And belched like Aetna clouds of humid smoke.

XCIX.

We came to where Phlegethon poured his flood
Of liquid fire, and smoke, and flaming mud,
From out its scorched banks, a surging tide,
Which spread all o'er the Styx from side to side,
From which went up sulphurous flames and smoke,
From shore to shore, through which our vessel broke.
This we could see, but little did we care,
Our ship was filled with compressed patent air.
Our artificial lights defied the dark.
The flames made no impression on our bark.
With lightning speed the vessel seemed to glide,
And ploughed the surface of the flaming tide.
The seven Stygian circles were to make,
To reach the old time honored Burning Lake.

C.

Then swift and level as the swallows skim,
The vessel swept around the burning brim
Of old Tartarus, where in days of yore,
The devils (as adverted to before)
Were bound and there deposited to stay,
In chains of darkness till the judgment day.
Though why I cannot tell. They should have been
Already judged before they were cast in
The Lake of Fire. For always when I see
A convict in the penitentiary,
I think he has been judged before he got
The penalty. But then God's ways are not
The ways of men, as clearly I perceive—
God's ways are less consistent, I believe.

CI.

The Lake was circumnavigated soon,
(A distance like the orbit of the moon)
Then in the Styx we entered homeward bound,

And sailed again the seven circles round.
We reached the port whence we had started, well,
And had explored the lowest pit of Hell.
Libations to old Neptune were not poured;
The favor of Aeolus not implored;
They're superannuated and ignored;
For modern genius supersedes their reign,
And late inventions now command the main.

CII.

The grand excursion on the Stygian tide,
And all around the Burning Lake, supplied
Our party with occasion to converse
On many subjects I shall not rehearse;
And others which I shall, if you agree:
My brother once addressed himself to me:
"One thing I much desire to know of thee:
In life I wished in all sincerity,
To be a Christian but could never be.
Why I could not I never could explain.
I sought full oft, but always sought in vain.
But conscious of my own sincerity,
And judging from my inability
To be transformed so miraculously
As many other Christians claimed to be,
I sometimes doubted the reality
Of ev'ry thing in Christianity.
Then science, reason, and consistency
Were all against it or seemed so to me.
A single argument in its defense
I never knew, except the evidence
Which Christians gave of their experience.
Then when from grace they oft would fall away,
To me it seemed to argue strong that they
Had played deceitful, or had been deceived.
And this I some times earnestly believed.
What I believed was somehow forced on me.
There was no source of knowledge I could see,
To which I might refer to test their creed

If all that they professed were true indeed.
They ever taught us that we must believe
Whate'er we pray for that we do receive.
This was their doctrine. And it seemed to me
Their chiefest virtue was credulity.
Now, when the way to get what I design
Is by believing it already mine,
That baffles me; for I do not incline
To claim a thing until I know its mine.
If it be true that those who believe not
Shall all be damned, it follows then, I wot,
None but the credulous can e'er be saved,
No matter how on Earth they have behaved.
But while some fell from grace there others were
Who led consistent lives year after year,
With bright anticipations till their death,
And shouted triumph with their latest breath.
I could not answer this, and would not try
What I could not explain to still deny.

CIII.

"Thyself wast one whose life was so devout
That while I lived, I never had a doubt
Thou didst experience all that thou professed.
Thy conduct witnessed what thy words expressed.
But never could I understand on Earth,
That transformation called a second birth
Thou didst profess, and surely didst enjoy,
For in thy soul it seemed to never cloy.
I sought to know this mystery in vain.
And this is what I wish thee to explain."

CIV.

My brother on a sofa then reclined,
His arms enfolded and his will resigned
(As I could wish for you to do today)
Preparing to endure what I should say;
For well he knew how tedious and dry
Would be my labored effort to reply.

CV.

"A mystery thou wouldst have me to show
Which never was explained for aught I know."
Thus I commenced and thus continued on:
"Prepare thyself as best befitteth one
Who doth desire the Holy Ghost to find;
For thou must close and seal thy thinking mind;
Stop up thine ear of reason lest thou think.
And if thine eye inquireth let it wink.
An inspiration they can never hear,
Who openeth a philosophic ear.
A vision is not seen by any eye
Which ever looketh for the reason why.
And while I play evangelist to thee,
'Tis thy part that thou hearken unto me.
Shouldst thou not understand what Scripture saith,
No matter so thou exercisest faith.
All absurd things I tell, no matter what,
Do thou believe them all and doubt them not.
Prepare thee thus and then I shall commence
To tell my wonderful experience.

CVI.

In childhood I was taught the bible through.
I never doubted that it all was true.
To me it was the word of God indeed.
And next to it I prized the church's creed.
To me the doctrines of the church seemed good.
All this was riveted on my childhood—
Was planted in my tender mind to grow.
I thought it true my mother told me so.
My mind was moulded by my mother's cares;
My heart was ravished by my mother's prayers;
Till one impression shaped my infant brain,
That I a sinner, must be born again.
Just what it meant of course I did not know,
But I believed it for she told me so.
That I was sinful I could have no doubt,
Yet how I sinned I never could make out.

For all my little timid life was cowed
By fear of Hell, until a gloomy cloud
Came o'er my spirit, and came there to stay,
And has remained there even to this day.
But I believed it all, and was bent on
Another birth whene'er the accouchment
Could be accomplished. But I must endure
Until the coming of the accoucheur.
A premature attempt might terminate
In foeticide—a most unhappy fate.
But finally when I attained my term,
Then I began to writhe, and twist, and squirm.
The Spirit then was brought to bed of me,
And there accomplished my delivery.

CVII.

“Thus much thou couldst have learned from any one.
'Tis mine to tell thee now how this was done:
Once when a grand revival was the go,
I went to church on Sunday morn, when lo!
A love feast was the order of the day.
I heard the Christians sing, and shout, and pray,
And talk together of God's wondrous grace.
And something seemed to brighten every face—
Shouldst thou not understand what made that light,
Believe it just the same, and it's all right.—
I saw the light, though I was in the dark,
'Twas then I wept, which some good brother saw,
And felt that I was left without the ark.
And came to me and offered me his paw.
I thought the accoucheur had come at last,
And hoped my term in utero, was passed.
Day after day the labor progressed slow.
Groan followed groan, and throe succeeded throe.

CVIII.

“At length I found myself upon the floor;
I felt cold water on my visage pour;
I knew that parturition now was o'er—

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Then when the bloody sacrifice is done,
He thinks the favor of the gods is won,
And shouts their praises with religious zeal—
The same emotion that the Christians feel.

CXI.

"The Flagelants would walk along the street,
While their own naked bodies they would beat
With whips and chains, until from head to feet,
Their bodies were but one extended sore,
Besmeared with loathsome dust and bloody gore,
And shout to Jesus in the same old way
That other Christians do until this day.

CXII.

"The Penetentes out in Mexico,
Will whip their bodies with a cactus, so
Their skin becomes one lacerated wound,
And flames of fever wrap their bodies round.
They bear the cross along the dusty road,
Until they faint and fall beneath the load.
Then in their agony, they sing, and shout,
And feel that same impulse beyond a doubt.

CXIII.

"The Mormon dupe before the altar kneels,
While on his trusting cranium he feels
The impress of the Mormon Elders' hands,
And hears their most omnipotent commands
To Sin and Satan to be getting out;
And he believes it all without a doubt.
To those who thus believe implicitly,
Or if a truth, or if a falacy,
To the believing it is all the same,
And sets his trusting spirit all aflame.
The Mormon convert thus abused, will, too,
Experience all that other Christians do.

CXIV.

"The aged vet'ran who for many a year,

Has fought to keep his country's flag in air—
The march, the bivouac, and the bloody fray,
Recur to him each anniversary day.
He sees his starry banner floating high,
Which seems to kiss the concave of the sky.
Emotions heave his breast like those which move
The Christian convert in the bonds of love.
While tears course down his care bewrinkled face,
Just like those which the Christian's visage grace.

CXV.

Myself likewise whose little infant life
Was premature in that eventful strife,
To sacrifice unto the god of war,
To save the happy country I adore—
I see our standard floating proudly high,
While strains of music fill the vaulted sky—
My soul feels that same ecstasy of joy,
As when I praised Jehovah's only boy.

CXVI.

"Now thou hast said in life thou hadst no doubt
But that I was sincerely devout.
'Twas true as then, but now the Christian flocks
Do not consider me an orthodox."

CXVII.

My brother smiled and said he understood
A part of what I said, and that he would
Presume that all the rest was very good.
Then sank into a reverie profound,
And seemed oblivious to all around.

CXVIII.

My little Gracie raised her azure eyes
Into my own, while with a glad surprise,
She contemplated all that I had said,
From which she rightly judged that were I dead,
I too would come to Hell and come to stay.

And thus she spoke me in her pleasing way:
"I know thou lovest me, I know it well.
I know that thou wilt stay with me in Hell;
But when, oh when, will be that happy day,
When thou wilt come for ever more to stay?
While thou art here, if thou couldst but remain,
No other wish should harbor in my brain.
Thou knowest how I loved thee when in life;
How much I longed to be thy happy wife;
Till cruel fate anticipated me,
And ushered me into eternity.
Then when I knew at last that I must die,
And for the first time realized that I
Had never been regenerated yet,
And hence a home in Heaven could not get,
I could have been resigned to come to Hell,
Hadst thou but known it, for I knew full well
That if thou knew it thou wouldst come to me,
And Hell could have no terror while with thee.

CXIX.

"But knowing of thy love, knowing likewise
All think their loved ones go to Paradise,
I feared thou wouldst think me a saint in Heav'n,
And that therefore thy whole life would be giv'n
To serving God with constant faith and prayer,
In hope that thou wouldst one day meet me there,
And at thy death would go to that far shore,
Where I should never see thee any more.
This, this was all the hell I suffered here.—
And yet if Heaven be a happier sphere,
I could not selfishly deny it thee.
But thou hast kindly done to come to me,
That all my apprehensions should depart,
And joy unbounded fill my happy heart."

CXX.

I took the maiden by her lily hand,
While in the strongest terms at my command,

I vowed that Heaven held no treasure rare,
And Earth no charm so luring or so fair,
To ever tempt me from her side; and this
I sealed for ever with a loyal kiss.

CXXI.

Now when our expedition reached the port,
And we reported at the royal court,
Acknowledging the favor it had been
To see the many wonders we had seen,
I then retired alone, because my heart
Was grieved to know my escort must depart.
To go with him was what I could not do.
To stay behind was quite unhappy too.
An artificial bower then I sought,
And sat me down absorbed in earnest thought.
I thought of old Taartarus, where I'd been;
Of Satan and his legions chained therein;
Of how in spite of God they broke away,
To find more genial climes in which to stay;
How they had made a splendid city rise,
A very rival of God's Paradise;
And drove God's angels from the Earth pell-mell,
And made this world a tributary Hell;
Of how Earth's millions now their number swell;
How Jesus undertook a grand campaign,
To make the conquest of the world again,
Whom Satan overthrew (as all agree)
And crucified and hanged upon a tree;
But God accepted of the sacrifice,
And vowed to save the world in Paradise,
Yet, even now, the world seems Hellward bent,
And Satan gets his ninety-nine per cent.
I thought how Satan brought away to Hell,
One-third of all the angels, when he fell;
How incomparably his ranks had grown,
Compared with God's, since he was overthrown;
Then last and most I thought about the classes
Of human beings who fill up both places;

So I resolved in Hell I would abide,
Then on this wise addressed my Heavenly guide:

CXXII.

"My obligations unto thee I own,
Great Sir, for all thy many favors shown.
And for thy sake I should be glad again
To go to Heav'n, and evermore remain;
And joy beyond expression 'twere to me,
With my dear parents evermore to be;
But stronger are my inclinations here,
Why so thyself cannot be unaware.
If thou wilt deign a message to convey
Unto my parents, I desire to stay."

CXXIII.

He kindly condescended to my plea.
I almost thought he seemed to envy me
My privilege where I now was to stay.
But he was conscious where his duty lay,
So he prepared forthwith to go his way,
And make the grand ascent to upper day.
In duty to his liege God he must go,
To report in Heav'n what he had seen below;
And to his Lord and to my parents, tell
Why I had chosen to remain in Hell.
'Twas hard for me to take him by the hand,
And bid him prosper in the upper land,
Where, when he should arrive, I was aware
That he would meet my loving parents there,
Who waited hoping for my quick return,
Whose hearts for me as mine for them did yearn.
My love for them attracted me that way;
But stronger the attractions were to stay.
I redetermined to remain in Hell,
And wrote my parents a last long farewell
Which with these words, to my escort was given,
To carry to my parents up in Heaven:

CXXIV.

"This message carry to my friends above,
My father and my mother, whom I love.
Say were I there, or were they here with me,
On this wise should our separation be:
'My loving parents, unto you I know
My very being in the world I owe.
Whate'er I am, whatever I may do,
Is of my heritage and comes from you.
My life, my prospects, and my destiny,
For time and for a vast eternity.
And much it grieves me when I think that we
Are widely severed for eternity.
My filial duty and my filial love
Would fain persuade me to the world above.
But duty has an insufficient force
To cause me to make my condition worse,
Unless by doing so I should augment
Your pleasure to a similar extent.
But since your joy in Heaven (as you profess)
Is infinite I cannot make it less.
Nor could I add to it by being there;
But may augment my own by staying here.
So duty can be thus explained away;
And thus I justify myself to stay.
But filial love is stronger many fold,
And won't, by explanations, be controlled,
Then here again I feel inclined to go;
But other loves incline me still below;
My father could I love in Paradise,
And then not love my father's son likewise?
Could I profess to love my mother well,
And then not love my mother's son in Hell?
I love my father, and I love my mother,
I love my father, and I love my mother,
And loving them, I therefore love my brother.
He came not here by choice of his own soul,
But by mischance which he could not control.
Now were he chained beneath the Burning Lake,

I'd stay with him, in pity, for his sake.
But far from that he's doing wondrous well.
The sad misfortunes which to him befell,
While on the Earth, to keep him from the goal
Which actuated his aspiring soul,
Are now removed, and he's emancipate,
And mingles with the noble and the great.
Those people whom I came to see are here,
Whom I so much admire and revere.
'Tis my inherent nature to respect
And worship at the shrine of intellect.
My little sweetheart whom I dearer love
Than all the angels in the world above,
Is here; and I prefer annihilation
To any thought of our separation.
Then let me stay with those whom I adore,
And now farewell! farewell for evermore!"

CXXV.

The Heavenly messenger before the Throne,
In courtly style, made his intentions known
Of going back to Heav'n; but ere he went,
He paid the court of Hell his compliment;
Respect and sympathy expressed with zeal,
And bright hopes for the country's future weal;
And wished his peace and friendship there to stay;
Then made his courtesy and went away.

CXXVI.

The British Lion exercised full sway
Over the Eagle of America,
Until the Eagle rose in all his might,
And soared triumphant in his glorious flight,
And hurled his broken shackles from the sky,
And walked among the blazing stars on high,
And perched himself beyond the Lion's force.
The Lion then made terms of intercourse,
And sent his consuls to negotiate
Treaties of friendship with the soaring State.

This struck my recollection like a spell.
When Heaven's minister kept terms with Hell.

CXXVII.

Then Satan ordered an escort of state
To see the messenger without the gate.
All Hell turned out attired in raiment gay,
To bring the Heavenly guest upon the way.
His Majesty in person went along,
'Mid pomp, and heraldry, and shout, and song.
I watched with admiration and with pride,
Him who till then had been my friend and guide,
Toward the outer gate together ride—
Himself and Satan—sitting side by side.

CXXVIII.

Their throne was sapphire of the purest mould,
Surmounted on a form of burnished gold,
Relieved with cameos of precious gems;
Upon their heads were royal diadems,
With stars of purest diamonds beset;
The throne festooned with folds of satinet;
Their vestures of the finest cloth were made,
Cut by a tailor who had learned his trade,
And hence they fit, as modern fashions do;
Their shoes were patent leather, shining too;
The carpet underneath their feet was silk;
The lappet was the same, and white as milk;
The canopy was made of satin blue,
With silken curtains of a varied hue,
In festoons hung with many a gorgeous fold,
Bègemmed with beads of diamonds and gold.
The platform rolled on wheels of blazing fire,
Impelled by force which ran the trolley wire.
There were no slaves to run before the car,
For all the dwellers of that region are
Most absolutely free; and hence they ride
Like gentlemen of dignity and pride.
They all rode on electric palace cars

Which swept along the streets like shooting stars.
The avenue contained a hundred files
Of street cars which extended many miles.

CXXIX.

I joined the common ranks and went along,
And numbered one of the unnumbered throng.
I and my brother shared each others joys,
As we had done when we were little boys;
While that sweet spirit who so long ago,
Had loved me so, and I had loved her so,
That I had wished to be a man of worth
For her sake, when we lived upon the Earth,
She too was by my side with eyes as bright,
And face as cheerful, as a ray of light.
Aboard the car we three together sate,
And with the concourse swept without the gate.
We landed on the field and moved aside,
And all assembled on the campus wide.
The crowd appeared unlimited to be,
For miles around as far as eye could see.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

THE WARFARE OF LIFE.

I.

The armies formed theselves in grand array,
Upon the field and fought the mimic fray.
Virtue commanded many powers allied,
While Vice commanded on the other side.
Two Vices oftentimes would strive together.
Two Virtues would sometimes mistake each other.
Now Virtue prospers and the people cheer.
Now Vice triumphs and still they rend the air.
Whene'er some stalwart giant sweeps the field,
And ev'ry thing before him has to yield,
No matter what his name or character,
Applauding multitudes are sure to cheer.
The war was for the universal good.
The prize was happiness, as understood.

The consequences of an overthrow,
Were misery, and wretchedness, and woe.
The booty which was gathered in the way,
By those who prospered in the ardent fray,
Which stimulated them to daringness,
And gave them hope of ultimate success,
Was pleasure. While reverses cost them pain,
And apprehensions of a strife in vain,
Which caused, a loss of courage, doubt, and gloom,
Lest ultimate defeat should be their doom.
They all were striving for a common goal,
Selfint'rest actuating every soul.

II.

Thou dear Instructor, ere thou go thy way,
Let me stand by thy car and watch the fray.
Sing how the moral conflicts round us rage,
And may no error fall upon the page.
Inspire my judgment to discriminate
Distinctions nice, however intricate.
And while the good and evil mix in fight,
Incline my soul to favor which is right.
Declare what heroes fought, what heroes bled,
And who triumphant flourished o'er the dead.

III.

Necessity conducted the attack
While Affluence was lying on his back,
Oblivious of ev'ry care gone by,
And disregarding dangers which drew nigh.
In this disgraceful apathy he lay
Till, by neglect, he'd almost lost the day.
Then rallied ev'ry force at his command,
And brought his adversary to a stand.

IV.

The ardor of Necessity was o'er,
And thus advantaged, was himself no more.
When heavy pressed, he fought like ancient Jove,

But his successes he could not improve.
To rout him utterly could not be done,
Yet victory complete he never won.
While Affluence the more he gained the day,
The more determinedly he fought the fray;
The more he prospered, too, the more his band
Increased in numbers under his command.
He swept athwart the field and mowed away,
At one fell swoop, whate'er before him lay.
A single stroke and Indigence lay low.
Then Destitution at another blow.
Want and Dependence tottered in his way
With resolution to dispute his sway.
He heeded not but kept his even course,
And trampled down their puny little force.
He conquered whomsoe'er came in his way,
Or whom he could not conquer held at bay.

V.

Meanwhile the war was waging far and wide,
With Avarice commanding on one side,
While Charity but feebly could oppose
The conquests of his bold, aggressive foes.
Beneficence, and Liberality,
Benignity, and then Philanthropy,
Were trodden down, and would have been crushed out,
And all their forces put to utter rout,
But that a column, though not their allies,
Yet enemies unto their enemies,
Came shouting on the field, and joined the war,
And fell upon the Avaricious corps.

VI.

These new recruits were Prodigality,
Extravagance, and wasteful Luxury.
With all their retinue—Improvvidence
Foolhardily conducting the advance.
Now for a time these Spendthrifts prospered so
That Avarice seemed doomed to overthrow.

And many Sycophants the air would rend,
Each wishing to be deemed a special friend,
And flattered much, and had it understood
That they too would be Spendthrifts if they could.

VII.

But soon the Spendthrifts slackened of their zeal,
While every Miser stood as firm as steel.
Then when they found their strength begin to fail,
The Spendthrifts cowered and began to rail.
Some cursed dame Fortune, some their hardy foes,
Some cursed their fellow-sharers of their woes.
Some of them desperate revenge avowed,
Some of the meaner ones for mercy bowed.
Still some would quar'l among themselves and chide,
While some despondents pined away and died,
And not a few committed suicide.
But all those Sycophants who lauded so,
Now skulked away and fawned upon the foe.

VIII.

Meanwhile in other quarters war was waged.
Here Justice and Injustice were engaged
In bloody strife, and hard it was to say
Or whether this or that would win the day..
Each was supported by a valiant crew
Of hardy champions well tried and true.
Fairness and Equity were on this side.
Integrity was still more close allied.
As well as Honesty, Sincerity,
Impartiality, and Parity,
And Probity—All faithful and upright,
Were on the side of Justice in the fight.
While on the other side Rascality,
Duplicity, and Partiality,
Deception, Fraud, and Guile, and Roguery,
Corruption, Bias, Guilt, and Perjury,
Each with his tribe, were banded for the fight,
Against the cause of Justice and the right.

Nor these could win the fight, nor those would yield,
Till blood and carnage covered all the field.
Some times the hand of Justice would be stayed.
Though disappointed, he was not dismayed.
Though trampled down, he ev'ry thing endured,
And was himself again when unobscured.

IX.

And still the war was waging all around.
Now Truth and Falsehood grappled on the ground—
Falsehood on top. But Truth could not be slain,
And crushed to earth, was sure to rise again.
Truth was supported by Veracity,
Who held his ground with pertinacity
Against the hosts of Inconsistency,
Equivocation, and Duplicity.
The odds was great and mightily prevailed,
A little while, then signally they failed.
Reality and Accuracy too,
Were on the side of Truth, and they were true.
These were beset about by many foes,
But held their ground in spite of many blows;
For facts are stubborn things, and they would stand
Though enemies assail on every hand.
Surrounded, and o'erwhelmed, and enthralled,
They always came again when time was called.

X.

Equivocation was a wily knave.
Now as an enemy, and seeming brave,
He comes at you pell mell; but meet him square—
Go at him straight—and he will not be there.
Chameleon like he changes his disguise,
And seeks advantage of you on this wise:
He changes colors, and will now pretend
To come about you as a clever friend.
But take him now, go with him hand in hand,
Go to the front, and he will never stand.
And thus it is he turns him round and round,

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For these could never possibly agree
With people of respectability.
Both parties summoned all their powers allied,
And desperately fought on either side,
Till blood ran rivulets, and heaps of slain,
Like mountains covered over all the plain.
Yet still the battle raged till now I saw
The issue to a very crisis draw,
Beheld with grief the Temperance banner fall,
And Moderation driven to the wall.

XIII.

But Temperance still covered his retreat,
And never would acknowledge his defeat.
The enemy pressed on and Abstinence
Was taken prisoner by Intemperance.
He desperately fought until disarmed,
And found himself o'erpowered though unharmed.
But now a captive, and in dismal cheer,
He's led a helpless victim to the rear.
Extreme his nature (strange as it may seem)
He went, when conquered, to the worse extreme.
Assuming now the name of Dissipation,
Became the fellow of Intoxication.
Then I observed 'tis better, as a rule,
To be conservative and take it cool.

XIV.

But Soberness was stubborn, cool, and brave.
While hostile legions surged wave after wave,
He held his ground against the surging tide,
Which elsewhere swept the field from side to side.
Sublime he stood amid the heaps of slain,
Until his comrades rallied once again.

XV.

I looked abroad into the vast domain
Where Ignorance had held eternal reign.
A most chaotic state here lay in ken,

Of savage beasts and still more savage men.
Here ev'ry thing was wonderfully crude.
The people necessarily were rude.
Unlearned they were, and not inured to toil.
They built no houses, neither tilled the soil,
Nor manufactured goods, nor mined for ore,
Nor cooked their food, nor any clothing wore.

XVI.

Now Observation stalked into the scene,
And raised confusion where chaos had been.
Then people looked with wonder and amaze,
On what had seemed familiar all their days.
Suggestions many fluttered through their minds,
Then flew away again like empty winds.

XVII.

Now Superstition caught the inspiration
To seize the place. So did Investigation.
But uperstition seemed to get the start,
And occupied he human mind and heart.
The supernatural he represented;
Dreams, goblins, haunts, and ghosts, 'twas he invented;
And manufactured some great deity
To superrule each hidden mystery.

XVIII.

Then people feared and wondered (who would not?)
And worshiped ev'ry thing, no matter what.
They worshiped fishes swimming in the seas;
The birds that flew upon the balmy breeze;
The creeping insects and the humming bees;
Vermin and reptiles crawling on the ground;
And ev'ry filthy beast wherever found.
They even worshiped flowers, stones, and trees,
The dew, the light, the sunshine, and the breeze,
The rivulets, the rivers, lakes, and seas.
They worshiped daytime and they worshiped night,
Because 'twas darkness or because 'twas light.

They worshiped summer with her fervid heat;
They worshiped winter with his frost and sleet;
They worshiped spring time when the flowers bloom;
And autumn sweeping them into the tomb.
They worshiped planets, comets, satellites,
And stars that twinkle in the sable nights;
The sun, the earth, the sky, the verdant sods,
The fire, the water, and the lifeless clods,
And then built temples to the unknown gods.

XIX.

The wiser ones adored their fellow man.
So hero worship on this wise began;
When some philanthropist would rise to fame,
Or some great conqueror beget a name,
Or some inventor some new thing construe,
Or some discoverer find some thing new,
Or some smooth conjuror, by jugglery,
Foist impositions on credulity—
No matter in what manner they might rise,
While in this world they passed into the skies
On leaving it, and thence were recognized
As gods, and as such apotheosized,
And had their worshipers upon the Earth,
Who fabled them to be divine of birth,
And who would shamefully themselves degrade
In worshiping the gods themselves had made.

XX.

Some on their bellies crawled among the clods
To gratify their filthy reptile gods.
Some dressed in sackcloth and in ashes sate
In hope their gods they might propitiate.
Some on their knees would turn their faces up,
And bellow at the zenith like a pup.
And some were dabbled in the water bins,
Like filthy rags to wash away their sins.
Some sacrificed their sheep, and goats, and hogs,
Their docile cattle, and their faithful dogs;

While some would sacrifice their children even,
To purchase favor in the eyes of Heaven.
Some beat themselves with cacti, chains, and rods,
To satiate their kind and loving gods—
Abused themselves in every shameful way,
While worship was the order of the day.

XXI.

Some gods and angels were created "good
And very good," which being understood,
Means in the image of their devotees;
While some were vile, and I observed that these
Were made to represent some character
The maker of the gods did not prefer.
That is the evil traits which man possessed,
Were given to the gods he hated best.
But strangely true—as the needle to the pole;
True as a part's unequal to the whole;
True as a circle cannot be a square;
True as you can not navigate the air;
True as a humbug soars while merit plods;
So like produces like when making gods.
Those who attribute cursed traits to devils,
Do but transmit their own infernal evils.
A rule I give (dispute it if you can)
That by his gods 'tis fair to judge a man.

XXII.

Investigation saw what dreadful odds
Of savage men and still more savage gods,
'Twas his to fight; and so he laid without,
Ad drew his siege lines all around about,
To give them time to quar'l with one another,
Divide and war a brother 'gainst a brother,
And subdivide, till they must compromise
With one another, and with him likewise.

XXIII.

Beneath the banner of Investigation,

Was one great hero called Consideration;
Another strong ally was Meditation;
And still another one was Contemplation.
The latter was a dreamy kind of one,
Did little, but admired what was done,
But had a very clear and subtile mind,
And very much assisted all mankind
With his good counsel and his happy cheer
Although he scrupulously kept to rear.
Consideration, practical and cool,
Laid down his premises and drew his rule;
Then confidently put it to the test,
And generally proved it for the best.
So Meditation was profound in schemes,
But often lost himself in empty dreams.

XXIV.

Credulity, a powerful ally
Of Superstition followed with him nigh,
And went from clan to clan among his dupes,
And emulated them to brighter hopes
Of future weal; and then would sally out
Against Investigation's strong redoubt;
But would be driven backward inch by inch,
Investigation tightening his cinch.

XXV.

This great Credulity would seldom swerve,
For he had Confidence to string his nerve;
While Duty, misconceived, led to the fight,
And Grace, so called, would keep his armor bright;
While Superstition furnished all his needs,
And Conscience goaded him to daring deeds.
He bore the frowning ensign of his god;
His feet were with the so called gospel shod;
He brandished in his hand the Spirit's sword;
And spread the proclamation of his Lord;
Salvation's helmet on his head he wore;
And Gullibility his armor bore.

Some times some other name he would assume,
As Faith, Belief, but whatso nom de plume
He might usurp, he never changed his whim,
However oft he changed his pseudonym.

XXVI

Credulity wherever he might go,
Was harassed by a most perplexing foe
Whose name was Skepticism, and who would fight
For whatsoever he conceived was right.
Agnosticism was his younger brother,
And natural ally. And still another,
Was Freethought. Than this great Triumvirate,
But few if any could be found more great.
Where'er dark mystery involved a doubt,
They sought incessantly to find it out.
They doubting all hypotheses, would seem
Opposed alike to either rash extreme.
They led the van and, fighting bravely here,
Were not unfrequently attacked in rear.
But though attacked in front, and flank, and rear,
They dext'rously repelled them everywhere.
They never slept in careless ease profound,
And none could ever circumvent them round.
Akin to these were Liberality,
And Toleration, and Sincerity.
These latter three were valiant, brave, and true,
Yet they were clever, honest fellows too.

XXVII.

Rearward of all of these a strong reserve
Was held by Reason who would never swerve
From whatsoever course he undertook.
It was his custom earnestly to look
Into the merits of the cause at stake;
And consequently he could always make
A rational conclusion what would be
The sure result which he might look to see.

XXVIII.

Opposed to these, upon the other side,
Were Heresy, Hypocrisy, and Pride.
This Heresy although himself misused
By stronger sects, incessantly abused
The weaker ones who at his mercy were,
Who, to be ruled by him, did not prefer.
Hypocrisy whatever he might be,
Would make believe that he most heartily
Approved the tenets of whatever creed,
In strength of numbers, could the rest exceed.
But Pride so confident of his own whim,
Disdained whoever disagreed with him.

XXIX.

Still others were with these whom I shall mention,
Although to notice all I've no intention:
Old Mystery as dark as sable night,
With Revelation bringing him to light,
And Miracle to prove that he is right.
Presumption led the charge with savage vim;
Fanaticism madly followed him;
While Bigotry pressed onward in their wake,
To torture all the pris'ners they might take.

XXX.

While I observed this universal fray,
Behold, on either side, some gave away.
The Vicious ones in numbers were more strong,
As well as in resources, all along,
Which Vice, the chief commander, could divine,
And ordered one grand charge along the line.

XXXI.

Now like a tide of ocean on they roll,
Extending, like a tide, from pole to pole;
But like a tide at shore, they could not go
No further, when they met the deadly foe.

And now the armies close in mortal strife,
While men and demons grapple life for life,
Till Virtue reeled and tottered in the fray,
And ev'ry thing but Fortitude gave way.

XXXII.

The bugle sounded and the hosts withdrew.
The messenger arose to bid adieu.
He waved a last farewell and took his flight
Toward the zenith like a flash of light.
The royal trumpet sounded loud and clear;
Unnumbered million voices shook the air
With shouts so loud and shrill that I awoke
To find daylight contending with the smoke
For which should occupy the narrow flue
Which was their only showing to get through.
That wanted in while this was wanting out;
But where I wished to be I was in doubt;
For still the rain was dripping all about.
Without I heard the rain in torrents roar;
Within I felt the rain in torrents pour.
Then lying there I weighed the matter well,
And said that I would rather be in Hell.

XXXIII.

Now Christian friends, with all respect to you,
I think that no apology is due
For writing this. Though sinful it may seem,
Yet all the same 'tis nothing but a dream.
A dream's not of the will you all know well;
And all have claimed the right their dreams to tell.
And right or wrong, I dreamed it just the same;
And if I dreamed it wrong I'm not to blame.
But though it be a dream, if you should find
The truth suggested, you will treat it kind.

Tampico, Ind.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

BLOOD ATONEMENT.

BY GEORGE W. TURRELL.

ALL unnecessary shedding of blood, either of men or beasts, is inhuman, barbarous and degrading. So universally true is this proposition, it is a test of civilization. The highest types of civilization abhor the useless shedding of blood, always accompanied with more or less pain, exhaustion and suffering, or death.

Even the needless and wanton slaughter of the birds of the air, or beasts of the field and forest, is regarded by the humane and kindly as cruel and inexcusable.

The untutored savage seems to revel in the destruction of life and shedding of blood. Not satisfied with the deadly work of the tomahawk, he proceeds to mutilate his dying victims with the scalping knife, and each additional bloody scalp, attached to his girdle, secured by his own hand, is regarded as cumulative evidence of his prowess.

In the classification of mankind, three states or conditions are recognized—savage or barbarous, semi-civilized and civilized.

Sociology, anthropology, all history shows the civilization of man has been an evolution.

But while science, government, law, economics, art and invention have freely progressed, religion has always been conservative, clinging to obsolete and bygone types, worshipping at the shrine of a barbarous past.

Thomas H. Huxley declares: "Whenever I undertake to advance to new fields of investigation, I am ever met with the sign, 'No trespassing—Moses.'"

In all the long struggle towards higher conceptions and more humane and civilized conditions, man has met that lying declaration, "Thus saith the Lord," or believe in our old moss-grown creeds, or



GEORGE W. TURRELL.

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The Christian system of blood atonement (of which the Mosaic rites are held to be typical) is even worse. It demands the shedding of human blood, or the blood of Christ, as necessary for atonement. A murder with savage torture, to satisfy so-called divine conceptions of justice. The innocent for the guilty, the just for the unjust; all based on that infamous declaration: "Without shedding of blood is no remission." Heb. ix:22.

The necessity for such a sacrifice has never been shown. It rests upon irrational faith. It is a travesty on justice, and is alike repugnant to reason and a vilification of the character and attributes of any real or supposed God.

This, so-called, God's love for the world, exhibited in demanding or accepting a bloody and vicarious sacrifice, suggests the love of American patriots for their English foes during the bitter struggle of 1776 and later, expressed by a crude poetic stanza, popular in those days:

"Fee, fie, foe, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Dead or alive, I must have some."

The system of blood atonement never elevated the Jews. They remained for centuries a band of aggressive, invading cutthroats.

Economically considered the system caused much needless waste. The offerings to the Lord were of little value, consisting of the blood, fats and organs of the abdominal viscera. The priests received the parts of real value, the meat and skins. Lev. vii:1-10. But they often could not use all the meat which it was unlawful to eat after it was two days old. Lev. vii:18. And as it was unlawful for any outside the priesthood and their families to touch or use these offerings, much went to waste.

The system produced a band of priestly non-producers, holy idlers, who never did a day's work, yet received one-tenth of all the products and inheritance in Israel. Num. xviii:21. Much more than a fair pro rata portion of all the crops and products, such as corn, oil, nuts and wine, the first fruits and the best.

When deprived of this clerical income they were a useless and beggarly set. When the sons of Eli were deposed from the priesthood they are represented as begging thus (I. Sam. ii:36): "Put me, I pray thee, into one of the priests' offices, that I may eat a piece of bread."

The later prophets declare the degradation of the Jewish priesthood. Jer. 6-13. "For from the least of them even unto the greatest of them, every one is given to covetousness, and from the prophet even unto the priest, every one dealeth falsely."

Micah iii:11: "The heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money." We feel to respond, Micah, you have indeed revealed the backbone of all sacerdotal service.

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drels and take a seat hard by the throne of God. It fills Heaven with criminals and peoples hell with the noblest and best.

Christian Atonement has been tried and found wanting. From Constantine to the fall of the Byzantine Empire, Christianity had supreme control and its fruits were the Dark Ages, ignorance, superstition and crime*.

It has opposed science, and progress and human liberty at every step. It propagated its tenets with the aid of the dungeons, and fagot, thumb-screw and torturing rack; inventing and using no less than thirty-five of the most cruel instruments of torture, for heretics, that the minds of Christian monsters could conceive.** It has sacrificed more lives, shed more innocent blood, than any other system of error, that has ever cursed the world.

Judaism slayed its thousands. Christianity has slain, according to good authorities, thirty millions. Whatever may be said in defense of some of Christ's teachings, the best of which were uttered before his day, the bloody atonement dogma is vicious and degrading, a product of ignorance and barbarism.

Every drop of blood that has been shed for, so called, atonements, or to support religious dogmas, was a crime against humanity, justice, and truth.

The expanding intelligence of humanity now demands something more rational and elevating, than creeds of savagery, the voice of vengeance, or the barbarous echoes from Calvary's bloody brow.

Man has atoned or suffered for his mistakes and ignorance in all the cruel past. Paid the debt himself; all the debt he owed. Man is a product of conditions, a creature of environments. All rational hope of happiness, all improvement and elevation of humanity, must come of necessity, not from blood atonement of bulls, and goats, and mythic Christs, but from more intelligence, better environments, improved conditions here and now. We don't need blood atonement for our souls. What the toiling and oppressed masses need and demand is bread-and-butter salvation for their bodies. Take good care of the body and the soul will take care of itself. If one-half the talent and wealth now wasted to perpetuate this barbarous and degrading superstition, were expended to emancipate the industrial slave, it would chase away the wolf of want, bring relief and joy to the lank and pleading horde of unrequited toilers, paint athwart the storm clouds of strikes, injunctions, and industrial unrest, that threaten the stability of our free institutions, the seven-hued bow of promised relief. It would reveal to our anxious and inquiring gaze into the mists of the future, the purpling domes of great possibilities.

Philadelphia, Pa.

*See "Lecky's History of European Morals," Vol. II, page 12-13.

**See "Thumb-screw and Rack," by Geo. E. Macdonald.

DOCTOR WETMORE ON THE REV. DOCTOR DREW.

My Dear Brother Green: Your well-known penchant for an occasional selection and publication of something ridiculous for the amusement, amazement and exasperation of your rational readers was well exemplified in the September Magazine.

Probably your incentive was to show the contrast between sense and nonsense, fact and fancy, reason and dogmatism, hypocrisy and honesty. Everybody should read the letter from the Rev. S. S. Drew on page 505. Here is a specimen of the orthodox Christian minister, who frankly acknowledges that he pretends, proclaims and teaches lies when God requires it for His glory. That he permits his senses to be stultified for Christ's sake. (He must have been a protege of St. Paul and Esubes.)

I am told that there are some ministers who actually believe what they preach. If that is a fact they must belong to the intellectually warped and bigoted class. I am inclined to believe, however, that the hypocritical are in the ascendency.

Be that as it may, I consider them very dangerous men. Having a legitimate opportunity, they bend the tender twigs and impel the childish, innocent and ignorant mind to say, "I believe in ghosts—holy and unholy—spirits, angels, Gods, hell and the devil.

Rambling Peters and Pauls like the Rev. Drew are parasites upon the morals of humanity and always do more harm than good in a civilized community. If he had as much gray matter as the little "pismire" he refers to, that infinitesimal semi-animalcule need not have set the pace for his non-evolving pensiveness, and he could have saved himself from ridicule and from being placarded a fanatic. Such teachers are filling our prisons, penitentiaries, reformatories, jails and lock-ups with criminals today.

It behooves us as lovers of humanity, as representatives of law and order, of morality, of freedom of thought and righteousness to educate the young who are reaching out in every line of thought after truth and facts, after something reasonable, tangible and enjoyable.

They should be taught that Nature is God, and that God is not a personal being, and that no God ever listens to or answers prayers. To teach a little innocent child to pray to an imaginary God is a sin, it is a cruel and senseless custom and should be punished by a fine.

Children should be taught self-reliance, truthfulness, faithfulness, integrity, honesty and righteousness, and the world will be filled with noble and useful men and women and a credit to the age of reason.

Buffalo, N. Y.

S. W. WETMORE.

LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

A. Johnson, San Francisco, Cal.:

"The 'Myth of the Great Deluge' is one of the most convincing arguments we have used. The 'Reviews of Talmage' by Jack Kajad in the September magazine is the best thing on Talmage I have ever read—the writer has a command of language like Harry Hoover. I notice Brother Moore's 'Blue Grass Blade' is coming out all right. Your other liberal editors will have to look to your laurels. Dr. Wilson's article in the last 'Blade' is great—all his are. The Liberal University article in the September number is good. I will send my dollar to help it along, and every Liberal ought to do as much. It ought to be sustained to show that there can be education and morality without superstition."

Brevet Major Folester L. Taylor, Sawyers, Va.:

"My whole family like the Free Thought Magazine very much and there is a regular scramble for it when it reaches us. My wife says she likes the Magazine better than any other Free Thought publication we receive (which shows she is a woman of good judgment.—Ed.), and as long as the money holds out we shall remain on your subscription list. (We are pleased to notice that the writer, Major Taylor, was awarded by the Congress of the United States a medal of honor for distinguished gallantry in battle at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3d, 1863. Brother Taylor was a brave soldier in the late war and now he is doing noble service in the army of Free Thinkers of this country in behalf of Secular Government and Mental Liberty.—Ed.)

Thomas Hotchkiss, Lead, S. D.:

"It is very difficult to get many people to aid in spreading the light of reason so as to emancipate humanity from the thrall of superstition. This western country is full of professed Free Thinkers, but few of them have the courage to openly express their views as I do and declare that the Bible is a fiction and full of falsehoods. Because I stand up for Free Thought opinions everywhere and refuse to send my children to the orthodox Sunday school to be taught lies as truth, some think I must be a very bad man and they wonder why I do not swear, get drunk and steal and commit all manner of crimes. They say they would if they did not believe in a God and religion and eternal punishment, showing conclusively that the fear of hell and not the love of virtue is what controls their actions."

Frederick Dahlstrom, Alton, Ill.:

"I have been out in Kansas recently and while there had an opportunity of attending the state convention of the 'Free Thinkers Association.' Luciferism has ruined the organization there. Kansas is full of genuine Free Thinkers, many of them the most moral and intelligent people of the state, but they refuse to identify themselves with that movement because of the free-love tendencies of

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON WHEN TWENTY YEARS OF AGE.

SOME time since Mrs. Stanton very kindly sent us her photograph taken when she was but twenty years of age. We were more pleased to receive it than we would have been to have received one of Queen Victoria's early photos, because, without wishing to disparage the great Queen in the least, we consider Mrs. Stanton much the



ELIZABETH CADY.

greater woman of the two, and much more deserving of the gratitude of the friends of humanity—in fact, we know of no woman living, in this country or in any other, the equal, as a reformer, to Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

We showed the photo to our esteemed friend, B. F. Underwood, and he was so much pleased with it that, at our request, he wrote for this Magazine the following interesting sketch of this distinguished woman, that we are sure our readers will enjoy in connection with the likeness of the girl Elizabeth, at twenty years of age, here published.

Mrs. Stanton's picture, taken when she was twenty, indicates strength, serenity, kindliness and mirthfulness—traits which have shown conspicuously in her character and work. She has been a fearless champion of human rights, and a strong, uncompromising advocate of unpopular truth. Her eloquent voice and her vigorous pen have been used most effectively in favor of every worthy reform of the last fifty years. She has always had the courage of her convictions, and she has defended what she believed true and right, regardless of consequences to herself. The writer remembers when her name was prominently identified with the anti-slavery cause.

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PHILIP ALVIN ZARING, M. D.

WE publish as the frontispiece of this number of the Magazine the portrait of Dr. Philip Alvin Zaring the author of the first or leading article of this number, entitled "The Thanatoikiad," and we judge the reader will be interested in learning something of Dr. Zaring's biography. There is nothing in it of an extraordinary character, only that it shows that the doctor is a self-made man, or more properly a natural personage in contradistinction to a theological, mentally deformed human being, such as our orthodox colleges are constantly bringing out, who may very justly be called "educated fools." Men who have such a "profound education" that they are able to reconcile Genesis and Geology, Science and Religion, and who have no trouble in believing the Garden of Eden story, the flood catastrophe, the Jonah and whale episode, or anything else the church require them to believe.

Dr. Zaring was born in an unassuming cabin in Scott county, Ind., March 9th, 1860. His parents were very poor people and he was permitted to attend the public school only a few days at a time. His parents were sincere Methodists, and therefore he received much more religious instruction than secular education. His honest Christian parents deemed it much more important that he should be well versed in the history of the next world than the present one. These parents taught their children that they should be good, moral and virtuous here in this life, but that it needed something more than these qualifications to prepare them for heaven. Good deeds were not placed to one's credit in the "Lamb's Book of Life," these worldly virtues were really charged up as crimes if we are destitute of religious Faith.

The subject of this sketch at eighteen years of age was an enthusiast on the subject of religion, and believed he had a call to preach the Gospel, but he was destitute of education—was barely able to read the Bible that he then considered the Word of God. At the age of twenty he entered school to prepare for the ministry, but as he had an inquiring mind, so soon as he began to study he began to think, and when he commenced thinking he soon commenced to doubt the teachings of the church. He says: "I found laws governing phenomena which I had thought were governed by the direct influence of

the Deity. As I advanced in the investigation of nature the supernatural retreated before me until I stood face to face with the fact that I was an atheist."

Mr. Zaring was compelled, by the light that came to him, to give up the idea of preaching, and for a few years he engaged in teaching, after which he made a tour for two and a half years through the western States and territories, and in December, 1888, while in Coeur d'Alene mountains in Idaho he began to write "The Thanatoikiad," the article herewith published, which begins with a description of his environments at that time.

After this he commenced the study of medicine, and graduated at the Vanderbilt, in Nashville, Tenn., March 2d, 1893, and commenced the practice of medicine soon thereafter at Tampico, Ind., where he has ever since resided. He has acquired a large practice and is a popular physician.

Mr. Zaring, when he was teaching school in Arkansas, made the acquaintance of Miss Alsey Ingram. They were soon engaged to be married as soon as Mr. Z. was established in business. On the day that his intended wife graduated at the Ouachita Baptist college, June 5th, 1895, he met her and they were married on the same day and soon after they returned to Tampico, Ind., where they are now living without pomp or ostentation, but with health, comfort and happiness. Their present home has been brightened by the addition to the family of a son, which the doctor declares makes the bliss of the parents complete. In place of working to gain a future heaven beyond the clouds they propose to make their home a heaven here and now.

FIFTY CENT SUBSCRIPTIONS AND CONTRIBUTIONS.

Fifty cent subscriptions received from Aug. 23d to Sept. 1st: C. J. Yeary, 10; Louis Held, 9; Guilford White, 8; J. H. Alcorn, 8; Chester Martin, 7.

Six each: Capt. W. Hebard, Thos. Hotchkiss, Albert Lufkin and S. P. Thorpe.

Five each: H. J. Margerum, G. L. Price and John Rhoads.

Four each: Geo. W. Hoeling, H. A. Streeter and S. W. Wetmore, M. D.

Three each: Chas. Boulton, E. J. Colegrove, M. B. Hall, Geo. Klein, Gilbert Lincoln, B. Peabody and Hiram Shera.

Two each: James J. Alford, W. Allan, W. B. Fleckenger, F. B. Ingraham, Jacob Miller, Mrs. L. K. Provis, Eugene I. Roffee, Harry T. Smith, S. H. Van Trump and John Volle.

Twenty-two persons sent one subscriber each.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Contributions received from Aug. 23, 1897, to Sept. 20, 1897: H. M. Taber, \$10; James A. Greenhill, \$10; A Massachusetts Friend, \$5; Ingersoll Stanwood, \$3; Capt. J. A. Olmsted, \$2; D. A. Blodgett, \$2; J. H. Hunt, \$2; Chas. Barta, \$2; "Cash," \$2; Henry Bird, \$2; Carl Burell, \$1.50; B. Anderson, \$1.25; Maligus Bochmer, \$1; Alex. Cochran, \$1; W. W. Dunbar, \$1; Mrs. R. A. Glover, \$1; A. Niederer, Ph. G., \$1; Joseph Evans, \$1; Jas. F. Mallinckrodt, \$1; Reginald Fowler, \$1; Richard Allen, \$1; C. E. Maynard, \$1; Nelson Crane, \$1; Chas. Eberling, \$1; R. Laycock, \$1; S. Hollis, \$1; John Fay, 75 cents; F. Dahlstrom, 50 cents; David Sands, 50 cents; M. L. Studebaker, 50 cents; Gregg D. Wolfe, 50 cents. Total, \$59.50.

ALL SORTS.

—This magazine is now reaching more readers than it ever was before.

—Reader, send us at least one new subscriber during the present month.

—The first or leading article of this number is pretty long, but do not fail to read it all.

—The reader's attention is called to our special ad. of six trial subscribers for four months for one dollar.

—Go out and procure us three new subscribers at one dollar each and we will send you a copy of "Faith and Fact."

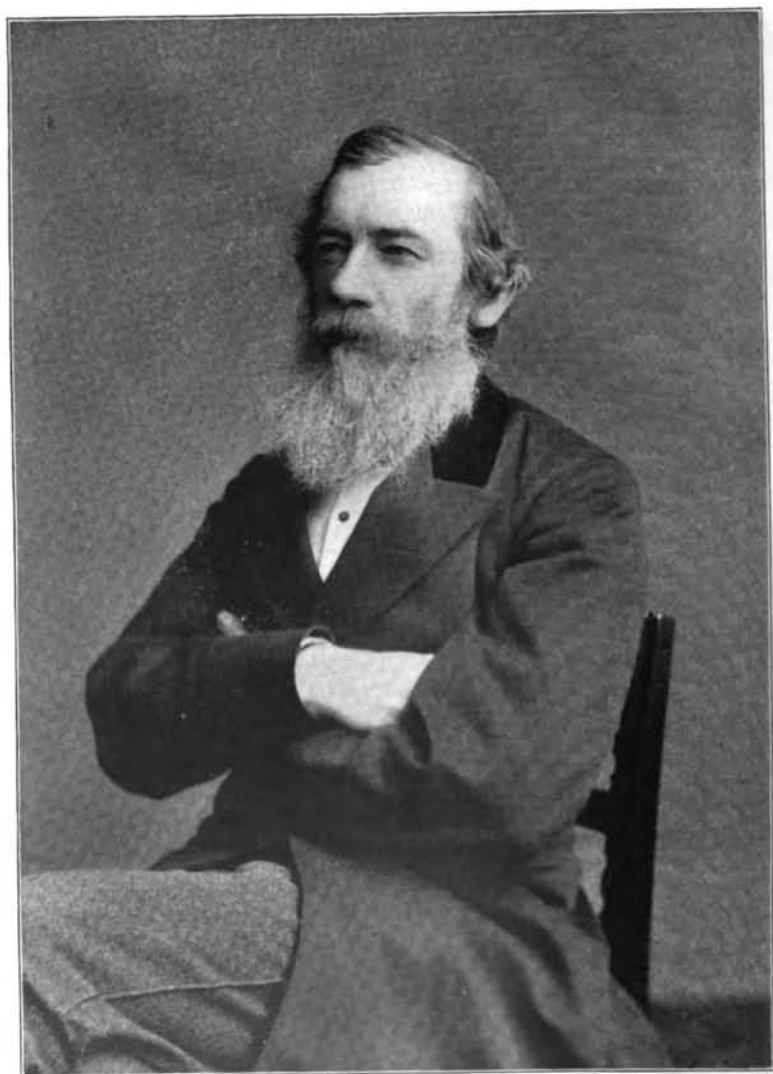
—The reader will notice that this number of the Magazine contains one hundred and twelve pages, the largest copy we ever before published.

—R. F. Underwood will answer calls for lectures during the Fall and Winter. Letters addressed to him at this office will reach him without delay.

—Mr. Ralph W. Chalney, our young friend of the "Investigator," has just returned from an interesting visit to a number of European cities, and reports that he had a most enjoyable time. We congratulate him.

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Cordially
Moncure D. Conway

FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

THEOLOGY—ITS ORIGIN, CAREER AND DESTINY.

BY DANIEL K. TENNEY.

TO enable the reader to comprehend, as well as may be, the natural conditions which gave rise in the human mind to ideas of a personal overruling God, what the career and consequences of such ideas have been during the ages in which they have prevailed, and to consider their inevitable destiny, is the design of the writer. As to developments which occurred before the dawn of historical record, it is apparent that dependence must mainly be upon conjecture, although, by proper analogy, the condition and opinions of many still savage communities, with which we have become well acquainted, cast much light upon the subject. Since and during the historical period, although most of the material has been written or inspired by theologians, or tempered by fear of their disapproval, little difficulty is encountered in separating the true from the false. The evolution of thought and the progress of knowledge, during the present century, offer abundant and reliable prediction as to developments of the future.

The human race has been evolved from lower forms of life. What length of time has been required in the progress of development, from monad to man, is unknown. That millions of years have been requisite, can scarcely be doubted. The truth of these simple but somewhat wonderful propositions has been so far actually demonstrated by science that no candid and well educated person, whether clergyman or layman, longer seriously questions them. The old idea, that the heavens and the earth were created only a few thousand years ago, has ceased to find credence among cultured people anywhere.

It is not, however, necessary for us to believe, as has been derisively contended, that we have descended from an actual

parentage of monkeys, or other special animals now known to us. It is certain, however, that both they and ourselves, and all other forms of animal and vegetable life, have proceeded by slow evolution, through countless ages, from protoplasmic life germs. These germs were part of an infinite and eternal universe. They were no more the product of special creation than were all the other elements, visible and invisible, which enter into the mass and life of the known and unknown realms of nature. Germs sure in time to evolve human beings; germs to evolve blades of grass; germs distinctly emplaced with a special potency to become everything, which we now perceive has been evolved from them, are as eternal as the universe itself, of which each forms so small a part. Nature has ever been replete with life. The human mind cannot conceive of time or circumstance when the potential germs of things which now exist had no existence. Spontaneous generation, it is said, is not possible. But certain it is, that those phenomena, in plant and animal life, in organic and inorganic matter, for which nature provided appropriate germs of life and growth, have made their appearance, and so will continue to do forever, when circumstances and conditions have arisen or shall arise to make such development possible.

Coming into existence as did the human race, by the means thus outlined, the primitive and rudimentary minds of men were necessarily in the densest and almost inconceivable ignorance. Without knowledge, and with experience but slowly acquired, the struggle for existence must have been terrible. It was a war of primitive men with animals but little below them, with others of their own race, and a warfare with the elements as well. For countless ages the struggle for food and comfort was great. The higher quality of mental endowment, however, finally achieved the victory. The fittest survived. Ages passed on. Tribes were formed; experience and crude knowledge was acquired; languages were developed; rude tools and implements for attack and defense and for domestic use were devised; huts were constructed; the use of fire became known; clothing came into use; primitive art slowly made its appearance; animals were domesticated and trained for the use of men; warfare prevailed; conquests were made; defeats sustained; tribal alliances formed; friendships established; and so the crude

society of primitive man was evolved and moved slowly forward and upward, according to the natural laws of development.

Among the people of those ancient days, as among those of the present time, there was as great diversity of talent and disposition as there was of countenances. Then, as now, in every community, there were a few men brighter than their fellows, more given to thought, reflection and study, and to the instruction of those around them, in the proper duties of tribal life and in respect to the all-pervading mysteries which surrounded them. Respect, affection and even fear was naturally aroused among the less intelligent for their evident superiors.

Leaders of men were always necessary. For superior courage and acumen in contest, some were chosen leaders in war; others, for skill in organization and control, were made tribal chiefs; while those more thoughtful, observant, and of milder manners, grew to be the instructors of all the rest, and naturally acquired a reputation for that knowledge of mysterious things, which for ages has given certain men almost supreme influence and control over the minds of their fellows. This was the origin of the priesthood. Called of God they always claimed to be, but he never called them. They were the natural product of superior craft, in the childhood of the race, and from superstition and blind credulity they then did and ever since have derived their main support.

Though some sympathy has usually actuated the conduct of men towards their immediate neighbors, that greater influence, inherent in the race, selfishness, ambition for power and control, has been the mainspring of human conduct. In ancient days it was even more active than at present. If there was a branch of the human family more distinguished than another for the insidious and selfish desire to direct and control, for their own gain and glory, the mental development of mankind, it has been that mild-mannered, fanatical, superstitious and bigoted class known as the priesthood. And they are crafty withal. It would be strange if they were not. Relied upon, as they especially must have been in those days of mental darkness, long ago, for the proper solution of every enigma which, from time to time, arose in the minds of a simple-minded and savage people, they devised theories, tales and fables to account for the strange things and mysterious happenings which were brought to their

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might too much enlighten. In the ancient days, highest reputation was achieved by such false prophets. Their falsehoods and their follies passed into tribal traditions, and were handed down through the centuries as sacred and solemn truths, oftentimes as revelations from on high.

The most natural inquiry to arise in the minds of men who have reached the first experience of contemplative thought, would be and probably was, "How did the earth, the things upon it, the sun, the moon and stars, come about?" Those wise men of the tribe, priests, medicine men, or the like, could not plead ignorance or they would lose their reputation for wisdom. Diving deeply into contemplation and considering the problem as best their profound ignorance would enable, they concluded that a big man, of infinite power and wisdom, or a considerable number of such men, existed somewhere, who had produced all these things and at will controlled them. Answer was so given to the inquiring people. With some tribes, it was one such infinite being, called in English, God, with others, in other countries, there was one or a hundred such, of different names, powers and departments. In every case invisible, but all actual, all powerful, loving their friends and hating their enemies, in like manner as did the chiefs of the most powerful tribes then known to the people, but with infinite knowledge, terrible capacity and fiercest disposition. This was the origin of the God of the Jews, and of the gods of other barbarians, inventions and devices of savage imagination, quite natural and not at all surprising, considering the unquestionable and desperate ignorance which prevailed in the dark and dismal dawn of our race. Those who attributed the whole matter to one God were the wandering Jews, many thousands of years ago. The story of how it was all done was devised by the assumed wise men of Israel, listened to with awe by the people, handed down from generation to generation, by word of mouth, exaggerated and enlarged upon, no doubt, by successive generations, and thus came to be that tradition, which was the basis of the creation story, reduced to writing long years thereafter, as the introductory overture to the book of Genesis.

Likewise was this the origin of theology. It was comprehended that there is an infinite power behind all phenomena. It must be one big man or several. What else could it be? The human mind, at that time, could comprehend nothing better.

The scheme surely appeared plausible, and, proceeding as it did from the wise men of the time, must be authoritative. It has flourished for thousands of years, and still survives, among countless millions of people all over the globe, most of whom are too stupid, too thoughtless, too hungry, too busy, and too superstitious ever to have considered, or to be qualified to consider, whether it is true or false.

But still those crafty old fellows had not accounted for all the curious things which came to their notice. There was a vast amount of woe and wickedness among men. Plagues, pestilences and famines were not infrequent. Sick, sore, lame and disordered was the condition of the race. Battle, murder and sudden death were destructive and appalling. How could an all powerful God, whom all should respect and revere, have inaugurated so contemptible a basis for the life of his highest creatures? These things must be explained, excused, palliated and justified, or the God we have invented will be despised and come to naught. To avoid this obstacle to faith, the original sin of Adam and Eve was invented, and the consequent fall of man, justifying all the rigors of his earthly condition and the future punishment to follow. Adam had disobeyed his chief. Nothing was too severe for him, his heirs and assigns forever. It served them right.

Many languages were found to exist, each tribe having one peculiar to itself. It was strange that a god, having, of course, but one language, himself should have given rise to so many. It must be explained so the people will understand it. So the Babel story was invented and became authentic. The multitude of languages was inflicted as a punishment for the presumptuous conduct of men, in constructing a tower on which to climb into heaven. To the ignorant of those days this explanation was authentic and satisfactory.

It seemed evident to the most casual observer, of active mind, even in that dreary period, that the lands of earth had once been under deep water. The exposed layers of rock, with fossils of plants and animals intermingled, clearly showed this. Noah's flood was invented to account for the phenomena. To the mind of ignorance it was plausible and unquestioned, and passed along from generation to generation as solemn and

sacred truth. It was the only way out of the dilemma. Geology was unknown.

The rainbow was a curious and beautiful affair, but surprising to untutored minds. To explain this, and to give confidence that no other deluge should occur, the tale was put forth that it had been set in the clouds, as token of a covenant between God and man, that he would not again drown the world. The multitudes swallowed the yarn and were glad.

Joshua had a serious time fighting one of God's battles, and did several days' work in one. At his command, God held back the sun and moon in their courses, to give his valiant servant an opportunity to vanquish the enemy and terminate a bloody battle. Told by the priests, this became, it is said, a historical fact. The sun has been running regularly ever since.

And so a thousand other equal absurdities, which embellish the Old Testament on almost every page, and which, from time to time, came to be treated as reliable traditions and actual facts.

During the thousands of years involved in those human developments, embraced in what has preceded, not a single man could read or write. There were no manuscripts, no books, no records, nothing but the treacherous memory of barbarians, to pass along, from century to century, and from tribe to tribe, information concerning the opinions and transactions of mankind, during the countless preceding ages of the race. What must we think of such an origin for divine revelation?

Finally, after long years of unwritten fable, fiction and folly, myth, folk lore and tradition, the art of writing developed. One Moses, it is said, appeared on the scene about 1,500 years before our era. He knew how to handle the tribes of Israel, how to talk, how to deceive, how to cheat and how to write. Beyond this, and the knowledge which he acquired in the court and camps of Egypt, it is not apparent that his intellectual status was far in advance of those wandering tribes with whom he undertook the journey to the promised land. Certainly he wished to have understood, as sacred and truthful, all the traditions then so regarded by the people of those tribes, though he must have known that they were conceived in days of densest ignorance, and chiefly related to occurrences 2,500 years before his time. It was he, so it is said, who proceeded to reduce those

myths and traditions to writing, and did so, in the books of the Pentateuch. We are not now concerned with the confident assertion of some modern scholars that Moses was an entire stranger to these literary productions, and that they were written long after his death, nor with the assertion of others that Moses himself was a myth. For present purposes, I shall treat them as the books of Moses.

From these books we gather our first recorded information of that all-wise and all-powerful being, usually there named as Jehovah, but better known as God, the supreme creator and controller of all. Moses is no doubt excusable for recording the current traditions which preceded him concerning that singular being. It was not the mistake of Moses, but of the barbarous minds which preceded him, that the great power behind all phenomena was delineated so as to now appear to us as an infinitely ignorant, incompetent and unworthy person, planting a human pair in Eden, with propensities sure to offend, and visiting them and their children, to all eternity, with his infinite and terrible wrath, for so simple a dereliction as eating the forbidden fruit, placed by him in the garden and sure to tempt their appetites. To the ancients there was nothing absurd about it. Faith in the story was more important than fact. It was not the fault of Moses that men were, before his time, commanded to worship a being who by his arbitrary fiat had already overwhelmed them with infamy. Savages could do it, for he was so much like them. Intelligent men, influenced purely by fear but never by love, have, indeed, affected both to love and to worship him. Infamous qualities, however, even in God, cannot arouse the passion of sweet love in the heart of intelligence. Fear and hatred, rather, are the natural impulses. Nor is Moses responsible for Satan—first born of God—nor for that brimstonic and fiery abode, to which all the sons of men were consigned for four thousand years and more, and until that happy thought entered the divine mind by which his wrath toward Adam and Eve and their descendants was appeased, and the future sins of man atoned for by the blood of his own son, mysteriously born and crucified for that express purpose; provided always, that this new plan of salvation should apply only to those few people who belie their own reason and thus escape the fiery punishment. Such

reward on such terms may do for cringing, crawling, senseless sycophants, but not for men of brains.

But Moses is responsible, and so is the God who instructed him to command his people to steal all the "jewels of silver and jewels of gold" from their neighbors, before setting out on their pious trip to Palestine, and for forty years of murder, massacre and outrage committed on the way. So also is Moses the author and thus directly responsible for those continuous tales of falsehood, running from start to finish through the Pentateuch, pertaining to his own experiences, and during the most of which the same savage God accompanied, commanded and comforted him—tales which fill every reader with infinite horror and absolute contempt. Search the scriptures and see for yourselves. For recording the sacred falsehoods, current before his time, we may acquit him. He was, perhaps, too ignorant to know any better. For inventing the myriad of others, equally false, and palming them off as facts upon his associates, and upon generations which have followed him, he deserved the execration and contempt of all honest minds. Much better would it have been had he never emerged from the bulrushes.

In like manner as arose and became recorded the idea and the characteristics of a personal God and his dealings with our race, and in like manner as Moses deliberately deceived his Jewish followers concerning his own transactions, in the writings attributed to him, so were thereafter constructed, from time to time, the various other books of the old and new testaments. Save in this: Such was the temper of the times and such the prevailing ignorance, that each writer, in good faith, assumed as sacred and trustworthy all recorded priestly utterances which had preceded and with which he was acquainted, and seemed intent on ratifying, sanctifying and outvieing them all. Thus arose and were propagated among the Jews those ideas of theology which were afterwards amplified and intensified through many centuries. In similar ways arose the theological system of other savage and barbarous tribes and communities throughout the known world. All were primarily devised through the fears and by the invention of savage or barbarous minds, to control the minds and morals of their fellows, and to minister to the lust for power and authority of those who deliberately imposed upon the multitude. To this end, the pious frauds worked well, and so continue to this day.

Every one of those tales was known to be false by the man who invented it. Concurrent and succeeding generations readily absorbed them as sacred and solemn truths. Such was the origin of the old testament and of its miraculous tales. Such the foundation and progress of theological thought and opinion, up to the beginning of our era. Among the Jews, there was one God and one only, a harsh and horrible creature, controlling the people with terror and severity. Other tribes and other communities, in Greece, in Rome, in Egypt, in Arabia, in India, throughout the American hemisphere and elsewhere, concurrently invented and possessed their own particular style of gods and theologic systems, all evolved, in similar ways, from the wisdom of their respective ignoramuses. By the evolution of knowledge, by change of environment, or by warfare, some of those curious gods have been effaced from the active minds of men, only lingering in memory as tokens of the stupidity of ancient races, and indicative of the fate some day to overtake them all. Others, in other regions, still hold the fort and their lovers cannot be induced to abandon them in exchange for our own. China, for instance, will never swap Confucius for Christ, nor Joss for Jehovah, for fear of getting a bad bargain.

Slowly but surely knowledge progressed. Human feelings and human sympathies were gradually aroused, and made occasional remonstrance against the rigid rule of the Rabbis. At length, a bright and kindly child was born, grew up, and flourished in that barbarous community. This was the Jesus about whom we have heard so much and know so little. He was a conspicuous infidel and heretic to the harsh doctrines which then prevailed. Infidels and heretics to Jewish doctrines were as much despised and persecuted in those days as have been those to Christian doctrines up to a very recent period. He loved his fellow men, despised the rule of Jewish theology, and undertook, in his quiet way, to arouse the people to better things. Of mild disposition and gentle manners, he sought to spread those amiable graces of human conduct among his cotemporaries. For arousing a sentiment of antagonism against the creeds and policies of the ruling classes he was crucified. His offense was criminal, from the standpoint of Jewish law, and he was executed in the customary manner of that barbaric period. For much milder offense millions of other men have since been sentenced to death and

suffered it, who believed themselves to be following his sacred counsels. He was a young and enthusiastic teacher of a new religion, vastly superior in merit to that which then prevailed, and lost his life in consequence. There is nothing remarkable about it. His principal emphasis was upon the duty of good behavior, of the necessity of faith, of eternal rewards and eternal punishments. There was nothing original about his teachings. The same, or similar ideas, had been put forth centuries before his time, by other religious leaders, in other countries, with whose works he is believed to have been acquainted. He left no writings, and there is no cotemporary record of his words. The only record we have is that of tradition, entirely untrustworthy.

After the death of Jesus, his disciples and followers continued to inculcate the humane doctrines, of which he was supposed to be the author. They made little progress among the Jewish communities where Jesus had been personally known. In his own country, he continued to be without honor. At length, a century or two later, the four gospels were written—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John—purporting to contain the history of Jesus, his immaculate birth, his ministry, his trial, crucifixion and resurrection, and replete with tales of miraculous deeds said to have been performed by him. Whether the weird and peculiar portions of these books are simply a record of the traditions relating to Jesus, amplified and distorted by barbaric imagination and credulity, during the several generations which had passed away since his death, whether they are inventions of the priestly authorities who wrote them, or a combination of both tradition and deliberate falsehood, cannot be determined. This much is certain. If Jesus said and did, or pretended to do, all the things that are attributed to him in the gospels, he was neither more nor less than a base impostor, of the same grade as Mahomet, Swedenborg, Joe Smith, and many other less distinguished frauds and agitators who have succeeded him, the followers of one of whom are said to number one-third of the population of the globe. But I have never believed any of these wicked things of Jesus. I have cross-examined the witnesses. My conclusion is that he was a good man, an enthusiast, in advance of his time; that and nothing more.

But now the gospels, the epistles and all the other books of the new testament were, from time to time, put forth, and the

claim arrogantly made that Jesus was the actual son of God, sent by him to be the savior of the world from the original sin of Adam; that all the books of both testaments were actually and literally written or inspired by Almighty God in person, and that every word within them, including the punctuation, was true and sacred beyond the possibility of doubt. That such a pronouncement should ever have been made by men having even a spark of intelligence appears to us amazing, yet it was probably done in absolute sincerity and good faith. It really is not strange that the theologians of that day, narrow-minded, uncultured and superstitious as they were—for real scholarship was unknown—were satisfied that the strange things therein related must be literally true, or they would not have been written, and could see no other possible authorship for such peculiar literary products than that of infinite power and wisdom. It was thus that the books of the Bible were gathered and bound together, and came to be the authoritative source of all knowledge on all subjects. If, prior to the present century, any one anywhere in Christendom had publicly denied this, the chances are ten to one he would have been disposed of either by the inquisition, by fire or by the common hangman. Tolerance of diverse opinions is now firmly established. Let us be thankful.

When these various books were written, one after the other, inspired by God or not, for what purpose and for whose instruction were they prepared? Evidently for the priesthood, members of religious orders, and for the few others who could then read them. But, remember, that not one in a thousand could then read or write. The more intelligent few were expected to derive their knowledge from these books and disseminate it, at will, among the illiterate multitude. Being written for such purposes, is it not plain that they were intended to be understood just as they read? Did God inspire, or men record, statements designed to be misunderstood by cotemporary readers? Were mysterious and hidden meanings designedly concealed in sacred works to deceive the readers and to vex the brains of future generations to unravel? When the books plainly stated that God made the heavens and the earth in six days and rested on the seventh, was it to be understood that he did nothing of the kind? When they related the story of the fall of man, was it intended as an assertion that man never fell at all, but has from the first been con-

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whose actual contents they possess but a scattering knowledge. Moreover, for centuries, and even now, church members are either absolutely prohibited from reading, or strongly urged to refrain from doing so, many of the ablest and best books and magazines of advanced and untrammelled thought, lest the faith of the saints shall depart from them. How sacred is a book which it is not safe to read? When candid criticisms are made upon it is it not better to fairly consider them? "Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good," said St. Paul, but he honored his own rule rather by breach than by observance. What must be the conclusion concerning such intellectual restraint by the clergy, save that they fear the good sense of readers will discredit or overthrow their greatest fetich?

When the priesthood, later on, got together in council, debated, and took a vote on the various books, and determined which was the word of God and which was not—some of the books slipping in and some of them slipping out by only a small majority—they had finally, and once for all, they thought, a solid basis, a sure thing, an infallible guide in theology, and proceeded to organize and extend their valuable information unto "all parts of the earth and to every living creature."

The underlying doctrines, which they justly deduced from these books, were: (1) The fall of man through Adam, which brought sin into the world. (2) The atonement for this sin, through the blood of Christ. (3) Heaven for those who accept the atonement. (4) Hell for those who do not. (5) An infallible Bible, by which all these things are made sure.

In the effort to spread these doctrines of the love of God for his people, as it is called, from their origin up to the dawn of the present century, more lives have been sacrificed than there are men living on earth today, more slaughter sustained, more torture inflicted, more cruelties practiced, and more horrors aroused, ten thousand times over, than were ever dreamed of by the Turks in Armenia and more than the butcher Weyler could possibly inflict on the Cubans, were he to conduct his barbarous warfare for a thousand years.

Yet all this massacre, torture, cruelty and murder has due and ancient precedent and approval in the holy wars of God, fought by Moses, Joshua and other chiefs, whose valor and glory are so beautifully depicted in the inspired word. And, too, the

lives lost and wealth squandered in wars for Christ's sake exceed all present accumulations on the whole globe. The cost of temples, cathedrals, churches, monasteries, and other religious domiciles, with their sacred images and trappings, and the expense of their maintenance, chiefly wrung from the toil of poverty, has doubtless exceeded a like enormous sum. And still we are not happy.

As were the Jews, so have been the Christians, completely justified in their murderous conduct by abundant texts of holy writ, and by the examples set for them by the patriarchs and by God's chosen warriors of old. It was, indeed, the duty of those champions of unerring theology to kill every infidel and every heretic. They believed in the Bible, and were putting it in force. The only wonder is that they left any man, woman or child with an intelligent idea in his head. Indeed, they did not leave many. For near fifteen hundred years, the foot of the orthodox God, as represented by the clergy, was resolutely on the neck of the people. Every intelligent thought was outlawed. Science, being instigated by the devil, was anathematized. Everything but the Father, Son and Holy Ghost and the Holy Mother of God was suppressed. Nor were matters much improved after the reformation. Intolerance of thought and of knowledge everywhere prevailed. The Protestants, in proportion to their numbers and power, became as intolerant and bloodthirsty as had ever been those concerning whom they protested. They ought to have been, for the shining lights of the good book, in which they devoutly believed, had set them a fierce and pious example.

Finally, and mainly in the present century, the light of science, reason, common sense and free thought began to dawn and to expand. It was discovered that the world was not made in six days; that even that portion of it which men easily examine, required countless millions of years to develop; that men have been permanent residents here for several hundred thousand years at least; that the first man was not created out of dust, nor the first woman from a rib; that there never was such a thing as the fall of man, but that the race, by the assured laws of nature, had been continually rising and improving; that, consequently, no atonement was necessary; that no immaculate birth was possible; that heaven is a vision of the brain; that in nature there is eternal activity and no eternal rest; that the devil, with his myriads of

lost souls, is a pious chimera, inspired by fears of deepest savagery; that the earth is not square or flat and has no corners; that the sun, moon and stars are not made to light it; that not even so great a man as General Grant was able to hold back the sun, to give him a better chance to whip the rebels, but whipped them without it; that Noah did not have a flood; that whales cannot swallow preachers; that devils enough cannot be cast out of one man to fill a whole drove of hogs; that every other wondrous tale of the testaments is fictitious and false; that everything in the Bible, antagonized by science, has been by it entirely overthrown; that what there is left is a mere collection of moral aphorisms, born of the experience of mankind; emotional poetry; immaterial detail; pious jargon and holy hobgoblins. The refuse of this awful tone is not entitled to the dignity of milder phrase. Is it not thus as plain as day that the house of theology has been built upon a foundation of biblical sand?

But, notwithstanding all these things, it remains indisputable that the universe is controlled by intelligence and not by chance. To unbiased minds it seems plain that absolute wisdom, concurrent with eternal and all-pervading power, at once inscrutable and immutable, permeates and controls the whole, and that these cosmic potencies are infinitely greater, grander, more inspiring to reverence, respect, and even to highest love, than any of the gods which peopled the fancy of our barbaric ancestors, and which have been handed down to us in translations of their folk lore.

This grand and unscrutable power should not be degraded by the name of God. It is neither personal nor anthropomorphous. The only God known to Christendom is Jehovah. The ruling power of the universe has no resemblance to him or to any other god of so-called sacred lore. Better call it Nature. It is not propitiated by the shedding of blood, by the sweet savor of burning meat, flattered by our praises, aroused by our melodies or unaffected by our prayers. It is the same yesterday, today and forever. It does not change the inflexible course of nature when solicited to do so by one or all the sons of men. Beyond the grand fact of its existence, and beyond such phenomena of its production as science and observation have made plain, we know absolutely nothing. With the advance of scientific development, many other things now obscure will appear in the bright light of

knowledge. By no means have we reached the culminating point in our wisdom or our development. But science can never explain or make known the nature of the absolute. It is beyond human ken.

It is this very unknowable, but actual and universal potency which constitutes the true basis of religion. Though religion and theology have been intimately associated for ages, they are not blood relations. Theology is simply a vexatious parasite. The highest religion may be enjoyed when the balloon of theology has exploded and gone. True religion is an expression of that deep reverence which seems implanted within us for the mysterious things of nature. It is an instinctive endowment, inviting to the contemplation of higher things, the source of deepest love and highest hope, and the wondrous fountain of those noble emotions which arouse the human soul.

Nor is good behavior or high morality a necessary concomitant of our religious nature. These proceed from the long social experience of the race, as to what it is best to do and to leave undone, to promote the greatest good to ourselves, our families, our neighbors, and our country. The common idea that rogues and rascals are the product of infidelity is a fable of the pulpit. Strange, is it not, that we should be better controlled by superstition than by intelligence? It is true that Christians are habitually quite punctilious in some of the smaller affairs of life, but long experience, with all classes of men, satisfies me that although rogues do everywhere abound, many more of them are church members than otherwise. The statistics of our penal institutions make a most unfavorable showing for theological influence. The boys are not as badly frightened by gods or devils as of old.

But still the churches abound and still the preachers shout. It is well. They are not beating the theological tom-tom as fiercely, however, as in years gone by. That function seems to have been relegated to the Salvation Army. Though prayers, and praises to unresponsive powers, and much high-sounding nonsense, still prevail in our churches, sounder sense, and an approach to the reality of things actually known, are oftener heard. Evolution has struck the clergy. From casual acquaintance and confidential communication with many of them during a series of years, I am satisfied, from their own admissions, that more than

half of them, and those the most intelligent, have wholly abandoned, in their own minds, all idea of the divinity of scripture, the fall of man, the atonement, the divinity of Christ, and all the other theological monstrosities which modern knowledge has shown to be false, and have substituted in their place the grand and glorious revelations of science. But still they appeal for the most part in their pulpit utterances to the superstition and bigotry of the people rather than to their intelligence and reason. It is easier to proceed upon the lower basis of blind faith than upon the higher plane of unwelcome truth. It is unnatural to publicly admit that we have been wrong. Besides, the church requires and the congregation enjoys the old, old story, eloquently amplified, and occupants of the pews would be shocked by knowledge of their own delusion.

Some of these clergymen with whom I have conversed have excused themselves for continuing to advocate as true what they feel to be false, by the plea that they are especially retained by the church corporations to advocate the doctrines of a particular creed—and it is so—just as a lawyer is retained to advance his client's cause without regard to his personal opinion of its merit; that if the highest ethics of the legal profession permit and encourage such conduct, as they certainly do, why should the profession of theology be more restrained? This may be plausible to those who preach for a living and would be out of a job if they ceased to do so, but hardly accords with that respect and reverence commonly attributed by men to those called of God to preach the truth to the people.

And while a great number of our ministers are known to be, on the side, thorough infidels, they seem to halt between truth and tradition, between duty and salary, between the standing of professing saints and avowed heretics. It is not surprising. There is a deal of human nature in all this. We are not all what we claim to be. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." The clergy are clever fellows. I like them. They are slowly coming to the light, and many of them anxious, already, to turn it on. They will do so, never fear, when the mental evolution of their congregations shall make it safe. That time is slowly and gloriously approaching. This will be the destiny and doom of theology.

"Truth is mighty and shall prevail,
The eternal years of God are hers,
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

When the human race came on earth, morality and theology were unknown. There was not a drop of either. Long subsequent experience and social contact produced such morality as, from time to time, has prevailed. The moral laws and axioms recorded in all the books, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, are but registrations of the best thought of the best men of the time, determined by such experience. In like manner theology, a pretended knowledge of the infinite, and inscrutable, handed down to us as revealed truth, has emanated from the stupid fancy of savagery and barbarism—surely an appropriate emanation from such a degraded source—inculcated and propagated for ages by blind faith, but wholly unfitted for an enlightened age.

The religious spirit, however, had no such origin. It was born in the brain and heart of the first man who trod the earth, and that of every other man and woman, during our long reign on this little globe. It is as natural as the blood in our veins and as glorious as our highest emotions. That this grand endowment of the race should have been seized upon by theologians, savage or civilized, to aid them in propagating other matters than of impossible knowledge, and now found to be false, has been to exalt the product of primitive ignorance over the holiest emotions of our race.

Theology is but a chimera. It is fast fading away. The high and holy emotions of our inner life will live forever. Who shall expose the one and expound the other? It will not be done directly by the logic or the shouting of scientists or Free-thinkers. Their spirit, indeed, is and will be the nucleus of the reform. The resurrection of the true above the false, in my judgment, must be performed by the clergy. Better adapted is that numerous band of gentle and mild mannered men, and others like them, now known as ministers of the gospel. They are born for just such purposes and not well fitted for any other. That is why they are preachers. Upon them, in times gone by, we have chiefly relied for inculcation of higher morals, and so must we continue to rely. Their glory is in dignified speech,

popular sympathy, moral advancement and reasonable compensation. They are naturally honest, and would prefer to tell the truth. To evolution in the pulpit must we mainly look to advance our cause. Already are they on the verge of free thought. To this end, I recommend that our reverend friends commence upon the men. The women do not need it. For in the realm of pure morality—the good, the true and the beautiful—some centuries of hard labor will be needful to bring the masculine average up to that high plane of soulful excellence already attained by our wives and sweethearts. All important will it be also that the tender minds of our youth, and of our children, of whom we are all so hopeful, shall not be so continually stuffed and crowded with superstitious nonsense and theological notions—excluding the high truths of nature—that it will require years of maturer life to eradicate them. My father was a clergyman, and my mother a most pious woman. I was reared “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” During most of my youth I fancied a God overhead and a devil behind me. I somewhat feared but despised them both. They were too numerous and too meddlesome! As I reached the age of discretion, so-called, and began to exercise my own mind, I was humiliated and ashamed that I had been so many years acquiring a line of supposed information and thought, which I must totally abandon as antagonizing the plainest reason. Most of us of mature years have had a like experience. Surely, words of wisdom, to tender minds, should not longer be contaminated with thoughts of gods or devils. Surely the clergy will awake to this.

Countless churches are already built, and more will follow. They must be reformed, not abandoned. Not far distant is the time when theology will become a memory of the past. Jehovah will take his seat with Jupiter, Venus, Mars and Mercury, to be revered no more forever. Religion and morality will be enthroned instead. Prayers and praises to the fetiches of savage minds will cease. The harmony of sweet sounds, soulful music, will still incline the mind to pious thought and meditation. Sermons will deal with things of this life, with scientific truths, with individual development, with social improvement, with our duties to the poor and unfortunate, and will instruct, in glowing words, that if there be a future identical life for the spirit of man, surely the preparation by honesty, kindness to our fellows, industry, educa-

tion and good conduct here will best prepare us for the hereafter. And that a contrary course will give us a lower round on the spiritual ladder.

For either life or death, theological guess work cannot much longer count. True religion indicates that we should revere the truth, despise the creeds and love our fellow-men.

Madison, Wis., October, 1897.

THE GREATEST GIFT.

BY OTTO STECHHAN.

BLESSED, if thou call'st a child thine own,
Which finds in love and not in fear
A friend in thee, a confidant;
Whose purpose pure, whose broadened views,
A character of worth portray;
A child at heart, in courage man,
By reason guided, love controlled,
Whose efforts but of praise deserve,
Whose motto reads, "Excelsior."
Who seeks the grand, the edifying,
In nature, art the beautiful;
By whom the myths of superstition
Are calmly viewed at Reason's shrine.
Who thus endowed with soul ennobling
Detests the vulgar, vice abhors;
Who upward striving, onward forging,
Gives promise of a useful life.
Though not a sage, nor yet a dullard,
Not lacking either wit nor mirth,
Who by his actions, his example,
Adds honor to the cause of man.

Hast thou a child, as I've portrayed it,
Then thou indeed art doubly blessed;
Then all thine honors, riches, fame,
Will pale beside this precious gift.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

STEPHEN GIRARD.*

BY J. C. HANNON.

IN estimating a character so singular and eccentric as Stephen Girard, it shall be my constant endeavor to maintain a happy medium between excessive partiality and culpable censure. It is neither my intention nor desire to crown his merits with a



J. C. HANNON.

wreath of fictitious virtue, nor conceal his moral weakness beneath the cloak of total depravity. Stephen Girard was the product of an age that quickened every energy of a heterogeneous people, flung by chance into the rushing torrent of commercial competition, a compound mixture of the virtues that elevate and the vices that degenerate mankind, he bowed before the mandates of erratic fortune, and amid all the vicissitudes of his eventful career he displayed a magnanimity that defied the comprehension, and a concentration of purpose unrivaled in all human history. His enterprises partook of the gigantic caliber of his mind.

Undaunted by the dread of any unlucky failure, nor intoxicated by the prospect of unwavering success, he pursued with untiring energy the daring purpose of his existence. In life his bosom was seldom warmed by the social influence of his own species, and his rugged nature was never refined in the crucible of domestic felicity. A total stranger to every sentiment of æsthetic conventionality, he acknowledged no earthly criterion but success; he worshiped at no shrine but the altar of his own ambition, and were it not for

* Lecture delivered May 20, 1896, before Friendship Liberal League, Philadelphia, Pa., on the 147th birthday of Stephen Girard and the 50th anniversary of the opening of the Girard College.

the last chapter of his life his name would have perished with his body, and nothing but the charity of perpetual silence could shield his character from the stigma of everlasting failure. It is the closing chapter of his life that crowns his career, determines his utility, and establishes his claim to a prominent niche in the gallery of immortals. His posthumous philanthropy is the standard by which history shall weigh the gold of his character, and posterity do justice and honor to his merits. If he ignored the good will of his cotemporaries, it was because he lived a century too soon. He anticipated the opinions of posterity and courted the esteem of ages yet unborn. His life is an essential part of American history, and his name will live in the grateful memory of mankind so long as one stone of Girard College rests upon another. As the founder of such a college, unequaled in scope and usefulness when compared with any institution in the world, Girard has erected a more enduring monument than that which is suggested by any mere combination of marble or granite. For who shall say that when its last marble column shall have moldered, and the night of oblivion obscured the very site upon which it was erected, the sublime philosophy he sought to inculcate within its walls (having outlived the bigotry that denied his dying request) may not ultimately survive to vindicate the wisdom of its exalted founder? Though it is painfully true that jesuitical conspirators, fortified behind their stolen wealth, have prostituted Girard College and his bounty to the baser purpose of decaying superstition, the intelligent common sense and judgment of mankind lends a ray of hope that this vile conspiracy has but planted the seeds of its own destruction. It can only be temporary at best, for evolution points to a time in the not distant future when every form of superstition must shrivel before the search-light of reason. Already the echoes of their clashing doctrines are reverberating throughout the world, and the evidence furnished by the crumbling creeds of the present hour are but the premonitory symptoms of their total collapse.

The most appropriate service we can render to Girard's memory today is to call public attention to the fact that his will, which is considered a masterpiece of benevolent calculation, has been perverted from its original purpose, and Girard College, established without a priest or creed, is now used for theological purposes and sectarian propaganda. That this conspiracy against Girard's request was long premeditated is shown by the argument of Daniel Webster, before the Supreme Court, some fifty years ago. Listen to the great expounder of the Constitution:

"As there can be no Sabbath observance in this college, I deny it to be a charity, for all charity is founded in the Christian religion. As this plan of education tends to weaken men's reverence, it leads to mischievous results and not to useful ends.

If Mr. Girard had given years of study to a plan by which he could dispose of his vast wealth so that no good could arise to the general cause of learning, no good to the cause of charity, no good to human society, in the present or future, and which



*John has been to the service
Stephen Girard*

P. S.—We are indebted to Dr. R. B. Westbrook, of Philadelphia, Pa., for the above portrait.

would be productive of protracted struggles in the popular councils of a great city, he could not have more effectually accomplished his purpose. This will is unblessed by God, and despised by man; it is immoral in all its intents and purposes.

It is unwise in all its frame and theory. It will lead to an annoyed and troubled life and leave an unblessed memory when it dies."

This is the only instance in which Daniel Webster (whose own views were liberal) ever prostituted his genius to an unholy cause, and reaped the harvest of remorse, shame and regret. The eloquence of Webster, however, produced an effect the very opposite of his intentions, and Girard College was subsequently established as a permanent landmark among the institutions of the city. The buzzards of superstition were not dismayed. Although they had failed to prevent the endowment of the college, they defeated Girard's benevolent design by a masterpiece of jesuitical strategy. This was effected by securing the appointment of life directors whose religious views were of a pronounced evangelical type, ignoring Quakers, Unitarians or Freethinkers, the very people whose companionship Girard always courted, and whose judgment he so highly esteemed. It has been the custom of these pious directors to procure religious text books abounding in sectarian dogmas of the most primitive character, and to require compulsory attendance at college church, where religious incantations, accompanied by prayer and psalm singing, are supplemented by sermons of the most orthodox expounders of current theology, who are employed to harrow up the souls of the unfortunate pupils with Bible stories and religious myths. It has been the habit of priests in all ages to appropriate to their own use everything in sight. Nothing was ever too great or too small, too hot or too cold, too sacred or too profane, to be utilized in propagation of the church's dogmas, or to perpetuate her scheme of territorial aggrandizement; hence it is only natural that this propensity finds an increase of vigor when so large and important an object as Girard College is involved. Girard is dead, and priestcraft, gloating over the mental debauchery of his helpless orphans, points to the church edifice erected by his money, and sneeringly asks: "What have Infidels ever done for the world? What charities have they fostered? What colleges have they raised?" It is my pleasure and province to answer some of these questions here and now; and a very appropriate time and place is the city of Girard's adoption, teeming with the evidence of his hospitality and enterprise, and the one hundred and forty-seventh anniversary of his birth.

Though benevolence is no test of the truth of religion, it may be as well to state that Girard was a Catholic by mere accident of birth. He was an Atheist by conviction, and a humanitarian by nature. He left his superstition in the cradle, and he fought the stormy battle of life in the atmosphere of philosophy and truth. Men of common stamp of mind, when possessed of millions, become superstitious, exacting and dictatorial. They purchase titles for themselves or relatives. They build palaces

and yachts; they endow churches and seminaries, and assume an importance bounding on tyranny. They influence legislatures and dictate to political and religious conventions. Priests and politicians hang upon their favor; society winks at their shortcomings, and points to them as shining examples for imitation. They live in an atmosphere of flattery and falsehood. They die of gout and gangrene, or the gastric fever. They leave to posterity the seeds of their shattered constitutions, and are buried with pomp and mock bereavement beneath a monument covered with lies. But Girard was not of the common order of men. He pursued the even tenor of his eccentric career with modesty, temperance and propriety. He rose above the vulgar errors of the maddening crowd, content to abide by the verdict of future ages and the matured reasoning of posterity. He was fully conscious of his own faults, and he tolerated the weakness of others. He knew no distinction between men except those created by their own merits. He cared nothing for any one's pedigree, and pitied the person who had nothing to feel proud of but his ancestors. Living in the turmoil of constant occupation, his life became devoted to labor; and enterprise was to him a religion that formed the darling pleasure of his existence. His maxim was deeds and not creeds. Like Thomas Paine, the world was his country, and actions stand as an index of his character. He had natural distrust of priestcraft in every form. Without the appearance of rudeness he avoided the society of clergymen of every sect. He excluded them from his sick-room while living, and debarred them from access to his college after his death. In the eighty-second year of his age, and in the full possession of all his mental faculties, Stephen Girard, the Infidel philanthropist, paid the eternal debt of nature, and canceled the last obligation of his life. As calm and tranquil as the change of nature in the springtime, this dying philosopher rested his tired head upon his humble pillow; contented with himself, and at peace with the world, he welcomed his last enduring sleep. No weeping kindred kissed his closing eyes nor bathed his pillow with tears of filial affection. No meddlesome priests were present at his bedside to torment his dying moment. No phantoms of the Christian superstition lingered to disturb his philosophic solitude. With his gaze fixed upon the crystal waters of the placid Delaware, he watched the graceful movements of his ships. With his reflective mind engrossed with the common destiny of mortals, he passed into perpetual silence and eternal sleep. No priest ever heard his confession, and no clergyman officiated at his funeral, although it was attended by a public demonstration. He endowed no churches or monasteries, and he left not a solitary dollar to defray the expense of a single mass. No person, not even Voltaire, ever deported himself with so perfect an exemption

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vehicle and resumed his seat with the utmost composure. A short man in shirt sleeves stepped from the coach, entered the abode of wretchedness, and shortly returned, bringing with him a human being who had been left alone to die. The sufferer was too large a man to admit of being carried, but the right arm of his conductor was thrown about him for support, while his feet dragged helplessly on the pavement. The ghastly yellow face of the one rested against the bronzed cheek of the other, while every breath exhaled a volume of putrid and death-bearing effluvium. His hair, long and matted by neglect, added to the repulsiveness of the spectacle. In this manner the well man half dragged and partly carried the patient to his carriage, which he himself entered, and the carriage rolled away. As the strange party passed him, Mr. Thompson noticed the sick man lying helpless in the arms of his deliverer. Who this sick man was Mr. Thompson could not discover, but the one who risked his life to save a fellow mortal having no claim of consanguinity on his services, he subsequently ascertained was the Infidel philanthropist, Stephen Girard."

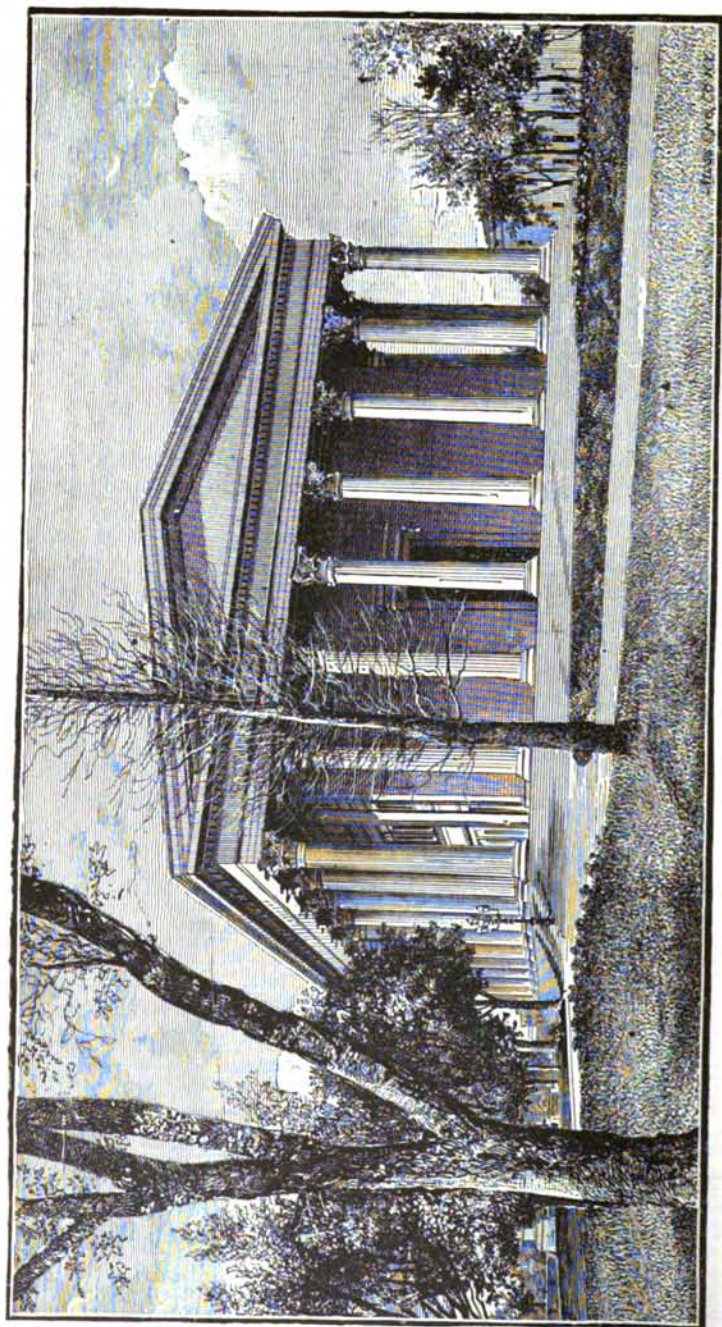
Was not that a sublime sight? A man of genius who might have controlled the legislation of a senate by his wealth and influence, devoting his life to the care of the sick and the wants of the poor! Has the religious world ever furnished a parallel? Never! Talk not to me of the glory of your battlefield, where frenzied rage may inspire the slave to die at his master's bidding! You may tell in song or story of Spartan courage or Roman valor; you may paint in glowing colors on the canvas of imagination the vicarious atonement of Jesus; what are these divested of their hopes of reward? They are small and contemptible by comparison with that sublime conflict of death and duty.

Girard's whole life shines with effulgence born of trials and triumphs, any one of which would immortalize his name. Though he labored eight hours every day, Sundays included, in the hospital, leaving it only to care for the sick or bury the dead, he was a marvel of preservation, and had he remained true to the religion of his infancy, he would now be canonized as a miracle of God's special providence. Had he founded a convent instead of a college, the Catholic world would point to him as the chosen instrument of God to spread his holy religion. His bones would be preserved as relics for the special cure of yellow fever. Had he named his ships "Immaculate Conception," "Blessed Trinity," etc., their successful voyages would be attributed to special providence, and the priests would say: "God sped his ships from coast to coast, fanned by the wings of the Holy Ghost." But Girard had no confidence in special providence; he relied more on good timber and skillful navigation. His ships were named in the order of their building, "Voltaire," "Helvetius," "Montesquieu," and "Rousseau." These, with

three others, formed the noteworthy of that commercial fleet which built up his fortune and won for him the title of the Napoleon of Commerce.

Though born in France, Girard was proud of his American citizenship, and never lost an opportunity to show his attachment to republican institutions. His favorite statesman was Thomas Jefferson, whose friendship he so highly esteemed, and whose political and religious opinions contributed no small portions in shaping the actions of his life. During the war of 1812, Girard upheld the financial arm of the government by maintaining the credit of the United States Bank. When our national credit was prostrated by fear of a dissolution of the Union; when our national resources were exhausted to the last cent; when the cry of treason was heard coincident to the invasion of an English fleet; when in vain the government called for a loan of \$5,000,000, and by every inducement failed to raise over \$25,000, in such a crisis, and under such appalling circumstances, Stephen Girard, the Infidel, stepped to the front, true to his democratic instincts, and, cool as a philosopher, subscribed the full amount of \$5,000,000. When we consider the circumstances of this remarkable event, remembering that an internal conspiracy of great magnitude had crippled our national defenses, while an English fleet was destroying our commerce on the seas; when foreign and domestic bondholders sat like buzzards on the fences of exploitation, waiting to devour the carcass of a struggling nation; when we consider that Girard's chances of reimbursement were less hopeful than a person who stakes his fortune on the capital prize of a lottery, who will deny that his patriotism in the "times that tried men's soul's" places his name on the muster roll of patriots with Jefferson and Thomas Paine? It has often been asserted that Girard's motive was gain and not patriotism nor philanthropy. It is my pleasure to brand this statement as a pious falsehood, invented by those who failed to reap the harvest of his industry.

While there is nothing in the mere accumulation of wealth to command our veneration or esteem, Girard stands as a noble exception to the vulgar crowd of dollar snatchers, whose paths are marked by wretchedness and ruin. It was not the acquisition of wealth or power that stimulated him. His democratic spirit precluded the baser passions that govern our modern Christian millionaires, and fitted him to become the bulwark of society, the benefactor of posterity, and the father of countless orphans yet unborn. Having been denied the benefits of a refined education, his penetrating vision beheld the hopeless condition of thousands consigned to lives of poverty and ignorance. His powers of mind responded to the vastness of the responsibility attending the possession of wealth, and he resolved to confer upon future generations the benefit of the riches he



GIRARD COLLEGE.

had acquired. This fact was borne out by the hope he expressed when he said: "My deeds shall be my life. My actions shall speak to future generations of the only claim I have upon their respect or attention." The tenor of his will bears out his truthful assertion, and his magnificent college, with its endowment of millions, and dedicated to the cause of education, sobriety, morality and patriotism, proclaims him as one of the great family of immortals whose footsteps shall re-echo down the corridors of ages.

Numerous incidents are related of his eccentricities, but they are familiar to every one who has ever read anything of his life. There are two special events, however, that show the trend of his mind when excited by conflicting emotions. His munificent liberality to charitable institutions was a matter of every-day notoriety. He had an especial attachment to the Pennsylvania hospital, and his generous donations of \$30,000 have undoubtedly placed that grand old institution among the permanent landmarks of the city of Philadelphia. Mr. Girard had few personal friends, but no one knew him better than Samuel Coates, a Liberal Quaker, and a patron of the hospital. One day Mr. Coates called on Girard for a donation; the latter was at dinner. Mr. Coates took a seat at the same table, and came at once to business. "Well, Samuel," said Mr. Girard, "how much do you want now?" "Anything that pleases Stephen," said Mr. Coates. Girard went to his desk and wrote a check for \$2,000, which he presented to the Quaker, who tucked it away in his pocket without even seeing it. "What," said Girard, "will you not even look at the check I gave you?" "Beggars must not be choosers," said Mr. Coates. "Then hand it back to me," said Girard. "Oh, no," said Mr. Coates, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." "Well," said Girard, "you have caught me on the right footing today." He then wrote another check for \$5,000, saying, "Will you look at this, Samuel?" "Why, certainly," said Mr. Coates, "and if it pleases thee, Stephen, I will exchange for the first one." This little incident was characteristic of both men, and showed that they understood each other thoroughly. Shortly after this event a Baptist minister tried the same tactics, with an entirely different result. Having called in the most informal manner, Girard, surmising the real object of the visit, awaited his proposition, which was a request for a donation to assist in building a church. Being prepared for the emergency, he handed him a check for \$200. After noting the sum, the clergyman knit his brows and exclaimed: "I see but two ciphers here; I know you intended three." "If I have made such a mistake," said Girard, "I will rectify it; hand me back the check." The preacher rubbed his hands in glee as he handed back the check, and congratulated himself on his shrewdness. But Girard tore the check into fragments,

saying: "Sir, you have had your choice of \$200 or nothing;" then pointing to the door he said, "Please depart."

I will not dwell upon Girard's private life. His pedigree is a matter of inferior interest to any one. He owed nothing to his parents or his native country except the common instinctive boon of existence. Like Napoleon, he was the product of extraordinary parental conditions; a sort of flying meteor from the vicissitudes of the French revolution. If Napoleon found his level in the field of military glory, Girard found his proper orbit in the open sea of peaceful commerce. He began his course a stranger by birth and a scholar by perseverance. He was a pupil of the fo'castle, and a graduate in the hard school of experience. His education was decidedly limited, and even in the zenith of his fortune he never acquired a reasonable mastery of the English language. Whatever stock of useful knowledge he possessed was obtained by personal application and the native vigor of his intellect. His favorite authors were Voltaire, Volney, Rousseau and Thomas Paine, especially the latter, whose genius he learned to admire during the closing days of his life, and whose exalted philosophy he sought to inculcate in his college. Daniel Webster, in his argument before the Supreme Court, dwelt particularly upon this phase of Girard's character, and, opening a copy of Paine's "Age of Reason," that lay concealed among the papers of his desk, he read the following extract: "Let us devise means to establish schools of instruction, that we may banish the ignorance that has been fostered by priests and kings in past ages. Let us propagate morality without superstition." After finishing this quotation, Webster paused to notice its effect upon the court. Mr. Binney, the opposing counsel, then asked: "Where did you get such a statement as that?" Daniel Webster, raising himself to his full stature, and pointing to the document he still held in his hand, exclaimed: "I got it from the same source that Mr. Girard got the provisions of his will; and though I shudder to mention it even here, I repeat it for the instruction of the court, and the edification of the opposing counsel, I got it from Thomas Paine's 'Age of Reason.'" In this instance Webster's ostensible purpose was to defeat the provisions of Girard's will, but he not only defeated his own purpose but added a halo of glory to the genius of Paine, by showing that Girard College was the direct outcome of the moral philosophy of the "Age of Reason."

Girard was a natural philosopher, though he was very deficient in book lore. He possessed a small but choice library, where the works of Paine were displayed on the shelves, along with Voltaire, Gibbon, Hume and Rousseau. This library, together with two elegant busts of Voltaire and Rousseau, have been for years confined in the dark corners of Girard College, in order to screen them from the eyes of the pupils. It is doubtful

if one in a hundred of the college students have ever read a complete history of Girard's life. It is certain that during its whole career this perverted college has never turned out a single man that ever distinguished himself in the world of commerce, art, philosophy, or literature. Not one of its graduates has ever delivered a public address on their benefactor's greatness or generosity that has lived for a single week in the minds of posterity. Girard College today supports some sixteen hundred boys, besides an army of pious mendicants, coffee-coolers, and political satellites, who live on the crumbs and perquisites of the Girard estate. Surely, Daniel Webster must have reckoned without his host when he said: "There is no Christian parent, who, if called upon to die, would not rather trust his orphan children to the cold, cold charity of the world than place them in an institution whose moral philosophy is as cold and barren as its own marble walls. An institution where their physical comfort and education would be abundantly attended to; but far from the hopes and consolation of the Christian religion." Now that Girard College is used as a military barracks, the most prominent feature is its military discipline, and the scholars are taught to shoot and stab like veterans. They are particularly instructed in all the pomp and circumstance of barbaric warfare, so that, having attained their maturity, they may be able to cut a throat, destroy a city, or scuttle a ship with the most scientific precision, not wishing to be outdone by the trumpeting hosts of the Salvation Army. This mimic soldiery is made the embellishment of every public display, and is used to dance attendance upon every Chinese juggler who finds his way into the city, the last act being that of Guard of Honor to Li Hung Chang. What a pitiful comedy on Girard's noble bequest! If the present management of Girard College had given years of study to a plan by which they might defeat the dearest wishes of Girard's life, they have surely accomplished it by the organization of this spectacular remnant of ancient barbarism. This is especially noteworthy at the present day, when all civilized nations are considering the advisability of substituting the principles of arbitration for the ancient system of barbaric warfare. And it is well to remember that Girard's purpose in establishing his college was not to create soldiers nor priests, but to inculcate the love and practice of useful enterprise and the peaceful pursuits of commerce, science and art. In proof of this we have the noble example of Girard's life, supported by every line of his last will and testament.

Girard's will is a masterpiece of mental calculation, and every Freethinker should own a copy, as it gives the lie to the blatant hypocrites who ask: "What have Infidels done for the world? What charities have they fostered? What colleges have they raised?" The special clause of Girard's will that is printed on

all visitors' permits sounds the keynote of his disapproval of the methods now practiced in that institution. It reads:

"I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastical missionary or minister of any denomination whatsoever shall ever hold or exercise any duty or station in said college, nor shall any such person ever be admitted, even as a visitor, within its premises."

In the face of such a plain, unvarnished statement, can you imagine the sublime audacity of using Girard's money to build a church* on the very premises he so explicitly stated should be exempt from every suggestion of superstition and priestcraft? Though the actions of the pious directors are marked by evasions, their designs are too transparent to preclude the possibility of detection, and we hope the day is not far distant when the common instincts of justice will inspire the citizens of his adopted abode to rise up and demand an unequivocal explanation, for in them he placed his trust for the faithful fulfillment of his wishes. Though the defenders of superstition have been the defamers of Girard's character, and have violated the noblest wishes of his life, the Christian church may search in vain through the calendar of her saints for such a sublime, generous and heroic soul. It may sneer and scoff at his homely and democratic instincts, but deep down in her soul she envies him his greatness, and would willingly exchange ten millions of her idiotic saints for the adherence of one such character as Stephen Girard.

* Church built in 1878. Cost \$65,658.12.

OUR FRIENDS THE RECONCILERS.

BY CHARLES C. MILLARD.

PART I.

BY "the reconcilers" I mean all those writers, philosophers and reasoners who accept the teachings of modern science on evolution, the reign of law, and the mythical character of much of the Old Testament, and yet cling to the old religion. Like Janus, they face back toward the old and forward toward the new; but, unlike him, they are neither of the one, nor of the other; they have not the old Bible faith, nor are they in full accord with knowledge; they are "strangers without the gates" of the church, and only friendly callers at the temple of science.

Our friends would do well to heed some of the precepts of the old Book which they so much revere, notwithstanding the many contradictions, mistakes and untruths they have found in it, and which Prof. Briggs declares "contains the word of God." For "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve" is as pregnant with interest to us as it could have been to the nondescript audience whom the prophet Elijah ad-

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AVAILABLE**

ings in the days of Christ?" He says: "Can they"—the questions in regard to the canon—"in the light of modern historical research be answered in a satisfactory manner?" "The answer, even though it seem a dangerous surrender, must be an emphatic No. The hard fact is, that the whole history of the origin and formation of the canon is distinctly disappointing. This is true of the old and New Testaments alike."

So he pulls down, and then proceeds to build up, thus: "Recent destructive criticism has not been able to destroy the 'impregnable rock of holy Scripture;' but has done invaluable service in removing from it the accumulated and rank moss of centuries of human tradition." It probably never occurred to him that to remove any part of it would only be removing "the rank moss of human tradition," and, if the removing process were finished nothing would remain. Rev. Elwang assumes that "destructive criticism" will now stay its hand. So each higher critic and reconciler has assumed, and still the good work goes on.

There is always some more of the "rank moss of tradition." The Rev. Elwang then proceeds to give "briefly" his reasons for believing in inspiration.

First. "The organic unity of the Bible as a whole." This is, he admits, "old and unappreciated," but claims that it is still "a wonderful proof of divine inspiration." To answer this, it is only necessary to deny it; for no one, who was not filled with the prejudice of a confirmed Bible worshiper, has ever seen any such organic unity.

Second. The witness of the church "always recognizing the Bible we now have as divine." But this is what the reverend gentleman has himself just denied and disproved. He has just said, "The history of the canons is unsatisfactory;" and it is a well-known fact that no agreement as to the N. T. canon was reached until the Council of Trent, in the fifteenth century. Then he points to the witness of history; when he has just stated that, "Both the Jewish and Christian churches had their controverted books for centuries, which were finally made part of the canon."

Thirdly. "The religious feelings." He says: "It—the Bible—satisfies the religious feelings and the deepest needs of mankind." Now, what does this prove?

Major premise: That book, as religion, which satisfies the religious feelings and the deepest needs of a part of mankind—those who believe in it—is inspired.

Minor premise: The Bible satisfies the religious feelings and deepest needs of those who believe in it.

Conclusion: Therefore, the Bible is inspired.

Again. The Koran satisfies the religious feelings and deepest needs of those who believe in it. Therefore, the Koran is inspired.

Now with the same major premise, and the same formula, every "Sacred Book" in the world can be proved to be inspired. Not only

so, but the religions which have no sacred books, are also inspired. The Dyaks of Borneo, whose religion consists in cutting off the heads of their enemies, and elevating them upon poles in front of their huts, have a religion which satisfies their religious feelings and their deepest needs, hence it is inspired. This is the argument *reductio ad absurdum*. If our friends have no better argument, they are justified in using such as this.

Fourthly: "History affirms its uniform and unmatched good upon the individual and society." History makes no such affirmation. Are not "The History of the Crusades," in three volumes, by Louis Michaud, and the "History of the Inquisition," in three volumes, by Albert Lea, and the history of witchcraft, and demoniacal possession, and the barbarous and cruel treatment of the insane; are not these a part of that general history to which the gentleman appeals? No sane person doubts that the Bible and its teachings were the direct cause of all this long reign of misery and horror; and what book could have done worse? What one of the "Sacred Books" ever has done worse?

Finally he adduces "The testimony of the spirit of God—removing doubts, illuminating saving truth, and assuring the soul and the church of their possession of "the word of God written." This is only the "religious feeling" argument repeated; for the most rigid and careful analysis fails to separate the spirit of God from "religious feeling." And have not the followers of, and believers in, every "Sacred Book" had the spirit of their God to "remove doubts"? And has it not been as effectual with them, as with believers in the Bible? Yea, and even more so.

If the "spirit of God" removes doubts, why is it that the doubts are multiplying in this end of the nineteenth century, in these United States? For light is breaking into darkness; even Rev. Elwang rejects some, and doubts more, of the traditions which his ancestors have received unquestioningly for ages. If the spirit of God "illuminates saving truth," why is it, that "the rank moss of centuries of human tradition" became mixed with, and mistaken for, the word of God? Our friends should "try the spirits," and they would perhaps find that the spirit, which is creating doubts instead of removing them, and renovating the word of God by casting out some of the mossiest traditions, is the spirit of progress, of civilization, of enlightenment, of skepticism,—and our ancestors would have unhesitatingly said,—of the devil.

I have reviewed this article by Mr. Elwang because it is typical of a large class of orthodox ministers, who are just beginning to see what an equally large class of reconcilers saw forty years ago, namely, that something is the matter with the book upon which they base their theology. This later class, like the earlier one, is firmly convinced that the Bible is to be improved by their handiwork. To an outsider, there is something surprisingly unique and original in a

latterday minister, who thinks he can improve a Book which he claims has God for its author, and to whose absolute and infallible truth the "Spirit of God" has testified during more than eighteen centuries. They would start back with terror, could they see the inevitable result of such logic. The end of the rationalizing process is rationalism.

Wichita, Kas.

MR. TABER'S BOOK, "FAITH OR FACT."

BY ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

THERE are some books that are beyond simple praise, or mere words of commendation, and among them is "Faith and Fact." It contains the sum and substance of a large library of useful, entertaining, instructive information. It is all so systematically and well arranged that it answers for an encyclopedia of facts concerning the old Christian mythology, and the evils, errors, miseries and mischiefs that have grown, and are still growing, out of it. Impartial, candid, fair and honest in its statements, it appeals alike to Christian, Heathen and Infidel. It is not the voice of one man giving us his theories, opinions and experiences, but the carefully collected utterances of the best thinkers of the world. Every page is pregnant with investigation, thought and study. The dispassionate investigator, after studying this volume, feels an intense desire that everybody should read the book and be induced to abandon the creeds and superstitions of childhood.

It seems almost incredible that any one can read the article on "Eternal Punishment" and thereafter believe in an orthodox hell. On this subject the author says: "Of all the teachings of the Christian religion this is the most preposterous and monstrous." The writer gives nearly sixteen pages of quotations from noted authors and speakers on this horrible doctrine.

The articles on "Prayer," "Immortality," "Intolerance," etc., etc., are each and all most valuable productions. One would imagine a single reading of this beautiful volume would suffice to destroy all the orthodox theology any intelligent, reasonable person might entertain. I wish one hundred thousand copies of this book could be sold, for, as Col. Ingersoll says:

"This book will do great good. It will furnish arguments and facts against the supernatural and absurd. It will drive phantoms from the brain, fear from the heart, and many who read these pages will be emancipated, enlightened and ennobled."

A PARTIAL REVIEW OF REV. S. S. DREW'S LETTER IN
REPLY TO "MYTH OF THE GREAT DELUGE."

BY "BOY IN BLUE."

"Unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness."—Paul.

Editor Free Thought Magazine:—First let me say; Correct, my dear Paul, you may go to the head!

I am a reader of your welcome Magazine, and await its coming as the orthodox Jew awaits the coming of his Messiah—with joyful anticipations. I have just finished reading Rev. Drew's reply to "Myth of the Great Deluge," and instinctively, or through some innate force, my hand reaches for pencil and tablet, to write a few lines in reply to this religious Helot.

While attempting to masticate and digest the tough old orthodoxy of Rev. Drew I was reminded, and doubtless shared the feelings of our lamented General Sherman, who, at a meeting of the Army and Navy Club of Washington, D. C., many years ago, was pitted in debate with an old "mossback," whose long-drawn and prosy arguments were hashed and rehashed, much to the discomfiture of Sherman, who, with body bent forward and with both hands grasping the back of the seat in front of him, was ready to spring to his feet and "open fire by battery" on his opponent. His competitor had barely seated himself, when Gen. Sherman bounded to his feet and opened thus: "Mr. President and Gentlemen: I have listened to the abundance of my opponent with intense patience." Dear, brave old Tecumseh, his noble nature could neither stoop to undue flattery, nor to believe in that which he knew to be a lie, either in worldly or, so-called, spiritual affairs.

I was once asked, "What is theory?" I promptly replied, "Wind." But, thinking that my laconic reply might mislead the questioner, I took down a well-worn dictionary, and found the definition of theory to be: "A doctrine or scheme of things, which terminate in speculation or contemplation, without view to practice." It will readily be seen that theory is distinguished from hypothesis thus: A theory is founded on inferences drawn from principles which have been established on independent evidence; a hypothesis is a proposition assumed to account for certain phenomena, and has no other evidence of truth, than that it affords a satisfactory explanation of those phenomena. Rev. Drew, in his reply to "Myth of the Great Deluge," appears to ignore to some extent both theory and hypothesis; admits "that it would be utterly impossible for a man to have so arranged the ark," and does not even make a "stagger" towards any satisfactory explanation, but in the exuberance of his monumental faith and blind devotion, he startles the honest world with these words: "If God re-

quires me to believe the deluge, I propose to do so, even though I know it to be a lie, because it may be that He requires us to stultify our senses just in order to show our humility."

"Enwrapped in triple robes of night,
Oh, Lord, be merciful!"

In our physical construction, nature has so kindly arranged matters that we can neither kick nor pat ourselves on the back, and do it conveniently. But if I had the "seven league boots" of the fabled Giant Ogre, I would start for West Virginia in search of Rev. Drew, and, when I had found him, and had "drew nigh unto him," I would pat him on the back and say, "Good boy, Rev. Drew, stick to it!" It was charged to one of our great statesmen—peace to his ashes—that he said, that "to lie and stick to it, will answer as well as the truth," while Rev. Drew proposes to believe in something "even though he knows it to be a lie." The true essence of either of the foregoing statements would distract and rout a ward politician. In expatiating on his profound (?) individual faith, the reverend gentleman wades the sluggish stream of pious platitudes, and, in his unwarranted confession of faith, he sinks into the quagmire of heathenish devotion.

A teacher in one of our Sabbath schools in this place a few years ago said to a stupid boy in her class: "If it was God's wish to shrivel you up like a worm in the hot sun, would you submit to it without a murmur?" "Yes, ma'am!" was the loud and prompt reply. That was early training. And I have not arrived at any definite conclusion in Rev. Drew's case, as to whether it is old age that is against him, or the fruits of early training. If the former, then he has surely reached that period in old age where Shakespeare locates "second childishness and mere oblivion."

We are taught that an all-wise Creator said, "Let us make man in our own image." Does it not naturally follow that the whole human structure would be in keeping with that of "His image?" We are further taught that He gave to man intellect, and to the animals instinct. Can it be possible that a perfect God "requires us to stultify our senses just in order to show our humility?" In carrying out the command of the Creator, to "increase and multiply the earth," would an intelligent father build a beautiful home, surround the fireside with lovely children in his own image, and then begin a system of stultifying their senses in order to develop their filial love, devotion and "humility," and make them "like dumb driven cattle?" God is more perfect than man, and no man would make such a blunder, and yet Rev. Drew stultifies his own reasoning power and natural intelligence, and (evidently in wrath) proposes that God requires of him to believe in something, "even though he knows it to be a lie." Surely a serious crime to charge to his God—that which would cause his own cheek to suffuse with shame, did he commit it himself. The reverend gentleman in his meaningless prattle reminds me of a certain Sabbath school superintendent who lived in our town several years ago. At

a gathering of neighbors one evening, the conversation took a religious turn, and the superintendent, a Mr. S., went off into a flowery field of theology. Now it chanced that all of his hearers were men of advanced ideas and free in expressing their anti-religious views, and, one after the other, opened fire with his intellectual battery, and soon silenced the old "quaker gun"—theology. I was present and can quote verbatim the closing words of the argument. As the discussion grew apace, the "quaker gun" got hot, regardless of the fact that blank cartridges only were fired. But all conflicts must have an end, and so with the one in question. One old gentleman said quietly to Mr. S.: "Do you believe in the Bible?" Mr. S. sprang to his feet, and, "sawing the air" with hands, and glaring like a maniac at the questioner, replied with a burst: "Yes, yes, I believe every G—d—n word of it." Alas for Mr. S. In his excitement in "ramming home" his last load, he had inadvertently put in a solid shot, and, forgetting to "thumb the vent," there was a premature explosion, similar to that which was heard in West Virginia a short time since.

The mother of Goethe, Germany's beloved and lamented poet, was a noble and devout woman. When once asked, "Why she was so strong in the faith, and her son an outspoken free thinker," she replied with a gracious smile, "I take my religion as I would take a dose of nauseous medicine—shut my eyes, open my mouth, and swallow it down." Mother Goethe swallowed it in good faith, but doubtless would have turned from it in disgust had she known that it was false. Her answer was a jewel compared with that of the reverend masculine who saw the network of stubborn facts surrounding him, and had nothing to offer, but simply gave vent to his vexation, and in blindness said that which is too disgusting to quote again.

A lady Sabbath school superintendent not long ago asked me, "What answer would you give, if you were teaching a class, and were asked questions on the Bible that you could not answer?" I replied, "Be honest with the children, and tell them that you do not know." I shall now take the first opportunity to inform her of the new doctrine promulgated by the Rev. S. S. Drew, from the wilds of West Virginia, and that is, to give them some kind of an answer, however absurd, and tell them that they must believe it, even though they know it to be a lie.

We find in Corinthians I., 21, these words, to which I would call the attention of Rev. Drew: "For after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe."

The reverend gentleman says: "God could have so manipulated their stomachs that the desire for food would be totally extinct, therefore Noah need not have taken any food into the ark with him." During the war we were often compelled to do full duty on half rations. What a pity that the quartermaster-general did not understand the art of "manipulating" or contracting the stomachs of the soldiers to

meet the rations. And again, on the other hand, what a blessing it would have been to the "lost cause," had the Christian president, Jeff Davis, understood the same art. Why, the war would have been prolonged "even unto this day," for starvation was a heavy gun that played an important part in giving to us the shout of victory that went up at Appomattox.

It is indeed a degrading and humiliating confession for one to make in the face of a world of reason, science and common honesty. And with hundreds of years of civilization and progress backing him up, to humble and make himself a theological buffoon, who proposes to believe the deluge, "even though I know it to be a lie," and who is capable of provoking both disgust and mirth at the same time. By way of apology for this ecclesiastical harlequin, let me offer in the language of Shakespeare:

"I had rather have a fool to make me merry,
Than experience to make me sad."

Hydetown, Pa., Sept. 5, 1897.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY.

MONCURE D. CONWAY, it is well known, has spent a life of singular service and sacrifice devoted to the promotion of knowledge, liberty and justice among men. But nothing has more endeared him to Liberals, and to all fair-minded people, the world over, than his recovery of the real Thomas Paine. He has proved the "Author-Hero" to have been not only the real founder of the United States, free and independent, but also of "The Republic of the World" yet to be, and of "The Religion of Humanity," and thus the great international statesman, prophet, and "Soul of the People," in his wonderful age of revolutions.

The Free Thought Magazine has frequently called attention to Mr. Conway's Life of Paine, and his annotated edition of his works, as one of the best of biographies, because the most true, life-like and interesting revival of one of the most remarkable men inspiring and reforming a remarkable age. To have given us this great picture of the life of Thomas Paine, and history of his times, the author must have been naturally gifted as well as learned, and prepared by unusual experiences of men and things, varied and extensive, in America, England and France.

The record of these experiences of the author was felt by his readers to be a possible treasure, which the friends of progress everywhere could not afford to lose. Their suggestions and requests have been regarded by Mr. Conway, and it is with a peculiar pleasure, which we know will be shared by our readers, that we have learned that he is engaged in preparing his "Recollections," which, it may be hoped, will see the light during his life. From them invaluable light would certainly be thrown upon men and events since the great revolutions in America and Europe were replaced by the more orderly progress of evolution. In anticipation of these "Recollections," we have fortunately obtained the outline of his personal history which follows,

together with a portrait from one of his most life-like photographs.

Moncure Daniel Conway was born on the 17th day of March, 1832, at "Middleton" (Stafford county), that being the name of his father's homestead, about fifteen miles from Falmouth and Fredericksburg, Virginia. This "Northern Neck" section of the "Old Dominion" is well known as the home of many original F. F. V.'s, and through both father and mother our author was connected not only with the Moncures and the Daniels, represented in his name, but with the other noted families of that section, including that of Washington, which made the worth and pride of "The Mother of States and Statesmen." His own family, on both father and mother's side, might justly leave him to claim his share of family distinction. His father, Walker Peyton Conway, was one of "the gentry," a man of means, for thirty-five years the presiding justice of the county court, a much respected democratic leader, and a pillar of the Methodist church in that part of the state. The mother, Margaret Eleanor Daniel, was a lady of culture and singular strength of character, granddaughter of Thomas Stone, signer of the Declaration of Independence. His parents presided over a home of children, and also of domestics and co-workers, whom the law described as slaves, but hardly made them such—as in the better families was the case in the days of Washington and Jefferson, or John Randolph of Roanoke, of whom Whittier sings:

He held his slaves; yet kept the while
His reverence for the human:
In the dark vassals of his will
He saw but Man and Woman.

One of the early impressions made upon young Conway was the zeal with which his father, as a judge, had pursued and tried to punish by law instances of cruelty to slaves within his jurisdiction. Justice Conway had been a member of the legislature, was president of the Fredericksburg Bank of Virginia, and always an active supporter of the church to which he belonged—in short, his was a life of honor and usefulness to its close in 1884, his seventy-ninth year.

Our Conway, as a boy, was well endowed in body and brain, and the greatest care was taken with his education, his father having built a log schoolhouse, and employed a

relative (a lady) as teacher for his own and his neighbors' children. He was thus prepared, when twelve years old, for the best school in Fredericksburg, where he learned sufficient English, mathematics and classics to enable him to enter Dickinson College (Carlisle, Pa.), so early as 1847.

But the most important part of his education in early life was received in the law courts to which he often accompanied his father, the judge. In Stafford county and neighboring courts, his uncle Richard Moncure, afterwards chief justice of Virginia, his uncle Raleigh Travers Daniel, for a long time commonwealth's attorney of that state, and Judge Eustace Conway, were leading practitioners. In listening to the contests and speeches of these and other leaders of the bar, and weighing the decisions of juries and judges, his instinct for weighing facts and evidence was trained, and also some of his characteristics as a public speaker.

He entered college as a sophomore, and was graduated in 1849. The most important event during his college life, aside from the general development of his views in the new Pennsylvanian environment, was his religious "conversion," which attended a revival there, and his joining the Methodist church, much to the satisfaction of his pious parents. After he left college, he became much interested in politics, and wrote anonymous articles for the *Democratic Recorder* (Fredericksburg) and the *Richmond Examiner*, both edited by his near relatives. At the same time, a course of law, preparatory to admission to the bar, was gone through with Col. Phillips, at Warrenton, Va.

But a higher call, as he conceived it, prevailed, for while one eye had been on the law, the other had been upon Methodist theology, and in 1850 we find him sent by the Baltimore conference to Rockville circuit, Montgomery county, Md.

But here a new light and a still higher call reaches him, from a quarter and in a way most unexpected. Some of the early works of Ralph Waldo Emerson had found their way into his hands, and were opening up a new world for the young Methodist's soul to enter. Then, too, he subscribed for Horace Greeley's *Tribune*, in whose columns survived the spirit that animated Brook Farm. From such sources he received intimations of a new practical life related to his new world of thought. The parting from his church and associations was very painful and he clung to them as long as he could, but in 1852, when his ministry was in Frederick

county, Md., the path of duty became clear. He determined to resign his Methodist charge and relations, and to take a course of theology and other studies at Harvard college, where he could secure the highest educational advantages then existing.

And yet his two years spent in the Methodist ministry were very far from being regrettable. No other education could more usefully have deepened his knowledge of human nature, the world, himself. His first circuit was not far from Washington, D. C. The great slavery issue was then on trial, and Preacher Conway was often in the gallery of congress while Webster, Clay, Benton, Mason, Jefferson Davis, Corwin and other statesmen of that crisis were determining the future of the nation. The effect of all this was to increase his desire to meet the higher issues of his time by a more thorough preparation. An important influence in this direction had attended his entry upon the religious ministry; that was, an appreciative contact with Hicksite Quakerism, especially through Roger Brooke, one of its leading lights in Maryland at that time, and William Henry Farquhar. The personal piety of Methodism was deepened by it, and then both led the way to the hope of a more perfect intellectual and emotional union with the Highest, through the transcendental unitarianism of Emerson. His youthful correspondence with this prophet, preserved by his executors, we have seen; we observed that every word from the young man was written neatly and with care as though the fate of a human soul depended on it, and each letter was indorsed by Emerson as though he was watching the growth of that soul in its freer and higher life.

Accordingly, from 1852 to 1854, we find the Rev. Mr. Conway pursuing the divinity course at Harvard, and also a course of natural history under Agassiz, and of the German language and literature under the poet Longfellow, then the professor of languages there. All seem pleased with this brilliant, hopeful young Virginian, and all circles opened to him as far as his time would permit. He especially enjoyed friendly relations and many interviews with the Hon. Jared Sparks, the historian, then president of Harvard, who, he remembers, had a good opinion of Paine, and told him (Conway) that he had seen a correspondence between Paine and Jefferson concerning the mythological (solar) character of "Christ and the Twelve"—a correspondence which

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cally and socially should have been a member of the Church of England, adhered dutifully to the humble Methodists? Had not his religious training, from Roger Brooke, the Quaker, to Emerson, made the sense of duty to humanity supreme?

But, after graduation in divinity, having returned to his Virginia home (Falmouth) he was speedily notified by a deputation of neighbors that his career was closed in Virginia, and that immediate departure was necessary.

He now accepted an invitation to the Unitarian Church in Washington city, succeeding the eminent and conservative Dr. Dewey. His church became noted for freedom of thought, and freedom from slavery became audible there. The Sumner outrage brought Mr. Conway to his side as his friend, who often went to talk and read with him. He also preached Garrison abolitionism. This was going too far! There was soon a split in the church, with a majority of five against the pastor. But he succeeded in getting William Henry Channing, an anti-slavery man, to take his place there, while he accepted an invitation to the large and wealthy Unitarian Church at Cincinnati, Ohio. Here he worked and wrote and preached, until the breaking out of the rebellion. Here, too, he met and married (1858) Ellen Davis Dana.

The defiance of the Union by the pro-slavery rebels in 1860 brought Mr. Conway prominently in the anti-slavery field again with pen and tongue.

Then appeared his book, "The Rejected Stone," maintaining that negro freedom, rejected by the constitution-builders, must be chief corner-stone of a recovered union, and that the proper arm of freedom was more freedom. This little work, prophetic of the proclamation of emancipation that came two years later, was widely distributed among the Union soldiers. It was followed, in 1862, by "The Golden Hour," in which the nation's great opportunity of freeing itself from the source of discord. These works attracted President Lincoln's attention, and Mr. Conway was offered an army chaplaincy, which he declined. He was appointed editor of the Boston Commonwealth, established to further emancipation, and was with Wendell Phillips and others on a deputation to urge this on the President. He urged that if freedom were proclaimed, the slave-holders would have enough to attend to at home, instead of having their slaves as

the source of their strength with which to fight the Union. He also lectured extensively and gratuitously, in Ohio and the west, on this topic, Charles Sumner and other anti-slavery people furnishing the means wherewith to hire halls and to pay the expenses. He lectured on the subject at the Smithsonian Institute, and preached in the senate chamber.

In 1862 the advance of the Army of the Potomac to the Rappahannock practically freed the negroes belonging to his father, and Mr. Conway gathered them up and colonized them (about 60 in number) in Yellow Springs, Ohio, where some of them still remain.

In 1863 the danger of foreign recognition of the Confederacy seemed to carry the crisis of the Union abroad, and Mr. Conway was invited to go to England as an anti-slavery Virginian to help turn the tide in favor of the Union there. He was heartily received in England by Bright, Cobden, Mill, Fawcett and others, and with Beecher and others did much to prevent the recognition of the Confederacy by arousing the sympathy of the English people on the side of freedom. He was soon invited to preach at the celebrated South Place Chapel in London, which has a history since 1793, which Mr. Conway has given to the world in a most interesting monograph. This was the beginning of his remarkable English career. He was welcomed among the enlightened English people, as he had been by Americans when a young man at Cambridge. In London he found even the home of grim old Thomas Carlyle opened to him as hardly to any other American. Carlyle writes to Emerson (June 14, 1865) about their common friend thus: "Your friend Conway, who is a boundless admirer of yours, used to come our way regularly, now and then; and we always liked him well. A man of most gentlemanly, ingenuous ways, loyal and manly, though tending to be rather winged than solidly ambulatory. He is clearly rather a favorite among the London people, and tries to explain America to them. I know not if with any success." This letter is a strangely favorable contrast with the gruff satire with which the Sage of Chelsea was in those days wont to vent his rage against the Union and anti-slavery Americans generally. The tolerant tone of this letter marks better than anything else could the favorable impression Mr. Conway had made for his country and himself among the leading political, social and literary circles of England. All

seemed pleased to welcome and hear him, and with many of the most distinguished he soon found himself enjoying a friendly intercourse quite unusual. Besides those statesmen already mentioned above, he became particularly intimate with Robert Browning, the poet, and among his friends, besides Cobden and John Bright, were Peter Taylor, M. P., John Stuart Mill, M. P., Sir Charles Lyell, Professors Jowett, Huxley, Tyndall, Clifford, Prof. F. W. Newman. He often met Dr. Martineau, Sir John Lubbock, E. B. Tyler (author of "Primitive Culture") Gen. Pitt Rivers (president of the Anthropological Society), Max Müller, John Ruskin, Alfred Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, the Rosettis, Thomas Hughes, Swinburne, Herbert Spencer, Frederic Harrison, Lord Houghton, Lord Dufferin, Charles Darwin, George H. Lewes, George Eliot, the Duke of Argyll, and many others. These names we mention as the best and shortest intimation of the extent, variety and character of the correspondence and reminiscences Mr. Conway's "Recollections" will no doubt disclose.

In this congenial society his first proper duty and work was indeed "to explain America," as Carlyle says, and when this ceased to be especially necessary upon the close of the war, a congenial sphere of work opened up to him there by a call to become the minister of the most important rationalistic society in Europe, long known to Liberal fame as "South Place Chapel"—a society of critical and educated people. The weekly discourses for such an audience required much labor, but in addition to this Mr. Conway was the correspondent for the New York Tribune, and afterwards of the Cincinnati Commercial. His letters to the latter paper conveyed his impressions of English thought, science and religion, and excited many pulpit fulminations in the west. At the same time he was on the editorial staff of the London Daily News, and the Pall Mall Gazette, and wrote many articles for the Fortnightly Review, and for Fraser's Magazine (edited by his friend Froude, the historian). He also wrote regularly for Harper's Magazine, in which his long series of illustrated "South Coast Saunterings in England" attracted much attention.

He also read papers before the London Anthropological Society, of which he is a Fellow, and gave courses of lectures before the Royal Institution. His large work, "Demonology

and Devil Lore," is based on a course of lectures given at the Royal Institution on "Demonology," illustrated by pictures of the chief demons of all ages and races. His work, "The Earthward Pilgrimage; or, How I Left the World to Come for That which Is," excited peculiar interest, and led to his being invited by some Liberal students at Cambridge, England, to visit them and give some lectures there. Among these scholars several afterwards became eminent, among them Prof. W. K. Clifford and F. D. Moulton, Q. C. In London he was also in friendly relations with many eminent men who were there in exile—particularly with Mazzini, Freiligrath, Karl Blind, Ledru Rollin, and Louis Blanc. When Napoleon III. fell, and the French people were about to frame a republican constitution, Mr. Conway published, at the desire of Louis Blanc, his little book called "Republican Superstitions," pointing out what he considered the bad results in America of "presidency," and of the senatorial (bicameral) plan. This work was much noticed at the time, and was quoted by Louis Blanc in the constitutional convention. Mr. Conway was also acquainted with Victor Hugo, and enjoyed the friendship of Renan, who visited him when in London. In Germany he also became well acquainted with an important circle of friends, such as Dr. Döllinger, Richard Wagner, Baron Von Bunsen, Lepsius (the Egyptologist), Curtius and Von Ranke (the historians), Herman Grimm, and Von Weber (the Sanscritist), and Strauss, the author of the "Life of Jesus."

While in London, Mr. Conway, though he steadily became more famous for his religious heresies, and occasionally appeared on the platform with Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, etc., was nevertheless on friendly terms with the broad church clergy. The late Dean Stanley always invited him to a high seat in Westminster Abbey on important occasions—such as the funerals of Lyell, Livingstone, Charles Darwin, etc. This we note in contrast with the conduct of the old-fashioned Unitarians, who attacked him severely.

We are thus brought to consider Mr. Conway's advancing religious development. When he was settled at South Place in 1864, he was a sort of transcendentalist, and yet enough of a theist to continue public prayer. A few years later, however, the prayer was superseded by a "meditation." His "lessons" were taken from the scriptures of all races. In 1876 he delivered

lectures throughout this country, and was invited to remain in Boston as minister of the congregation gathered by Theodore Parker. This he declined and returned the same year to South Place, which had been meanwhile renovated. The high pulpit was replaced by a platform and desk, and the ancient pews by modern seats. On the cornice around the ceiling were painted the names of Jesus, Buddha, Socrates, Confucius, Zoroaster, Dante, Goethe, Thomas Paine, Emerson. This innovation elicited many criticisms and sermons. Mr. Conway at this time had evidently come to the belief that "Theism" represented no religion at all, as the believer in Mumbo Jumbo was as much a theist as the believer in Jahveh, or the "Father." He demanded that theologians should describe and define their respective gods, so that each might be examined as to whether he was a being worthy of love and reverence, or whether there was any evidence of his existence. Mr. Conway repudiated the label, "Agnostic." He maintained, though not in the exact positivist sense, that humanity was the divinest, the supreme thing known to man—meaning thereby, not collective humanity, in which is reflected the evil as well as the good of nature, but the high distinctive intellectual and moral characteristics of man—love, reason, virtue. His later utterances show that he regards Zoroaster as the greatest religious teacher, and Jesus as a Zoroastrian—the only one religion being, as he conceives, a passionate love of the good, a passionate abhorrence of evil. He allows no moral place to evil, but believes it to be absolutely evil, working no good, but only evil results, and he respects no deity who would permit any disease, agony or wrong, if he could possibly prevent it. His question to the theist is that of Man Friday to Crusoe, "Why not God kill debbil." Of course, Mr. Conway does not admit the old superstition of a personal devil; and as to whether the mind and heart of man indicate an "Oversoul," as Emerson calls it, doing its best through organic nature and man to subdue inorganic nature and inorganic forces in mankind—he has neither affirmed nor denied. Concerning individual immortality, he has intimated a similar reserve. But his "Recollections" will show a most interesting pilgrimage of one of the clear brained and true hearted men from Methodism to Unitarianism, thence to Straussism, thence to pure Theism,

thence to Humanitarianism leading to the broader Evolutional Rationalism.

To a large extent, an author is represented by the quantity and quality of his printed publications. Thirty volumes testify to Mr. Conway's literary activity, besides a larger quantity of journalistic and magazine work. These, taken as a whole, show a remarkable history of mental and spiritual life, an unwearied pursuit of truth. Independent original thought is his characteristic, not borrowing the crutches of others, and standing on the shoulders of others only to see the farther.

His chief religious works are: "The Earthward Pilgrimage," "Idols and Ideals," "Demonology and Devil Lore," "The Wandering Jew," "Lessons for the Day" (two volumes of South Place discourses), "Centenary History of South Place Chapel." His "Life of Thomas Paine" and edition of Paine's writings, in part, belong to his historical works, which include "Omitted Chapters of History, Disclosed in the Life and Papers of Edmund Randolph"; a domestic biography of George Washington, prefacing an edition of Washington's agricultural letters (prepared for the Long Island Historical Society); "Barons of the Potomack and Rappahannock" (Grolier Club); Washington's "Rules of Civility." He has also written books mainly of reminiscences on Emerson and Carlyle. Mr. Conway's latest work is still in manuscript—"Wisdom: the Virgin Bride of Solomon, the Virgin Mother of Jesus." It will be published by the "Open Court" company. (Mr. Conway has long been a contributor to "The Open Court.") This has been written during the prostration by grave illness of Mrs. Conway. This lady has been during the thirty-nine years of their married life the sympathetic companion and counselor of her husband's ministerial and literary life, sharing his ideas, labors and progress. In their London homes, "Hamlet House," and afterwards "Inglewood," her hospitality became widely known, and has been enjoyed by many Americans, who were by her introduced to circles of eminent English gentlemen and ladies. Her illness has elicited widespread sympathy. On her account, Mr. Conway resigned his post at South Place, and they have returned to reside with their children in New York, where he is her constant attendant.

The life of Mr. Conway has naturally received scholastic recognitions, the most notable being the L. H. D. (doctor of

classical literature) conferred by the Methodist college at which he graduated, and this since his heresies became notorious! But Mr. Conway's long services have raised him above such distinctions. He has no need of them in the hearts of those to whom his life has been helpful, and who have witnessed his unwavering fidelity to humanity.

T. B. W.

New York, October 2, 1897.

ALL SORTS.

—We have a large number of valuable articles awaiting publication. The best we can do is to fill our pages each month with those we judge will most interest our readers.

—"Faith or Fact," Henry M. Taber's most valuable book, we are glad to learn is having a good sale. The first large edition has been exhausted and a second edition published.

—"The (London) Freethinker" copies from the September Free Thought Magazine, "Review of Talmage" by Jack Kazad, which proves that the editor of that paper knows a good thing when he sees it.

—Professor G. H. Darwin, of Cambridge, England, will lecture in the course of the "Lowell Lectures" given in Boston this year. Professor Darwin is the son of the famous scientist, Charles Darwin.

—A Chicago "medium" says that Bob Ingersoll is going to recant and endorse the Bible, and that if this is not true then the "medium" never told the truth in his life. In that case it is safe to say that it isn't true.—Chicago Tribune.

—It is encouraging to note that most of the Free Thought journals are taking high moral ground on

every important question. If Free Thought will not give us a better civilization than has Christianity, the world will have no use for it.

—Thad Stevens once had a colored servant in Washington named Matilda, who one morning smashed a large dish at the buffet. "What have you broken now, you d— black idiot?" exclaimed her master. Matilda meekly responded: "'Tain't de fo'th commandment, bress de Lawd."—Chicago Chronicle.

—The last survivor of the old band of abolition agitators is Parker Pillsbury, who lives at Concord, N. H., and is still in comparatively good health at the age of 88, his birth year having been the same as that of Lincoln, Gladstone and Darwin. James Russell Lowell wrote of him in 1846 as "brown, broad-shouldered Pillsbury, who tears up words, like trees, by the roots."—Chicago Chronicle.

—Volume XV of this Magazine will conclude with the next number. Those whose subscriptions expire with the December number will confer a great favor by at once sending us their subscription for next year. The price for next year will be one dollar. In clubs of five and over, 75 cents. We hope every friend of the Magazine will prepare to send us a large club for Vol.

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stroyed. It will be impossible for the farmers to make anything of their cereals this year, as they are quickly rotting. In the churches yesterday prayers for fine weather were recited, and if a change does not come immediately the crops might as well be left to manure the ground.

If these priest-ridden people would lay up in time of prosperity, the one-tenth of all they raise, that they now give to the priests, it would benefit them more than all the prayers for fine weather.

—The veteran George Jacob Holyoake yesterday received a presentation portrait from his fellow co-operators, at the Crystal Palace. He made a stirring speech, which exhibited throughout his firm grasp of the essential co-operative principle of "equity in the workshop," and he denounced the sham co-operation in which the workman is simply a hired hand. Such a speech, at this period of the history of the movement, is a great moral act. If Co-operation is kept true to its original idea of the worker as sharer, it will quietly and bloodlessly revolutionize the world of labor, and will leave few of its distracting problems unsolved. Its well-wishers are entitled to say this of it, for it has already had stupendous economic results.—The (London) Daily News.

—"Home missions" it would seem, from the following by Rev. Dr. Ecob, of the "New York Independent," are in a hopeless condition. Orthodox theology is becoming distasteful to the people, and they refuse to supply "God's servants" with the necessary cash to spread it. Dr. Ecob says:

Few subjects demand a more thoughtful, even reverent, handling

than this. It has been my sad duty to serve as a member of the state home missionary committee during the past year. I have been called to few more mournful tasks in my life. Again and again the word came from New York: "No new work; no enlargement of old work; everything must be cut down to the lowest figure." Then we must go over and over again the list of poor little struggling churches, manned by brave, patient men and women, cutting off ten dollars here, twenty-five or fifty there from salaries that were down to the quick already. But what can be done with an "empty treasury" and the debt piling up hopelessly month after month? Now, if this were an acute disease, we all could brace our hearts against its temporary pain and bear it. But alas, it is chronic! When, by a tremendous effort, the debt on the board is paid off, the echoes of our doxology hardly die away before the old undertone sets in, "receipts at the treasury falling off."

—The third "Commandment" reads: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Notwithstanding that command, The Sunday School Times publishes the following paragraph:

All of us want God's help. Not so many of us want to give God help. We are ever ready to let God know what we want from him. We are not always so ready to learn what God wants from us. A great deal of our earnest praying is in order to have God understand our will and wish, rather than to bring us into accord with God's wish and will. We try one way and another to see what we think God would have us do. If the plan shows that God seems to think as we do, we are restfully satisfied. If it seems to show that God's plan is at variance with ours, we think there is some mistake about it. Persons sometimes "draw cuts" when they are in

doubt, in order to find out what God would have them do. If the "cut" drawn accords with their wish, it is all right; but if it comes out the other way, they think they had better try it over again. This talk of ours about wanting to know God's will is often only an evidence that God is wanted to approve our will.

—The reports that appear in the secular press prove very conclusively that some of the greatest scoundrels in the country are occupying orthodox pulpits. We clip the following from the "Chicago Chronicle" of October 12:

Ottawa, Ill., Oct 12.—Rev. Frank Lines of Chicago, and late of this city and of the Rock river conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was convicted of abandoning his wife in the county court in this city today, the jury fixing the penalty at one year in the county jail and a fine of \$500.

Lines was sent to Ottawa as pastor of the Second Methodist Episcopal Church some six years ago, his congregation being made up of many of the best people of the city, among whom he soon became very popular. Before coming to Ottawa, however, Lines had discovered that his wife was not a brilliant social light, though highly intelligent, and succeeded in having her sent to Kankakee as insane. She proved so sane at the hospital that she was released with a clean bill of mental health and came to Lines in this city as an unwelcome personage in his household. Rumors and reports began to place Lines in a bad light, and he began proceedings to have her again committed to the insane asylum. In this he failed, as the court protected her and insisted that every witness be heard. She was declared sane. Shortly afterward Lines went to Chicago and set up as a free lance evangelist, taking his children, whom he persuaded to desert their mother, leaving her to the charity of the Second Methodist Episcopal congregation.

Last spring he applied for a divorce

in Chicago, but was met with a cross-bill, and as a retaliation his wife caused his arrest for abandonment. He was brought here and placed in jail, where he lay about a week until he secured bail in the sum of \$500. He says he will return to Chicago at once and resume his work.

—We are indebted to Mr. M. W. Chunn, of Luverne, Minn., for the following interesting item:

"I send you the following clipping from the Sioux Falls Press of today's date:

"Sturgis, August 6.—(Special).—Rev. Mr. Pyle, pastor of the Methodist church, caused to be arrested the "Kid" nine last Saturday for playing ball on the Sabbath. As a test case one of the boys was tried Monday before a jury. He was acquitted, and the costs to the amount of \$35.80 were charged to the divvane."

"It seems that the people in at least one town in South Dakota are thoroughly enlightened as regards the Sunday question. It is to be hoped that the court before which the alleged 'Sabbath breaker' was tried will issue an execution against the property and effects of the Rev. Mr. Pyle, and, if necessary, will proceed to garnish the trustees of the Methodist church of which Mr. Pyle is pastor, in order to collect the judgment for costs rendered against him.

"I do not believe the day is far distant when the greater part of our Sunday legislation will be repealed, and every person will be left free to observe Sunday as he shall see fit, provided that thereby he does not infringe upon the rights of others. I have long been of the opinion that a large part of our Sunday laws are unconstitutional,

and that ere long these laws will go the way whither the laws against 'blasphemy' have gone before them.

"Our people of Luverne and Rock counties are fully as enlightened as the people of Sturgis, S. D., and it would be next to impossible to get a jury to convict a man of 'Sabbath breaking.'"

—The following is from the Chicago Tribune of September 4:

Charles M. Charnley, a prominent member and elder of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, the treasurer of its parish benevolent society, and for fifteen years the treasurer of the national Presbyterian society known as Aid for Colleges and Academies, is a defaulter. The amount of his shortage is at present unknown, but from indications it probably exceeds \$115,000. * * * The board, on the contrary, is disposed to believe that the defalcation will exceed twice this amount, if account is taken of what he has taken from the treasury of the Fourth Presbyterian Church. At any rate, it is fair to suppose, from the evidence at hand, that nearly the whole amount of the aid society's funds, which are not worth more than \$97,000, have been swept away.

The distress and ruin which this action of a trusted servant of a Christian congregation has precipitated are appalling. Sixty Presbyterian colleges, aided by the board last year, will be badly crippled owing to the defalcation, and probably one-half of those in the West and South, which have been almost wholly supported by the board, will have to close their doors and send away their teachers and students. The entire educational system of the Presbyterian Church, which has been built up at great expense and long years of loving labor and sacrifice, stands paralyzed, and the ministers and leaders in the church acquainted with the facts of the gi-

gant embezzlement, which is now for the first time made public, are dazed and confess they know not what to do.

This report, it will be seen, states Mr. Charnley was "a prominent member and elder of the Fourth Presbyterian Church," and he must have been considered one of the most pious and honest members in the church or he would not have been entrusted with so much money. And doubtless Brother Charnley was much interested in sending the Gospel to the heathen. As it is reported that he has left the country, it may be he has turned missionary and is now on his way to carry the gospel to "Greenland's icy mountains." It is stated on good authority that this pious elder lay awake nights deploring the terrible consequences of "Bob" Ingersoll's teachings. Ball playing on the "holy Sabbath" and bicycling on the "Lord's day" has constantly caused him great distress of mind.

We clip the following from Ralph W. Chainey's very interesting article in the Investigator, entitled "Six Weeks in Europe":

One sees George W. Foote at his best, with his charming wife and interesting children. The grandest triumph of modern civilization is the home, and it is the mission of Free Thought to elevate the domestic life, to add new jewels to the crown of wife and mother, to make sweeter and fairer the place where life's rarest blossoms are to be culled, and where the little feet of children take their first steps. It is the glory of English Free Thought that the homes of our leading English Freethinkers are above Christian criticism.

And such ought to be the glory of American Freethinkers.

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A French Crayon Portrait

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FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1897.

IS RELIGION A SUPERSTITION?

BY SELDEN S. COOKE.

AS the result of advancing knowledge, and in the light of the modern sciences, the world, for a century past, has been slowly emerging from the thousands of superstitions which sprang up with primitive man by reason of his ignorance of the truths and operations of nature, and has now arrived at a period when

we can, as friends of morality and lovers of science, ask ourselves, with propriety and safety, the question, Is religion (in general) a superstition?



SELDEN S. COOKE.

To reach a fair solution of the question demands an inquiry conducted wholly under the guidance of scientific methods. The question is one of fact—not belief—and, like other similar questions, must be determined by evidence—such as is afforded by the nature of the case at this day. And, in its consideration, it is proper first of all to state clearly what is meant by the terms "superstition" and "religion." For it will be conceded that a proper

stating of a question at issue goes a great way in rendering its solution easy. It is also universally agreed among the intelligent that human reason—the faculty of the brain distinguishing truth from falsehood—is the umpire or court which must determine the truth or falsity of alleged facts or events. And further, logicians tell us we cannot reason correctly—reach correct con-

clusions or judgments—without accurate definitions of the words or terms used in the reasoning processes.

SUPERSTITION AND RELIGION DEFINED.

A thousand foolish notions and beliefs are comprehended under the word superstition; but all appear to be well covered by the accurate meaning given by Noah Webster, a decided religionist (*Unabridged Dictionary*, 1847), who defines it to be: (1) "A belief of what is absurd," or "A belief without evidence." (2) "False religion; false worship." In substance, then, superstition is a belief only, without evidence supporting it; a belief of that which is absurd, or contrary to reason. The value of this definition is its simplicity and applicability to all forms of superstition.

But when we come to define religion (aside from morality—too often erroneously joined or confounded with it, as in the Jewish "platform" of the Ten Commandments, where a religious plank is superadded to a moral one), we encounter difficulty, from the fact that religious writers do not as a rule agree among themselves—each including within the term certain ingredients which others do not—each defining to suit his own ideas or purposes. I have examined many (perhaps scores) of these definitions, and find them so discordant as to require rejection in most, if not all, instances. With a majority the trouble is that they contain some improper assumption of fact (as in Webster, where he assumes a God's existence without evidence), or they disregard the proper method of defining, which is "to assign something more simple and fundamental than the thing defined." Hence, as a result, I am forced to look for a definition that shall be true of all religious sects or of religion in general. Now, what is that fundamental thing or belief which forms the basis, essence, chief ingredient of all religions? Which belongs to all, and is peculiar to none? There is but one answer: It is not a thing—but is a belief in the existence of certain entities or beings called spirits or souls; and that such spirits, in response to prayers and offerings, affect our personal welfare, either here or hereafter. Now, without such belief no system of thought can properly be termed religious; but with it we have religion always.

Certain early philosophers—not all—believed in the existence of spirits; while modern scientists unite in ignoring them. And I now propose to see the reason for ignoring.

THE TERM RELIGION OF PAGAN ORIGIN.

The word religion comes from the Pagan-Latin words *religo* and *religio*—having reference to man's supposed obligations to the pagan gods or great spirits. Yet if the spirits called by the Greeks *Theos* (theory) and *Zeus*, and by the Romans *Jove* or *Jupiter*, had no real existence; were creatures of imagination only, then these pagan or heathen words, and their derivative, religion, are meaningless terms applying only to imaginary beings. Once destroy belief in the existence of spirits and all religion ceases—the bottom having fallen out.

MORALITY, A NATURAL LAW, DEFINED.

Here, however, it is important to do what most religious people do not—to distinguish religion from morality. The latter relates to man's conduct in this life and this world, and his duties to his fellow beings here; while religion relates only to a supposed future life in a supposed other world—subjects radically unlike and having no natural affinity. Moral law (from *mores*, manners, conduct) is a natural law, independent of human institutions. It revealed itself in the childhood of society. Philosophers were its expounders—not its creators. It is the law of duty to our fellow beings. It needed no proof beyond mere enunciation (see *Encyclopedia Americana*, art. "Moral Philosophy"). Necessarily the moral law existed anterior to religion—which has subsequently been engrafted artificially upon it, so to speak, by the priesthood. Mankind, in general, as individuals and nations, from the earliest ages have recognized a moral code in their mutual intercourse. Morality is, therefore, useful and necessary to the existence and improvement of society; it is the great factor of civilization.

RELIGION UNNATURAL TO MAN.

True, religion covers much of the earth to-day—its existence and spread being properly attributable to human agencies and selfish motives. Yet man is not naturally religious; for religion is far from being universal. It is strictly a taught doctrine, originated by the early priesthood as the means of obtaining a living without labor. In all parts of the world are found natural men—those disbelieving in spirits or spiritual beings—men who have no religion. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, made the utterance that all men are born atheists, i.e., are by nature

atheists, and are taught the belief in spirits and gods by priests. Dr. Schweinfurth, a traveler through Africa in 1864, informs us (*Harper's Magazine*, 1868) that the Shillooks, a nation of over a million people on the upper Nile, have no religion, save a reverence for one of their ancestors whom they call the Father of their race; and that the Dinkas and Bongos, races further up the Nile, have no idea of a supreme being. Charles Darwin, the world's eminent naturalist, tells us in his "*Descent of Man*," Vol. 1, p. 62:

"There is no evidence that man was originally endowed with the 'ennobling' belief of the existence of an omnipotent God. On the contrary, there is ample evidence derived, not from hasty travelers, but from men who have long resided with savages, that numerous races have existed, and still exist, who have no idea of one or more gods, and who have no words in their languages to express such an idea."

Again: "Contrary to the opinion once held (by Christians) that a nation of atheists never existed, it is no longer to be disputed that the numerous Buddhist nations (embracing a third of the human race) are essentially atheist; for they have no beings with greater supernatural power than any man is supposed capable of attaining to, by virtue, austerity, and science. . . . The Chinese, Mongols, and Thibetans have no word in their languages to express the notion of a god."—*Chambers' Encyclopedia*, art. "Buddhism."

While the unintelligent masses of China and Japan seem to have a sort of religion, yet the learned classes—the literati—are unbelievers both in a God and immortality—though strict observers of the moral law, as enunciated by its great expounder, Confucius, 500 B.C., in his golden rule: "Do not unto others as ye would that others should not do unto you."

Thus, religious beliefs, from want of universality, are not natural to mankind—and are but notions taught to man by a primitive priesthood.

IGNORANCE OF THE ANCIENTS, COMPARED WITH THE MODERNS.

In these pages it is assumed that the modern theory of evolution is a fact of nature as well established among men of science as Newton's great theory of gravitation. Hence, man must have been an inhabitant of the earth prior to the last glacial epoch, or more than 200,000 years ago. On emerging out of his animal state he remained a savage through long and dark ages. Not until about 4,000 years ago, or some 2,000 B.C.,

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who early learned the art of living off the people without labor. Among the Accadians of ancient Persia the offices of priest and magician (or "wise man") were united—from the necromancy and magical practices of which the title of revered or reverend arose (Chambers' Ency. "Babylon;" also Ency. Brit.)—hence the modern title "Rev." among Jews and Christians. Aaron was the first high priest and magician of the Jews, as is shown by his juggling¹⁷ encounter with Pharaoh's magicians (Exodus VII).

Beyond the reach of his five senses, as before seen, the barbarian had no means of knowledge. Of the human brain and its wonderful capacities, he knew nothing. To him it was simply a jelly-like substance, having no value, no function. No printing press existed for preserving facts and ideas and spreading them abroad; no mariner's compass, for showing the form and size of the globe; no telescope, to reveal the innumerable worlds around him; no microscope, to bring before him the myriads of living beings beneath him; none of the thousand inventions and discoveries of modern days to aid his narrow intellect in search of knowledge. Over the few facts of nature known to him he could only ponder and "speculate"—not much better than the other animals. As to all things outside of these he could but guess, conjecture, divine. His spirits were all divine beings, because divined or guessed out. Instead of the sixty-seven elements known to the moderns, he recognized but four (fire, air, earth and water)—rather slightly.

Of power—that which science now calls force—the ancients had but one idea, that of the animal power within themselves, by which they were moved. Hence, they supposed the elements around to be moved by living, animated powers, similar to the powers moving themselves! These powers, through ignorance, they called spirits—great spirits. When water boiled, there was a spirit at the bottom, causing the bubbling. When the river ran to the sea there was a spirit forcing it onward. When thunder and lightning were above, great angry spirits were up there at work, who might be appeased by prayer, offerings, sacrifices. All powers were by them confounded—none discriminated. All phenomena of nature were thought to be made by the hands of a great spirit, working invisibly. Such were their benighted theories and imaginings.

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and paganism—of India, Persia, Egypt, Judea—were, near 4,000 years ago, gaining a livelihood by teaching it among the ignorant masses, having manifestly derived it from their savage ancestors, among whom it had necessarily first arisen. *Prima facie*, then, animism, spiritism, religion—words importing the same general idea or notion—had its origin on earth among men, and men who were savages; and, hence, is a survival of savagery. That religion, or spiritualism, so arose, is a natural, reasonable, and just presumption (Rule II), and one that must be held conclusive if the contrary be not shown. Anyone affirming it to have come from heaven or a god, is bound, fairly and logically, to furnish the evidence that it so came (Rule IV). Such proof is, in the nature of things impossible. Hence the fact is logically established that religion originated among men, and that modern man derived it from early savages.

ARE THERE SUCH ENTITIES AS SPIRITS OR SOULS?

This question goes to the very foundation and bottom of all religions. Is there any evidence in proof of spiritual existences? In proof of them we must have recourse to the same kind of evidence as that by which we determine the truth of alleged facts and historical accounts in general; for, though spiritual beings, in consequence of their unnatural and extraordinary nature, challenge a fuller and more accurate investigation, still they do not admit an investigation conducted on different principles. What, then, is the medium of proving their existence? Being properly a question of fact, the determination of which is not susceptible of mathematical demonstration, the evidence for and against must be of the kind denominated moral evidence by legal writers; that is, the evidence of our experience, of our five senses, of the testimony of others, and of the facts of nature.

That no man has ever seen, nor in any way cognized a spirit, or soul, or ghost, is conceded. Anatomists and physiologists have never been able to discover one, either in or out of the body. Cardinal Manning, high religious authority, in a careful article, just before his death, said that the human soul or spirit was not to be found by the scalpel. It is thought by believers to be an invisible substance. But anciently, spirit, soul, mind, were held to be one and the same. This idea is nullified by modern biologists and physiologists, however, who define mind to be the action or function of the brain, rendering it incompat-

ible with an outgoing soul. Souls or spirits are often spoken of by semi-scientists; by real scientists, never.

MIND (BRAIN FUNCTION) THE MEANS OF EXAMINING EVIDENCE.

In all reasoning processes we make use of our intellects. Hence, it becomes necessary in examining into spiritual beings to show what intellect is, and its effect to displace soul or spirit. As before stated, the ancients were wholly without knowledge of the human cerebrum and its capacities. To them it was *terra incognita* (*Ency. Brit.*, art. "Phrenology"). Nevertheless, they felt compelled to ascribe some cause for the phenomena of life and thought. Being ignorant of the true one, they guessed or assumed that man had somewhere within him a spirit or soul, which animated him and performed for him his cerebral or mental operations of consciousness, volition, thought—and which, by its invisibility, did not die with the body, but escaped with his breath—being an entity the scalpel could not find. Strange to say, most of the actions or functions which are now known to be brain functions, they (and many illiterate moderns) attributed to the heart. Late physiologists, however, show the fallacy of this crude assumption—a *non causa pro causa*—and it is now abandoned, except by the very ignorant.

The human brain is in two parts, the upper or large brain, called the cerebrum, and the lower one called the cerebellum. Modern physiology shows that the cerebrum performs our intellectual processes, being man's great organ (using organ in its secondary sense of part). The microscope and other instruments now show that this organ contains several hundred thousand delicate nerves, distributed throughout its mass, and the gray matter forming its cortex or covering (the brain's phonograph, so to speak) and that it is the complex organ of the body, with powers and capacities never suspected by the ancients. Physiology, a long neglected science, is now coming to the front, and exhibiting that every bodily organ, including brain, has its appropriate action or function, and that brain function, in value, stands at the head. This science is rapidly dethroning psychology (or soul-ology) and is equally disastrous to another sham science called metaphysics, or the science of things after physics, and beyond nature—manifestly an impossible science.

Modern men of intelligence are conscious that their acts of

thinking, willing, and feeling are exercised within their heads. They know this, if nothing else; and very naturally and properly ascribe them to the brain and nervous system. To all appearances, then, the brain does this work; and *prima facie*, man's brain is that entity or organ, which performs these functions. Therefore, until the crude assumption that man possesses a spirit, doing the work, is proved or verified—a clear impossibility—the fact that the brain is man's thinker is logically established; and soul or spirit is displaced. While the physiological processes of the brain may not yet be fully understood by scientists, yet the early hypothesis of a spirit or soul, independent of the body, was an unwarranted and unnecessary assumption, that would never have been made had the brain's powers been known to the ancients. The assumption violates our seventh rule of reasoning. Hence, scientists find in man neither a spirit nor soul; but find the mind to be the sum of the molecular motions or actions of the cerebrum and connecting nerves. When the brain is diseased or injured they find its action (mind) also diseased or injured. When the brain perishes, its action (mind) ceases or perishes with it—just as digestion is impaired or ceases altogether, with injury to or destruction of the stomach, and just as life itself is injured or destroyed by injury to or destruction of the body (Prof. Maudsley's *Physiology of Mind*, 126; *Mind and Body*, by Prof. Bain; *Physiology*, by Profs. Foster and McKendrick, in *Ency. Brit.*). Mind, digestion and life, it is observed, are not things or entities; they are states or conditions of things only. We see that in brain matter and nerve force there exists a sufficient natural cause of mind, rendering a "spiritual" force in the economy of man as unnecessary and useless as the fifth wheel to a wagon, and as illogical as useless. Prof. Virchow, Europe's prominent religious physiologist, has but recently conceded substantially that mental functions are but functions of the brain. Indeed, it now appears that brain action is truly a physiological action, though called mental (cerebral would be better) by way of distinction from other bodily processes.

FACULTIES OF THE BRAIN, OR MIND.

The operations of this great organ, brain, being so important, and hitherto so little understood, it becomes highly useful, here, to describe its several powers or faculties as modern science

classifies them. The classification of Prof. Bain, of Scotland, and other eminent physiologists (*Chambers' Ency.*, art. "Intellect") is substantially adopted as being more in accord with the facts of nature than the old ones of a century, or even a half century, ago. These are the general divisions or departments of brain action: 1, consciousness (feeling or emotion); 2, volition (or will); 3, intellect (thought, intelligence, etc.). The first two, not being immediately concerned, I pass to the third general faculty, intellect. This is properly subdivisible into three other faculties, to be carefully distinguished from each other: 1, retentiveness, or the faculty or property by which nerve impressions once made on the brain persist after the fact, and can be revived or recalled; 2, agreement (similarity or analogy), or the capacity of discerning agreement between things; 3, discrimination, or the faculty of perceiving differences between things or subjects. The latter is the faculty for acquiring knowledge. As children, we confound many things which, with age and education, we learn to distinguish from each other. Most ancients were children in this regard.

GENERAL RULES OF REASONING ON MATTERS OF FACT.

1. It is a fundamental rule that the course of nature, in all her operations, is uniform, universal, consistent, and unalterable (*Whately's Logic*, 223, 283; *Upham's Mental Philosophy*, 196, 208; *Alexander's Evolution of Christianity*, 70.) Hence, our facts and conclusions must always agree, and not disagree, nor conflict with the truths and laws of nature. *Whately* lays down, p. 230, that all moral reasoning is based on the facts and laws of nature, and that these facts constitute "the principles of our reasoning." (The reason for this rule is that man is a part of nature—is one of its productions or creations, the laws of nature being the very laws of his existence—is, therefore, as all know, a natural being, with natural capacities for learning nature's operations, or many of them, but is without faculties for learning, comprehending, or knowing anything within, above, or beyond nature, not a part of it—and without faculties for perceiving, understanding, knowing, anything of supernatural things (if such there be) necessarily his reasoning faculties are finite, and limited to nature and natural things.)

2. Where different causes for an act or thing are assigned, the

most natural one should always be preferred (a rule adopted by courts of justice.)

3. We are to make truth our aim—avoiding interested motives, and love of victory. Opposed to this is the wish to decide the question in a certain way, regardless of the evidence. When under the influence of selfish motives, prejudice (or pre-judging), passion, party feeling, or sometimes a certain theory, we are apt to form a wrong estimate of the evidence and reach false conclusions.

4. The burden of proof (*onus probandi*) lies on him who affirms a fact or proposition; not on him who denies (a rule often disregarded).

5. Disinterested witnesses or inquirers are more worthy of belief than interested ones, because naturally truthful. Interested ones are naturally untruthful, because under constant temptation to falsify.

6. We may reason from a known fact or thing in proof of an unknown one; but never from an unknown one to prove another unknown one.

7. Never multiply causes or entities without a necessity (a canon of Sir Isaac Newton in searching for causes); that is, never assume a cause or entity before exhausting all means in reach.

8. Reject the aid of sophisms, or arguments containing a secret fallacy under the appearance of correctness. The following are the more common kinds: 1, arguing in a circle, or making two propositions reciprocally prove each other; 2, the *non causa pro causa*, or ascribing a wrong cause for a thing or event (a most frequent fallacy); 3, the *fallacia equivocationis*, or use of equivocal or ambiguous terms, capable of two meanings; 4, the *ignoratio elenchi*, the fallacy of covertly or dishonestly shifting ground when defeated, rendering the arguments inapplicable; 5, the fallacy of judging favorably from the mere circumstance of success.

Other rules of value have possibly been overlooked, yet those given will prove great aids in all ordinary reasoning processes.

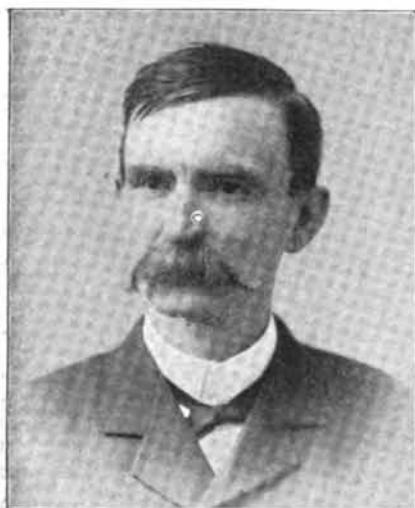
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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE IMMORTAL SOUL.

BY CHARLES KENT TENNEY.

HOW difficult it is for truth to force its way when bigotry and blind prejudice resist. The human mind seems to be so constituted, that having once formed ideas, however erroneous, it requires the most positive evidence to shake them off, and it would



CHARLES K. TENNEY.

seem that men sometimes doubt the evidences of their own senses. The most difficult task man has to undergo is the unlearning of false doctrines once acquired, and it is only by the most strenuous efforts that he can correct his errors, and is able to look at events and material things from an unprejudiced and unbiased standpoint.

The agnostic, while fully admitting the untruthfulness and absurdities of the bible, still clings with tenacity to the claim of the personal God and immortal soul. His arguments are of a negative, rather than a positive, character, for he,

without attempting to prove a personal God or an immortal soul, declares their existence cannot be disproved, therefore there must be such. In his opposition to materialism, and to support his negative and rather peculiar position, he assumes a pessimistic attitude, and asserts (and we quote from one of them) that "materialism is insufficient upon which to base a code of ethics and morality. One reason it is insufficient is, that if this life ends all, it is not worth living, and if it is not worth living, to be consistent, materialists should commit suicide. It is very patent there is more pain than pleasure in this life, and, such being the case, the logic of materialism is suicide, therefore agnosticism is the only consistent and rational guide to conduct."

This singular proposition would seem to beg the question,

rather than a fair discussion of the merits of materialism, and to seek to prejudice and mislead the mind of the public against materialism, and in favor of the agnostic's claim for the personal God and an immortal soul. They are not arguments any more than the "iron arguments" of the inquisition. Whether or not, there is a personal God, or the soul, if there be one (and from logical deductions of our own we must deny) is immortal or not, is purely a question of fact—a solemn truth, and whether or not we believe or disbelieve does not alter the fact or truth. Bruno was roasted for two hours over a slow fire, begging his persecutors to put on more fuel, and sooner end his misery, for asserting certain physical truths not admitted by the church, and Gallileo only escaped like torture for imprisonment for life for asserting other truths not in accord with church dogma. Yet these cruel tortures did not affect the truth of their assertions, and the whole world now accepts them as truths, including the church.

If the claim of the agnostic is not true, it can certainly harm no one for knowing it, and if not a fact that there is a personal God and an immortal soul, what possible harmful effect can the knowledge of that truth have upon the code of ethics or morality of the human races? In fact, would not such knowledge be a benefit? Can it be possible that our code of ethics or morality depends upon a belief in an immortal soul, or in any other belief, or should that code rest upon the truth and our knowledge, from experience, of what is the best rule of action for all mankind?

This rule should be to get the most possible good out of life, with due regard to the equal rights of others; "to do strictly unto others as we would others would do unto us." Whether the soul be or be not immortal, we cannot change the fact. Man's code should rest upon the solid rock of the present, and have for its foundation his present duty to his fellow men, here and now. It seems to us idle nonsense to assert that his code of morality should depend upon his belief in any particular claim as to a future existence.

There are some claims, so absolutely absurd, that to a thoughtful and logical mind, their very statement disproves them. Of such are the claims of creation, as related in Genesis, the origin of man, Samson and the whale stories, the raising of the dead, that the sun stood still, and many others of like character. No thoughtful man can accept them as truth, because their

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can be no center; hence there can be no central power ruling and governing. As the universe is ruled and governed by absolute law, always and ever existing, there would be no need or use for such a being.

The converse of the proposition we have stated, that if there be no immortal soul, it is immaterial to man whether there is a personal God or not, is equally true of the soul, for if there is no personal God and all things are governed by law, as affirmed by science, there would be no heaven for it to inherit, and the soul, if there be one, must take its chances with inexorable law. If one proposition falls the other must also, as the two must go hand in hand. One cannot do without the other. The whole underlying theory of a personal God and an immortal soul is based upon the false notion that the earth, and all upon it or about it, was made expressly for man, as an abiding place in which to get rid of his evil ways, that he might be fit company for an immaculate being, and that it has little other use, a theory that might do for the early Christians, but, in view of science, will hardly do for the nineteenth century.

Now, as to the so-called soul, nature has made man perfect in all his parts that are necessary for him under existing conditions. Nothing has been omitted. Such a thing is not necessary to human existence. It does not manifest itself in the human body. It is not visible, discernible or apparent. It has no concern, visible or otherwise, in the affairs of human life. Matter, and the effects produced by matter (force), is all there is in the universe. It cannot be otherwise. Man's being, actions, movements, thoughts, existence, is due to physical, not supernatural, causes. The sun, directly and indirectly, is the cause of his being, actions, movements, thoughts and existence. Slowly, but surely, it causes, all vegetable matter to separate and store up carbon from the atmosphere. This, in due time, is taken into the body, and this it is which is the force that gives it life, and is the force which operates it. The so-called soul is not matter, for the minutest microscopic examination fails to detect it. It is not force nor its effect, for that, in man's body, is the mind, and the mind is that which rules and governs it in its actions. As there is nothing in the universe but matter, and the effects of matter operating on matter, or force, there is nothing to support the contention for a soul. Nature, as we have stated, has made the

human body perfect in all its parts. There is nothing lacking in it, and nothing that has not its separate and distinct use, and nothing which does not manifest itself; nothing which cannot be scientifically accounted for. There are no superfluous organs about the body, and there would be no use for any, and this so-called soul would be an entirely useless appendage.

There is another aspect under which this subject may be considered, and which would seem to settle it beyond question, unless, perhaps, by those who are yet in their age of faith, and who reject all scientific accounts of the origin of man, and accept the Genesis story of his creation by the command of God, who then and there created all the souls which were afterwards to inhabit men and women, and which are ready at the instant of conception to enter their earthly tenements. This claim has not been made by the Bible, however, and may therefore be taken as the idea of man only.

Science demonstrates, beyond all question, that man, and all organic life now existing upon this earth, is a slow and gradual development from the lowest orders of life. That life could not exist until the earth's surface had sufficiently cooled to permit of it, and when it was possible, the atmosphere was so charged with carbonic acid that present life could not possibly exist, and that only certain low forms were then possible; that gradually, and by infinitesimally slow degrees, the vegetation upon the earth absorbed very large quantities of the carbonic acid in the atmosphere, storing it up in all vegetable matter, and especially in our great coal fields, scattered on all parts of the earth, and as gradually as this process went on, life began to change and develop, and could only change and develop by reason of the changed conditions of the atmosphere. The human mind is inadequate to the task of contemplating the magnitude of time necessary to accomplish this result, and to bring our atmosphere to its present condition. We may have some little idea of it from the fact that there are found in the coal deposits of Nova Scotia no less than fifty-seven separate, distinct fossil forests, one above the other, and yet life was upon the earth previous to any of these deposits, as evidenced by the fossils underneath the whole. The then conditions were necessary to produce life, and conditions in which the life now on earth could not exist, and yet these conditions were necessary to produce that life,

and gradually, step by step, adapting itself to changed conditions, and changing with them. The two have gone hand in hand, the change so slow as to be imperceptible, except by comparison with very long intervals, and that change is now going on, as it ever has been, until other atmospheric conditions come, in which the present life could not exist, and yet the then existing life will have come from what is now, and what has been. What that future life will be is as impossible to state as that which has been, but that it will be different is scientifically assured.

Countless ages have therefore elapsed since the origin of man, and countless ages before he even approached his present physical state, or any reasoning power whatever, but yet the elements of man have ever been within him. Until he reached his reasoning powers he most certainly was not accountable for any of his acts. He was but the lowest order of life, the lowest animal, and most certainly not possessed of a soul, for he could not, in his condition, be accountable for anything. If every human being has ever been possessed of an immortal soul, what benefit could it be to that which was without reason, and therefore not accountable for its acts? As well might it be injected into a turnip, or into a cast iron hitching post, as into the order of life we have described. "But," say our friends, "it was only given to man since he reached his reasoning powers." When was that? Can human imagination fix that point? It has been of such slow, gradual process as to be imperceptible, and no line can possibly be drawn to distinguish one from the other. Besides, the processes of development are not equal and alike. Some men are far more advanced than others—some have reasoning powers before others reach that state. There are tribes of men now living on this earth who have hardly reached it. Is it possible some are possessed of this immortal soul, while others are not? Is it possible that this God has made some men deficient in reason, and then denied them an immortal soul to enjoy the blessings of this heaven? According to the Christian doctrine, this soul enters the body at its conception. Who knows that this conception will be a body possessed with reason, or may not be born an idiot, and if so, would this God deny it an immortal soul, and if possessed of one, would He hold it accountable for its acts? Wicked men would not do this. There can be no line drawn as to when man ceased to be a lower and became a higher order. There was a

time when his intellect did not equal that of the oyster. When did it equal it, and when did it pass beyond into a higher state? Will some one draw the line, if he can, and then demonstrate when this immortal soul first entered into the body, and how many were with and how many were without such belonging. "But," our friends say, "we know there is an immortal soul, because man in all known history has held to this doctrine." There are many other things that all mankind have held to in the same manner, until the contrary was proven, and their absurdity demonstrated. How many thousands of years did men adhere to the belief that the earth was flat, supported on the backs of animals, and was the grand center around which the sun, moon and stars revolved? How many noble philosophers suffered all the tortures of flames, and the horrors of the Inquisition, for doubting these claims, and yet their doubts were correct, notwithstanding the antiquity of them to the contrary. "Man is advancing, and will no longer be satisfied with unrequited faith, but insists on having the voucher for an old fact, as well as for one that is new." We have got by our age of faith, and are now in our age of reason, and insist upon living evidences to support our conclusions.

The assertion by the agnostic that "the logic of materialism is suicide," and "that life is not worth living, if there be no immortal soul," is childish, not manly; idle talk, not argument. The question as to whether "there is more pain than pleasure in life" opens up too large a field for discussion in this article, and besides is not pertinent to the question. What man may believe on this subject does not alter the fact as to whether there is or is not an immortal soul.

We do not like to speak of ourselves personally, but our experience in life is perhaps that of many others. Individually, we have tasted many of life's stern realities and bitterness. All along life's pathway we have met with pain, sorrow and vicissitude; blighted hopes, disappointed ambition, broken health, partial, and, at times, almost total blindness; our personal and dearest friends have been and are falling by the way; sisters, brothers and mother are but memories now. The inevitable messenger has entered the privacy of our homes and snatched from our unwilling arms an only daughter, and tearing at our emotions until we seemed to be without hope. Like a flash of

light, as of the turning of an electric button, she came, bringing to us that peace and contentment never known before, and stirring our ambitions to higher aims in life, and, like a flash of light, as suddenly disappeared, leaving us in almost total darkness, and now,

"All that remains of that bright, bright dream,
With its thousand different phases,
Is a handful of dust 'neath the coffin lid,
In the coffin hid under the daisies."

Such is the common lot of man, but, with all these experiences, we are perfectly willing, yes, anxious, to keep right on, and are quite certain that ninety-nine out of every hundred will agree with us in this.

Is there anything really substantial in this promised future existence, or is it but the product of the imagination, in which is conjured up fancies, the realization of which would bear no comparison to the anticipation, and which, with changing conditions, flit gradually away, and disappear forever.

On the sloping banks of the lake there arose, as if by magic a beautiful white city, and within its portals there was gathered all the art, skill, experience and wisdom which mankind had accomplished since known history. Its grand court was illumined by night with myriads of electric lights and electric fountains, and rockets, with their matchless beauty, lent their splendor to the already enchanting scene, and sweet music, which enchants and inspires the mind of man, floated in from every quarter. It was a scene never to be forgotten. It was, in one sense, the realization of the anticipated hopes and ambitions of its projectors, and yet there was one thing lacking. It was not permanent. It could not last—it had its end. That scene, those inspiring musical vibrations, were but effects, the products of man's genius in the utilization of matter and force. All things, all matter, must change.

They tell us that in this beautiful fancied place, mother and son, father and daughter, husband and wife are to be united forever. How, is not suggested. It might be a beautiful fancy, if the family, as now constituted, could all at one time enter into this beautiful place, and we might understand it, but time, unfortunately, makes great changes in our family ties and relations. As infants, most of us were nestled on our mother's

breast, and, sleeping, placed in our cradles while she sung such sweet lullabys as—

“Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed.”

The mother, then, was scarcely twenty, young, full of tenderness and beauty, yet in a short time was laid to rest. The child thrived, became a man, had a large family of his own, perhaps two wives. He lived on past three score years and ten, became wrinkled, deformed, and his voice became shrill. He had lived sixty years more than his young and beautiful mother, and at last died and went to this fancied place, and met her. Can it be possible that when she beheld him, in his old age and decrepitude, she nestled him to her bosom with the same feelings of love and tenderness with which she had, in years gone by, sung her sweet lullaby, and were his affections for her the same as when an infant, and when he relied on her exclusively? When the infant precedes its parents by fifty, sixty or seventy years, new attachments and loves are formed, new conditions have arisen, and either the new must be discarded or there will be disappointment in many of these reunions, and disappointments have no place in heaven.

We simply want to know the truth, believing it to be for the best. Of what this is, we quote from the Saracen (Spanish Moor) philosopher, Algazzadi, born 1058, who in relating his attempt to detach himself from the opinions which he had formed in his childhood, and which it would be well for our agnostics and others to consider: “I said to myself, ‘my aim is simply to know the truth of things, consequently it is indispensable for me to ascertain what is knowledge. Now, it is evident to me that certain knowledge must be that which explains the object to be known in such a manner that no doubt can remain, so that all error and conjecture respecting it must be impossible. Not only would the understanding then need no efforts to be convinced of certainty, but security against error is in such close connection with knowledge that even were an apparent proof of falsehood to be brought forward, it would cause no doubt, because no suspicion of error would be possible. Thus, when I have acknowledged ten to be more than three, if anyone were to say ‘On the contrary, three is more than ten, and to prove the truth of my assertion, I will change this rod into a serpent,’ and he was to change it, my

conviction of his error would remain unshaken. His maneuver would only produce in me admiration for his ability. I should not doubt my own knowledge."

And so it is with the claim that the belief in the non-existence of an immortal soul might lead some weak-minded men to suicide, does not prove its existence, any more than changing the rod into a serpent proves that three is more than ten. Let us teach the truth, whatever it may be, and thereby elevate mankind.

THE PRIEST AND HIS PENITENT.

BY HENRY SMITH.

HOLY Father, I confess
I've got in an awful mess,
And upon my bended knee
I confess to loving thee!
O Penitent! O Child of Sin!
What can I say, or where begin?
The penance that I give to thee
Must doubtlessly apply to me?
If I love you and you love me,
The sin is equal, don't you see?
Then together we will go,
If your conscience wills it so,
For I feel I would much rather
Confess to the Holy Father.
Perhaps the sin may not at Rome
Be as great as 'tis at home.
So together off they went
On a good confession bent,
There to purge their souls from evil,
And to cheat the very Devil.
Old Nick, who spied their rotten ship,
Hauled them below with greedy grip,
And without the least compunction
Let them die, less "Extreme Unction."
So the Devil, nothing loth,
Got possession of them both.

MORAL:

Love not your Holy Father,
For, if he should love you,
Most surely, then, the Devil
Will get not one, but two.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

OUR FRIENDS, THE RECONCILERS.

BY CHARLES CLARK MILLARD.

PART II.

OUR friends have accepted evolution. They are educated, intelligent, and could no longer resist the mass of evidence which Dr. Carpenter declared, thirty years ago, to be sufficient, and which has increased with each successive year. And since evolution could not be defeated and driven from the field by the desperate and long-continued assaults of the theologians; but, on the contrary, exhibits strong staying qualities, a reconciliation must be effected; for the church never admits defeat nor makes an unqualified surrender. An enemy which cannot be vanquished must be converted into an ally at whatever sacrifice.

They assume God to be the Creator of all things; and, as evolution is proven to be the plan by which all things, so far as known, were created, therefore, God is the originator of the plan of evolution. As there is no escape from this logic without denying one of the premises, the plan must be made to appear worthy of its author. Never has the church attempted a more difficult task.

American reconcilers have led in this forlorn hope with as much courage as was shown by the famous "six hundred" when they charged the Russian entrenchments at Balaklava; and with as little prospect of success. And noted scientists have come to the assistance of the theologians to save the popular faith from the assaults made upon it by their own works. Typical of this class is Prof. Joseph Le Conte, of California. By a kind of reasoning, not found in his "Elements of Geology," he attempts to prove, that by a process of evolution, by a series of changes of material organic forms from the beginning, there has been evolved for man, and for him only, an immortal soul. How this can be reconciled with the asserted fact that "God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul," is as difficult to understand as is the process by which from changing, corruptible material things, a spirit or soul is produced; which is supposed to be unchangeable, incorruptible, and immortal. In this learned scheme, the problem of creating something out of nothing is reversed; and it is proposed to show how a nothing has been created out of something. Nothing but the necessities

of the case could have produced such a wonderful scheme as this.

The Duke of Argyle is a noted English reconciler. In the "Nineteenth Century" for March and April, he discusses the question "Does Evolution Imply God," and the literary digest gives a summary with editorial comments. The duke and the editor agree in answering this question in the affirmative.

Special creation is given up. The duke admits that Spencer has proved that "Nothing we can see or know, nothing that we can even conceive, is produced at once as a finished article, ready made, without any previous process of growth; and since all things, even the soul, are brought into existence by evolution, if God is not implied in evolution, then God is left out of the universe." It is argued that since the origin of life is unknown, and the first link in the chain is not yet discovered, the existence of God must be assumed to account for the beginning.

If, so long as anything remains unknown, the existence of God must be assumed, then it is safe to assert that such an assumption will always be necessary. But, if the fact which is yet unknown implies the existence of God, while the known facts do not; then, when the unknown becomes known, the force of the argument will vanish, and the reasoning to support theism is based upon our ignorance. For we know there are no anomalies in nature, and we may be reasonably certain that the first link in the chain of evolution is very much like the other links; that, in the processes of nature, there are no sudden leaps.

And, further; any one who is up to date in astronomy may know, that, as the nebular theory is fast falling into discredit, it is quite possible there never was a time when life did not exist on this earth; and, therefore, there are no rational grounds for assuming a beginning of life. Life may be co-existent with matter, and matter is eternal. Our friends persistently speak of "the evolution of mind and will," apparently without knowing that they are begging the question.

Things, entities are evolved, the properties of things are not. Mind and will are properties of all the animal creation. They are only secondary products of evolution. They never define these terms, but speak of mind as though it had an independent, instead of a dependent, existence, without offering any proof. That mind and body are two independent entities is not only incapable of proof, but is inconceivable. Mind as used by them has no warrant for its existence.

Some of them speak of the "organization of forces," and of matter as though it were a mere appendage of force. This is another way of begging the question. Why is not the reverse proposition, that force is a property of matter, equally reasonable and tenable? But, without assuming this; Spencer has established the fact that all force is one; forces do not exist, there is only one force, as there is only one air and one universe. Be-

sides, forces do not organize; force has no organs, and the "organization of forces is a pure invention of the imagination."

But there is another line of argument which acts upon our friends by way of estoppel. Suppose we admit, for the sake of argument, that God forges the first link in the chain, and, in the words of the Duke of Argyle, "the magnificent and orderly procession was foreseen and prearranged." Then the old problem of the origin of evil comes up again with treble force.

Evolution, explained as a result of mechanical necessity or blind force, or as a result of the intelligence residing in the organism being evolved, charges blame upon no one. No omniscience is predicted, the end is not seen from the beginning, and whatever evil attends the process is unavoidable; and if, after ages of labor, the end is worse than the beginning, which is sometimes the case, there is no blame. But what can be said of, or for, the Being who foresaw, ordered and prearranged the plan, to relieve him of the responsibility for the evil as well as the good; for the failure as well as the success? Our friends are blinded by prejudice; they give the scheme of evolution the character it should have according to their assumption in regard to its author.

But what is its real character? What can be said in favor of a scheme in which death runs riot and misery holds a carnival, destruction stalks at midnight and pestilence at noonday; and famine flourishes in the morning and starvation holds the fort in the evening? It is a scheme in which there is not a gleam of justice, a spark of goodness, nor a glimmering of mercy; the weak are not protected, the good are not saved, the wicked are not punished, the way of success is unknown, the path of life is hid, the blind push the blind, and nearly all fall into the ditch. Every generation, from the nomad to man, and from the beginning until now, has been a deliberate experiment to ascertain which individual was the "fittest," and which would survive. If it were otherwise, if the guiding intelligence knew which form would survive, why, in the name of common sense—which is all the swear word I can use—did he create the other forms.

And if man, with his immortal soul, was the object in view, why were so many previous forms of life created to pass into oblivion before man came upon the stage? If this scheme is the result of infinite knowledge, what would a finite being have done who had the necessary power and no foreknowledge? Our friends would do well to answer these questions and satisfy an inquiring mind. There is not an honest reconciler who would not feel ashamed, even abased in the dust, to think of himself as knowing what the result would be and then deliberately planning such a scheme as evolution.

We speak of evolution as a plan or scheme, because we usually plan what we do; and, as we have attributed to the Supreme Being an intelligence like our own, we think of him as planning

his work. But there is no evidence of a plan—not the least. We may speak of the magnificent and orderly procession of the starry hosts of the heavens, without stultifying ourselves, misrepresenting the facts, or degrading Deity; but it is not so with evolution.

It may be admitted that there is an occasional oasis in the desert; a few bright spots amid the universal gloom, without impairing the argument or weakening its force; for it would be difficult to conceive a plan which would not result in good to some beings. Some species have survived, and with these the pleasure of life probably exceed the pain and misery; although Schopenhauer and Von Hartman make out a strong case to the contrary. But there is nothing worthy the name of compensation for the tedious cruelty, the long drawn out misery of the victims of "natural selection."

If evolution implies God, it implies just such a God as is indicated by the facts; and we must judge of the attributes of God by these facts, and not judge the facts by what we may suppose the attributes of God to be. It is almost impossible to imagine a plan by which the present inhabitants of the earth might have been brought into existence, which, from a moral standpoint, could have been worse; that is, slower, more tedious, more cruel, more reckless, more wasteful and as barren of good results. Even if the final result is to be a race of gods, who will exist forever in unalloyed bliss, the end will not justify the means. And will our friends charge the Almighty with being the originator of such a scheme? I dare not do it.

Then, evolution does not imply God. It does not imply intelligence, other than that which inheres in the organism being evolved, or in the substance becoming an organism. It has been urged by the reconcilers, that since progress is a necessary result of evolution, intelligence is implied, and therefore God. But now comes Prof. David Star Jordan, in the August "Arena," and tells us that the idea of progress being a necessary sequence of evolution "is a philosophic myth." Then in this, so-called, plan, with all its evil and waste, misery and death, we have no assurance that the end will be better than the beginning; that the last organism produced will be better than the first.

And then comes John Clark Ridpath, in the September number of that excellent magazine, and informs us that the evil is just as carefully evolved as the good, and that the whole subject is a knotty question. And certainly it is a knotty question for the reconciler, who would fain unite in one consistent whole, the superstitious faith, the ignorant guesses of the earlier ages of the world, and the discovered facts of modern science.

And finally comes Thomas Meehan, of Philadelphia, Pa., and reviews approvingly, in the New York Independent, an article in the Contemporary Review, London, Eng., by F. C. S. Schiller. Professor Schiller admits that the old arguments

for design are a failure; that the argument from adaptation fails because the adaptation is imperfect, and therefore does not indicate a perfect adapter; but he substitutes a "definite variation" for "the indefinite variation of Darwin," and then affirms that "variation on a definite line implies a purpose, and involves the pre-existence of intelligent direction."

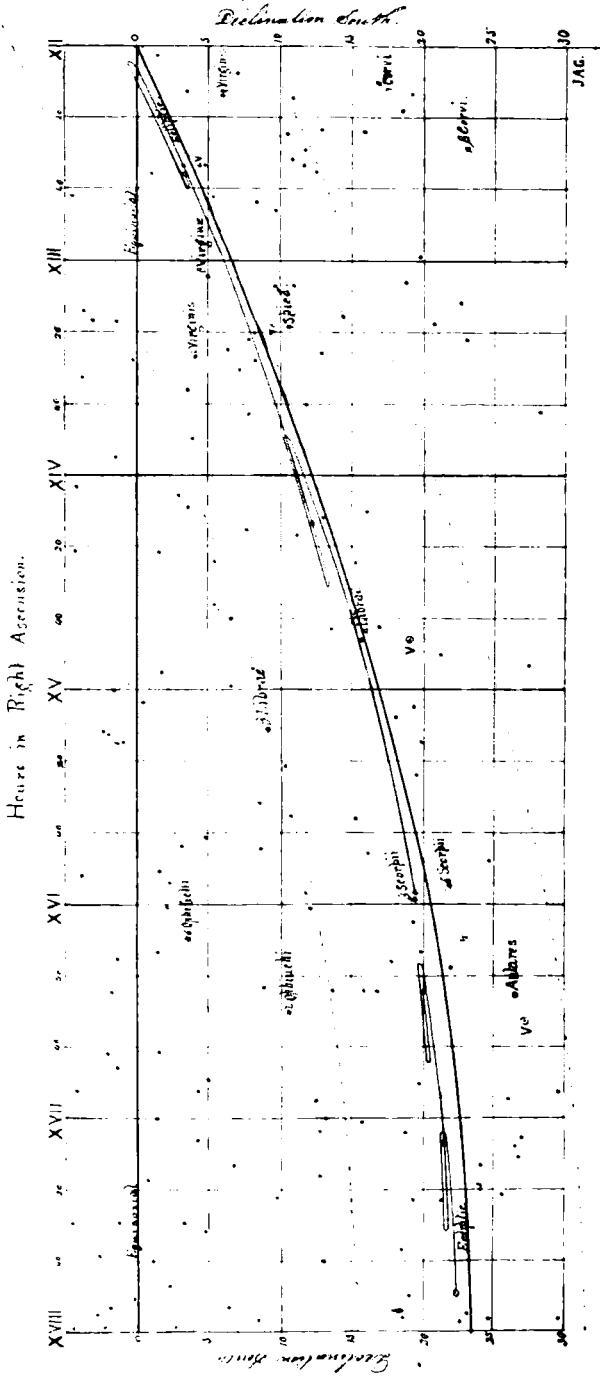
There are at least two serious objections to this view of the case. First, indefinite variation is one of the series of facts which constitutes evolution; while "definite variation" is only a supposition. And, second, if the variation was definite it would supersede the necessity of any variation. Every variation except the one predestined to survive, would be worse than useless. Of course "in such a plan the natural selection of Darwin would occupy a very inferior place."

Darwin, in a lifelong search, failed to find in nature a single case of altruism; that is, a single organ in one species made for the benefit of another. Upon what meat doth this scientist, or theologian feed that he can see in nature, "the small amount of selfishness" "overwhelmed" by "a vast amount of self-sacrifice." He finds this difficulty in evolution, without his amendment; "the Divine conscience would be burdened with the fiendish ingenuity with which the sphex-wasp stings into helplessness the caterpillar it has selected to be the living food for its young." Other people, not claiming any great erudition, have heretofore discovered this difficulty, even the writer hereof has stumbled onto it.

But, to call this "fiendish ingenuity" self-sacrifice, does not remove the difficulty; besides, it is an unjustifiable abuse of language. Who makes the sacrifice, and to whom is it made? Is it a sacrifice for the wasp to capture its prey, and thus provide food for its young, or for the caterpillar to suffer the death it cannot avoid? It reminds one of Artemas Ward's "patriotism" at the beginning of the war; he was so "patriotic" that he was willing for all his "wife's relatives" to enlist.

Our friends are coming our way, but why do they halt so long between two opinions? They can stand on the vessel's deck, or on the shore; but the only safe footing between is the gang plank. They must come forward or go back. Gentlemen, you have surrendered the infallible inspiration of the Bible, the Divinity of Christ, and the consolation of eternal fire; now forsake the philosophy, which is certainly false if these things be not true, and you will be free indeed.

Wichita, Kas.



APPARENT PATHS OF SATURN AND JUPITER FOR THE YEARS 1898 AND 1899.

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is caused by the passing of the earth between the sun and the planet. And as the only thing we have by which we can tell the planet is moving, is to watch its place among the stars which are so immeasurably distant that a parallax of them cannot be had; which shows them to us to be always in the same place in the heavenly vault with relation to each other. And as the earth flies through space two and a quarter times faster than Jupiter—that is, the earth goes eighteen miles in one second of time, and Jupiter goes eight miles in the same amount of time. It causes an appearance to us that the planet is retrograding, or going westward.

The above phenomena is common to all the planets having orbits farther from the sun, than is the orbit of the earth.

The proper motion of all the planets at all times, is from west to east among the stars. And if our earth were a flat, stationary body in the center of the universe, as many of us in our younger days were taught to believe, we would then see the planets passing around without the phenomena of retrogression. But our motion in space causes it to appear just as it does appear, and is one, among the many evidences, that we also are moving, although not sensibly conscious of it.

And now let us turn our attention to the planet Venus, and note its immense speed through the zodiac, by comparison with the speed of Jupiter or Saturn.

By examining the map, a black dot will be seen on the path of Jupiter, close to the zero that indicates his place for January 1st, 1898. This dot shows his apparent position on August 18th of the same year. Now, close below, is seen a small zero with a dot in the center, this is Venus at the same date. Jupiter and Venus are then said to be in conjunction; because they have the same right ascension. Following down close below the ecliptic, we find another small zero beside a V. This is the position of Venus ten days later, August 28th. The planet is now in conjunction with Spica. Following on down, we find another small zero beside a V. This is September 20th, and the planet is now in conjunction with Alpha Libræ. To the left and a little further down, we see the star Antares. Venus passes close under the star on the 18th of October. The planet will be exceedingly brilliant at this point, and will pass so close below the star that the rays of the two will blend. And, passing down, the planet Venus will come in conjunction with Saturn three days later, that is, October 21st.

These phenomena, in connection with Venus, will be very pleasing to watch, as they take place in the early evening, so that we will not have to stay out late to enjoy the sights.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES WORTH CONSIDERING.

EDITOR FREE THOUGHT MAGAZINE:—The archbishops and bishops of the Church of England, numbering 194, recently held a conference at Lambeth, the home of the archbishop of Canterbury, in which occurs this startling sentence: "A faith which is always, or often attended by a secret fear that we dare not inquire, lest inquiry should lead us to results inconsistent with what we believe, is already infected with a disease which may soon destroy it."

A pope's encyclical is a letter addressed to all his priesthood, and is to them of supreme authority. In the Church of England, which has no pope, this authority is vested in the two archbishops of Canterbury and York, and all the rest of the twenty odd bishops who sit in parliament as lords spiritual. Their annual encyclicals are addressed to the twenty thousand of the subordinate clergy who do all the drudgery of the clerical office among the people, while all the others enjoy the honors, glory, leisure and big pay attached to their life offices, respectively.

Of course, all the bishops and a large part of the clergy are educated men, and, therefore, must know a good deal about science, and of the silent and unintended effect it has had, during the last fifty years, in unsettling the foundation of the church's theology. The language above quoted from the encyclical of this year, is, I presume, from the ear-marks, that of the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, who, about the year 1860, was simply the Rev. Dr. Frederick Temple, chaplain-in-ordinary to the Queen, and head master of Rugby school. During that time the volume entitled "Essays and Reviews" was published in this country. It was made up of the discourses of distinguished clergymen of the Church of England, and entitled "Recent Enquiries in Theology." Dr. Temple's "The Education of the World" was the first of the series. It was written at Rugby, where the "odour of sanctity" is not so deadly in its influence on the spirit of inquiry as it is at Oxford, or Cambridge. I have read it frequently, and always with admiration of the author's clear headedness and courage, and with profit to myself. Like many others in this country, as well as in England, good men in the church are compelled by their circumstances, or what the evolutionists technically call their "environments," to serve two masters, the one they love and serve with all their hearts; and the other with their lips only.

The object of this note, Mr. Editor, is to call the attention of your readers to the exemplification of the innate and unconquerable force of truth. A truth, in its holy battle against falsehood and harm, may be overwhelmed by the armies of ignorance, and lie in the dust of defeat, and seeming death, as the ptolemaian

ideas of our solar system did for ages, but it can never die. If Tyndall and Huxley and Darwin were still living, and contemplating the tremendous effects of their scientific discoveries upon the sentiment called "religion," which has ruled the world so long with a rod of iron, the Archbishop of Canterbury and his educated clergy, would not throw a pebble stone at them, either in anger or contempt; and they, quoting from the Scriptures, in chapter and verse, a culinary figure of speech, would playfully observe that in science they were yet but "Ephraimites." "Ephraim," says the prophet, "is a cake not turned," and therefore is baked only on one side.

To justify my criticism, let me conclude by quoting a few sentences from Dr. Temple's essay, simply reminding the reader that he was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury many years after they were written:

"He is guilty of high treason against the faith who fears the result of any investigation, whether philosophical, or scientific, or historical. And, therefore, nothing should be more welcome than the extension of knowledge of any and every kind; for every increase in our accumulations of knowledge throws fresh light upon these, the real problems of the day. If geology proves to us that we must not interpret the first chapters of Genesis literally; if historical investigation shall show us that inspiration, however it may protect the doctrine, yet was not empowered to protect the narrative of the inspired writers from occasional inaccuracy; if careful criticism shall prove that there have been, occasionally, interpolations and forgeries in that book as in many others, the results should still be welcome. Even the mistakes of careful and reverent students are more valuable now than truth held in unthinking acquiescence."

These words are a fair sample of all the rest of the essay; and when we remember that they were written between thirty and forty years ago, it would be interesting indeed to know what Dr. Temple's opinions now are as to where the two scientific truths of the conservation of energy and evolution have left the Christian church.

But what a contrast there is between that class of stalwart and courageous thinkers among the English clergy, headed on the one hand by Dr. Temple, and on the other, Saint Peter's large nursery of babes in Christ, who still feed upon the sincere milk of the Word, that they may grow thereby, and to whose infantile minds the Church of England is bigger than the rest of the universe!

A. B. B.

Enon Valley, Pa., Oct. 7, 1897.

EVANGELIST MOODY RECEIVES THANKS FROM HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.

Hades, Nov. 10, 1897.

MY DEAR MR. MOODY:—You cannot know with what pleasure I recently read a newspaper report of one of your revival addresses in New York, in which you maintained the absolute truthfulness of the bible story concerning Jonah and the whale; saying, in substance, that if that story was a lie, then Christ was a liar and the bible a tissue of lies.

Mr. Moody, I am glad you said that; it does my weary old soul good, for what with the new-fangled ideas put forth by



D. B. STEDMAN.

modern Bible revisers and critics, not only casting slights upon me, but undermining those good old doctrines of total depravity and eternal damnation, on which you and I are so dependent—constituting, in fact, our stock in trade—life has of late been getting to be a burden to me. I have felt that I was growing decrepit and useless, and that, perhaps, my days would soon be numbered. Now, thanks to you, I feel that I have something yet to live for; for the doctrines which you are preaching bring me my best recruits. For every little third-rate soul which you succeed in coaxing or frightening into the fold of saints by such preaching, I am quite sure of getting possession of twice as

many first-class ones, besides all the backsliders from your ranks—which is no inconsiderable number, as you well know.

Alas! it has come to pass nowadays that intelligent people will persist in believing that two and two make four and no more, and that two wrongs cannot make a right irrespective of what the bible may say upon the subject; and they have imbibed the notion that somehow that story of a miraculous event, told by nobody knows whom, or when, and with no valid evidence to substantiate it, is no more worthy of belief because it is said to have occurred a long time ago, than if alleged to have happened yesterday. And so that little yarn about Jonah, though vouched for by high authority, has been “nuts” for me, and has brought me in many a fine, lusty heretic.

Between you and me, Mr. Moody, it is unaccountable that so many persons nowadays are unwilling to believe all the marvelous tales that their ancestors used to swallow without a wince, raising the absurd objection that statements of fact, to win credence, should be consistent with one another, and with what they are pleased to term the laws of nature; as if it were not easier to believe that a "holy man of God," or a professional miracle worker, should stop a planet in its course, or bring a dead person back to life, than that a story teller should repeat a current tale or draw on his imagination for his facts!

But these moderns have become so wise and critical! Why, some even profess to doubt the stories of that conscientious writer, Baron Munchausen, although nobody has brought forward a particle of evidence against him. But then, perhaps, the Baron was a little injudicious in locating the scenes of his exploits amid modern surroundings. Prodigies and supernatural occurrences become so much truer—or, at least, so much easier of belief—when located back in the early ages; as, no doubt, you have noticed.

But, as to that Jonah story, Brother Moody, it is really too silly a yarn for even an old-time setting; and I almost wonder that you are willing to stake so high on it. Suppose a similar story were to come out in these days. Suppose you had sent your boy to South Vernon on an errand, and that he were gone three days; and when he returned, and you questioned him as to why he was absent so long, he had told you some such fish story as that of Jonah; how some boys threw him into the Connecticut river, and a big fish swallowed him and toted him about in his belly for three days, and at length vomited him out safe and sound on the west bank of the river, and he had gone on and done his errand; and if you didn't believe it, here was the article that he was sent for; and besides, here was a hole torn in his pantaloons by the fish's teeth. Now, Mr. Moody, what answer would you have made to the little fellow, with his innocent face, looking up into yours? Would you fold him to your arms and kiss him, and pat him on the head, and tell him that you were sorry you had not named him George Washington? Or, would you invite him to step out to the horse barn and remove his jacket, when you would proceed to verify his alleged interview with the big fish by the aid of a rawhide?

But, in Jonah's case, it does not appear that he told the story; only that some one told it of him. However, it is not known whether this somebody—whoever he was—told the story for a fact, or merely to amuse his grandchildren. And, of course, I'm not going to tell.

But, pardon me, Brother Moody. You make the important point that Jesus vouched for the truth of the story; saying that, "As Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the

heart of the earth"—or, as it is generally understood, in my dominions. Now, Mr. Moody, Jesus either did say that or he did not. If he did not say it, then your inspired writer, Matthew, tells that which isn't true, and your whale story loses its principal backer; or, on the other hand, if Jesus did say it, he prophesied falsely; for, according to all the evangelistic writers, he did not spend three days and three nights in the heart of the earth, but only one day and two nights—from Friday evening till Sunday morning. Which horn of this dilemma will you choose?

But then, Friend Moody, you are not obliged to choose either. You can go right along just the same as you have been doing; ignoring this little discrepancy and the hundreds of others that the bible contains. The fact is, the less you say about them the better for you and your cause. But keep on claiming inspiration for the bible writers—for it is true! I know it, for I had a hand in it myself! Every page bears the tokens of my handiwork. But, of course, you don't detect it and never will. That little matter of making Jesus endorse the Jonah story was an idea of my own. But that wasn't the only time I caught him napping. Oh, no! One of the best "gags" that I or my assistants ever did put up on him, perhaps (better, even than when I led him up on to the mountain and made him think that I was showing him the whole world!) was in that affair of the demons entering into the herd of swine. Matthew doesn't do the incident justice. He doesn't tell it as it actually happened; for, besides getting the locality wrong, he says there were two men possessed of devils in the scrape. One trouble with Matthew probably was, that he didn't see in the affair any fulfillment of prophesy, for—as I once overheard him confidentially remark to Peter, "Matthew was h—ll on prophecy!" Besides, as I happen to know, he had that day been experimenting in turning water into wine, as he had seen Jesus do; and so successfully that he had inadvertently imbibed a little more than was good for him; and this explains how it was that he thought he saw two men where, in fact, there was only one. Mark and Luke have made better work telling the story, as they both jotted the incidents down in their notebooks at the time, and their accounts are pretty nearly according to the facts; though, as usual, they failed to see the humor of the incident, or they never would have related it at all. That was where John was wise, for he doesn't mention the affair. He knew better.

Those imps were cute, though! You recollect how quick they were to recognize Jesus, and how sportively they joined in the conversation. Your alleged Divinity, it seems, didn't know that the man had more than one demon in him; and when he inquired his name, the little imps mocked him by answering, "My name is Legion, for we are many!" However, they soon palavered him over by pretending to worship him, and so got

permission to enter the herd of swine, he, of course, not dreaming that any harm would come to the swine, or to the owner of them. Now, you see, there being only about two thousand hogs, while the demons numbered at least twice as many (a pretty large number, to be sure, to lodge inside of one man, but if you doubt it, consult your dictionary as to the meaning of the word legion!) each hog had to accommodate two or more of the imps; who had no sooner got possession than they ran the distracted porkers pell-mell down the bluff into the lake, where they were all drowned—that is, the innocent hogs were, but your bible don't tell you that the demons, who caused the mischief, were drowned, does it? Oh, no! Of course they weren't drowned, for the only water that devils fear is holy water, and it is difficult for some people to understand why the swine drowned, for everybody knows that hogs can swim. As a matter of fact, the demons drowned the swine, deliberately, holding their noses under the water until they had kicked their last kick; knowing that the blame would be laid on your worthy Lord and Master, who, if he had been able to foresee the outcome of the affair, wouldn't have given my little jokers an opportunity to drown the harmless creatures, and cause such a large loss to the owner. And what kind of a story do you think the little imps circulated around to account for the drowning of the swine? They laid it on to the swineherds, who, they said, had seized the opportunity to pay off a grudge against their master, the owner of the herd, and incidentally to stock up their larders for the winter with deviled ham!

Altogether, it was quite a laughable affair—except for the owner of the swine and the young Nazarene. But the strangest thing about it all was that Jesus never offered to make the owner's loss good!

Well, my dear Moody, here's to your health! May you live long to continue the good work of disgusting intelligent people with your narrow, antiquated ideas and doctrines, while I reap the benefit. The class of people that you win over wouldn't be of any great value to me, if I had them. Allow me to express the hope that we may meet later on, when I may have an opportunity to reward you for your many unintentional favors.

Thankfully yours,

SATAN.

THE FOLLY OF ANXIETY.

BY PROF. DANIEL T. AMES.

FROM a late discourse by the Rev. C. Armand Miller, published in the New York Journal, I quote the following: "1. The Folly of Anxiety. It does not reason. It does not see that God's provision for the little things proves His care for greater things. God feeds birds! Will He let His human children, who look to Him, go hungry? God clothes the grass and flowers, and clothes them with inimitable beauty! Will He not clothe men, who trust Him to provide for them? A human being would certainly never care minutely for his poultry yard, and his grass plots and flower beds, and let his own children go hungry and ragged. Care for the least things assures care for the greater. It is foolishness to doubt that God will provide for His own."

Let us reflect a moment upon this statement and its conclusion. Is not anxiety for the future the natural, logical, and necessary condition of human existence? Indeed, without anxious thought and incessant contriving, especially in the temperate and frigid portions of the earth, would not all human existence at once end?

God's providence can only be manifest through the inexorable operation of unchanging, natural principles; and is not human life subject to those principles, some of which are baneful, others favorable to its existence? To avoid the one and avail himself of the other, is the anxious and necessary struggle of man, and to the degree that he succeeds, is his life a success.

"God feeds the birds." Does He? Or has He not rather made them capable of feeding themselves, subject to the principles of bird life, one of which is that the bird must constantly catch and eat worms and bugs, or starve? And why should not worm and bug life be as precious to its Creator as that of the sparrow, which itself survives only, perchance, to serve as a dinner for a hawk? Does a kind and loving God thus personally sacrifice the life of a multitude that one may survive? And has not man, from the beginning, like the bird and beast, been compelled to hunt and struggle, not only for his food, raiment and shelter, but to defend his life? And, when he has failed, has he not, like the others, suffered and perished—saint and sinner, Christian and pagan alike?

"God clothes the grass and the flowers," etc. First, where is the analogy between grass and flowers and man? Do grass and flowers require to provide food, clothes, build and defend homes, like men? Second, does not grass grow subject to natural laws of vegetable life, as does all animated beings according to the laws of animal life? Could even a God cause life of any kind to

exist and thrive in opposition to natural principles? For instance, in perpetually burning sand, or in fields of perpetual ice, or, in short, without the light and heat of the sun?

This idea of a personal God, who constantly supervises the details of life and things in the universe, has no place in the scientific knowledge and teachings of this part of the nineteenth century. It is a stultification of our textbooks and schools; it befogs the minds of the young, and perplexes the aged. It is only the emanations of primeval myths, perpetuated in a well-nigh extinct antique theology, echoed from that guardian of myths, the pulpit.

Why longer harass the intelligence of this age of enlightenment with such exploded nonsense? Teach, rather, the well-known and incontrovertible fact that man entered upon his human career as a downright savage, hungry, naked, shelterless and defenseless, and that he has secured food, clothing, shelter and arms, and progressed to civilization and enlightenment precisely as he has discovered and utilized the laws and forces of nature. Indeed, his present wisdom has been happily characterized as "the child of the accumulated knowledge of the ages."

New York City.

LETTERS, AND EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Haydn Brown, West Newbury, Mass.:

"I ought to add a word in praise of the Magazine. I like it. It is clean, able, and all that one can desire. I have but a single child living. If I had a dozen girls or boys, I would place it in their hands, and say to them, read it carefully, and judge for yourselves—live up to its teachings, and you will get through this world all right, and I will risk you for the next, if there be a next." [Such words as the above from so good a man as Mr. Brown is—such a friend to Free Thought—are very encouraging to us, and stimulate us to new endeavor.—Ed.]

Dr. S. W. Wetmore, Buffalo, N. Y.:

"'The Thanatoikiad,' by Dr. Zaring, in the October Magazine, is a profound, logical, enjoyable, scholarly and edifying production, every liberal reader must acknowledge. It is worthy to be put into book form. The rhetoric, rhyme, measure and musical jingle reminds me more of Pope, and Homer's Iliad than anything I have recently read. The author evinces a fine literary ability, and he has a remarkable power of declaration. He should be encouraged in his poetical fancies, for I think him superior to many quite noted Liberal authors of to-day."

Joseph Haigh, Chebanse, Ill. :

"I wish to congratulate you on the very choice matter contained in the October Magazine. The poetical article by Philip A. Zaring, M. D., eighty-seven pages, entitled "The Way to Heaven, From Heaven to Hell, The Warfare of Life," is a splendid production. I am an old man, and cannot read very much now, but I am so well pleased with that article that I have read it from beginning to end. The writer has a master mind, and a mine of knowledge. His memory of ancient and modern writers, and their sentiments, is wonderful, and his morality and honesty unquestionable. His portrait is that of a refined gentleman. His article might be copyrighted and bring him a fortune. It thoroughly undermines the Christian superstition. Every subscriber of the Magazine should preserve it and get his or her Christian friends to read it."

"Boy in Blue," Hydetown, Pa. :

"Brother Jack Kazad, in his review of Rev. Talmage, in the September number, quotes from Job: 'And the sinews of his jaws are wrapped together,' which explains (as Henry Watter-son, of the Louisville Courier-Journal would say) 'why we are assailed with a jawbone,' by this modern Samson of theology.

"For many years I read the sermons of Rev. Talmage, and the more I read them, the more I became convinced that he is an enthusiast in every sense of the word, whose heated and inflamed theological views are clothed in that which is visionary and fanatical. And often, when gorged with his pathetic pomace, I have exclaimed, in the sentiments of Wordsworth:

"O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice."

"I have often wondered if the English language was rich enough in words, and, if so, could one be found who had the gift and courage to so construe or arrange those words as to give this theological zealot a thorough ventilation? When, into the arena gracefully, steps brother 'Jack,' who did his mission well.

"Dr. Wetmore, with soldier-like promptness and energy, handles Rev. Drew with 'ball cartridge;' and with ranks 'closed in double columns,' he places the reverend gentleman hors de combat in that space of time which an ordinary general would require to advance a skirmish line. While Brother Wetmore's treatment may not be strictly in harmony with that of *materia medica*, his diagnosis of Rev. Drew's case is correct, and his prescriptions are in keeping with the disease. But, alas! 'Who can minister to a mind diseased?'

"Have you finished reading 'Dr. Zaring's short (?) poetical epistle yet?' is the manner in which your several readers in this place greeted each other last week; and many compliments are spoken over the doctor's worthy production."

Guilford White, Eastondale, Mass. :

"The poem, 'Thanatoikiad,' in the October Free Thought Magazine, should be read carefully to be fully appreciated. I have read it with much interest and satisfaction several times, to some of my friends. I think it can justly be classed with 'Don Juan.' In some respects it is much like 'Pope's Essay on Man.' It is well worth a year's subscription to the Magazine." ["The Thanatoikiad" poem will be put into book form so soon as we are satisfied that it will pay the expense of publication.—Ed.]

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, New York City:

"I have read, with much interest, the poem in the October Magazine, and was glad to see that the blind, the halt, the pauper and the criminal, were all happy basking around the great white throne in the loving kindness of the good Father, and that the educated, fortunate classes had made for themselves a school for improvement in another part of the eternal universe—all alike in most desirable permanent environments. The tone of the whole poem is high and chaste, except lines from one to twenty, on page 533. If I were speaking of the parents of Buddha, Confucius or Mahomet, I should say father and not 'Dad.' It was a pity to mar what was otherwise so well written."

Susan H. Wixon, Fall River, Mass:

"I have read 'The Thanatoikiad' through from beginning to end. It is well written, in a clear, masterly style, and the author shows much ability, wit and acumen. I should say it is worthy to be published in book form. It ought to be, for it is a most ingenious work, and reflects credit and skill upon the author."

Edmund Montgomery, M. D., Hempstead, Maryland:

"I hope you are satisfied in every respect with your change of headquarters from Buffalo to the great western metropolis. You have carried on these many years, and are still carrying on, a valiant warfare in the great cause of Free Thought, in the cause of unhampered freedom in the search after truth; but truth, which is the correct correspondence of human thought to the realities of existence, is being more and more fully attained by means of scientific verification. There can be no doubt, the scientific view of our relation to fellow beings, and to the world at large, is steadily becoming the universally accepted form for the practical guidance of human conduct, whatever superstitions may otherwise theoretically survive.

Of course, the assumption of sundry such surviving superstitions to dominate life, as of old, has not yet been wholly quashed, and has, therefore, to be met by constant opposition. Nor has scientific enlightenment sufficiently penetrated the consciousness of those who have not had the advantage of a systematic scien-

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THIS MAGAZINE—VOLUME XVI.

WITH the next number of this Magazine we commence Volume XVI. We feel sure that our readers who have been with us from the first volume to the present time will fully endorse what we say when we affirm that each volume, from the beginning, has been an improvement on all the former volumes, and we propose to continue in the same way. We intend that Volume XVI shall be much the best volume we have ever published.

This Magazine, as is well known, has never been a financial success. For fifteen years we have constantly been struggling to keep it in existence. No one but our good wife knows what a constant struggle that has been. We have had to practice the strictest economy in everything, and deny ourselves nearly all the luxuries of life and many of the necessities. The Magazine, during all this time, has been, to a great extent, dependent for its existence on the continued contributions of money by a few liberal persons. For the last year it has done better than ever before, and our subscription list is now longer than at the close of any previous year; still, we regret to say, the Magazine is not yet self-supporting.

The encouraging thing about the Magazine is that all who subscribe for it, and read it, estimate it very highly. We seldom issue a number but we receive numerous letters, from our most intelligent readers, extolling it very highly, and declaring that the one number is worth a year's subscription. If that be true, it will readily be seen that what is necessary to make the Magazine a great success is to enlarge its circulation—give it more readers. But to accomplish that purpose we must have the united effort of each and all of its friends. Every one of our present subscribers must appoint himself or herself a special agent to increase the circulation of the Magazine in their town and vicinity. If each will do a little a great amount will be done. The price

of the Magazine is only \$1 a year, as cheap as it can be afforded, and we send it to clubs of five for 75 cents.

Now, we most earnestly request that each one of our subscribers make a special effort to increase the circulation of the Magazine. Reader, we mean you! Do not put the work off, thinking some one else will attend to it, but go to work at once, and send us the result of your labors. Now is the time to commence.

THE TENDENCY TO UNIFORMITY.

THINKING in herds means a minimum of thought and a maximum of automatism in the intellectual processes—a condition most unfavorable to that individuality which is essential to spontaneity, mental flexibility, originality and independence, and the decline of which is always marked by a tendency to uniformity; its growth, as Humboldt says, “by human development in its richest diversity.”

There seems to be some danger from existing tendencies to weaken the spirit of individuality. The accumulation of capital and the formation of great companies with which small concerns find it hard to compete, and which are continually crushing out the smaller industries, tend to uniformity in all the methods of production and in the distributive branches of trade. In the manufacturing establishments where the work is specialized and labor is reduced to a mere routine, there is nothing, as has been often pointed out, to exercise the ingenuity or to develop the artistic taste of the mass of workmen—nothing to dignify labor.

The great department stores have armies of employes, men, women and children, all working under a system which divides the labor and requires a monotonous performance of duties day after day. How different in its effects upon the employes is this work from that of the small shop where the proprietor, with two or three clerks, conducts the entire business!

There is a strong tendency in the present educational system to stifle individuality and to discourage originality of thought. The usual examinations put a premium upon one type of education and discourage diversity, independence and spontaneity. Boys in the same grade compete in the same studies, and are made as far as possible uniform in their interest in subjects, in their tastes, in their methods, in their ambitions. What may

be congenial to the students is not considered. Adherence to the routine of subjects is enforced. This uniformity of school education, however great its advantages, must tend to uniformity in the minds of each generation.

There is a constant and strong tendency to uniformity in social and in political life. Fashion, custom, conventional rules, and constantly increasing laws and regulations, all tend to uniformity. In China these influences in operation through centuries, have prevented spontaneity and differentiation, and produced uniformity to such an extent that the people, for the most part, not only think alike, but speak alike, act alike and look alike. The tyranny of public opinion everywhere is opposed to spontaneity and originality of thought and independence of action.

The danger of getting into ruts of thought and becoming slaves of uniformity is an ever-present one. Most minds easily get into that state of mental rigidity which makes the assimilation of new thought impossible. Such a condition causes people to cling to old ideas and old methods against their own interests, because they cannot change. As Emerson observes, "Ceasing from fixed ideas is a great part of civilization;" for change is essential to advancement, without which higher conditions cannot be reached. It was such a change as this which gave an impulse to civilization when in Greece the uniformity and monotony of ages were broken up by inquiry and discussion, and when began a career of national greatness which made that country the brightest spot on earth.

A nation that becomes enchained in custom, precedent, fixed institutions, in uniformity of thought, determined and maintained by authority, is unmodifiable, immobile, and necessarily unprogressive. That flexibility which admits of change, of new ideas and methods, of readjustment to new conditions, combined with stability enough to insure social order and the preservation of whatever is good in the old order and whatever is assimilable in the new conceptions and methods, is a necessary condition of progress.

What is true of a nation is true in this respect of the individual units which compose the nation. The mind that lacks stability and changes abruptly and frequently from one view, or church, or party, to another, does not grow, does not advance. On the

other hand, one who is in such a state of fixity that he cannot discard an erroneous belief, cannot show intellectual hospitality to a new thought and is intolerant of all dissent from his ideas, gets into ruts and keeps in them till he dies. The old channels of thought become so deep that the currents of mental force travel in them with the least possible effort on the part of the individual, and the formation of new channels is impossible. Thus the mind is restricted in its range, and by its rigidity loses the power to stop thinking along old lines or to explore fields which are new to it.

Intellectual progress requires the conditions of growth—stability and continuity—the centripetal force of the mind, and flexibility and variability, the centrifugal mental force. When conditions tend to preserve the former and to arrest the latter, individuality is threatened and spontaneity and originality are in danger of gradually giving way to uniformity of thought and action through conformity to “establish” ideas and institutions, customs and methods. This means “intellectual peace at the price of intellectual death,” to quote an expression from Tyndall.

The man who preserves his own individuality, who does his own thinking, and acts according to his own convictions, without much regard for mere etiquette and conventionalities exerts a wholesome influence against the tendency to uniformity and against that despotism which Wendell Phillips used to say “steals like a mist over a nation.” That “eccentricity” which results from force of character, strength of convictions, and devotion to principle is, contrary to the general opinion and practice, far more worthy of encouragement than that spirit of conformity which has the approval everywhere of respectable mediocrity and conservatism. Deviations from that ideal course which would be possible under ideal social conditions are unavoidable, but no one need be a passive slave to fashion, custom and public opinion, if he prefers personal independence and self respect to the approval of those who have pre-eminently neither of these virtues. Societies are formed these days for almost every conceivable object. Societies for the prevention of uniformity, or for the encouragement of individuality might serve a useful purpose in counteracting some of these tendencies, which are against originality of thought and strength and independence of character. Doubtless some would wish to join such societies from vanity,

from desire to attract attention by singularity, from naturally erratic or unbalanced mental conditions, from devotion to some extremely unpopular and possibly unreasonable idea or movement; but the separation of non-conformists, who are such from strength of character and from principle, from mere weaklings and cranks would result inevitably from such mental and moral disparities as keep them apart now.

B. F. U.

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER'S portrait appears as the frontispiece of this number of the Magazine. We know of no other woman in the Free Thought ranks better known to Liberals in this country than the subject of this sketch, and no other woman who has more devoted personal friends and admirers than has "Aunt Elmina," as she is called. She is a radical of the radicals, and holds to and advocates some views that we cannot endorse; but, nevertheless, she is evidently so sincere and honest, and is at heart such a friend of humanity that she commands our respect and esteem, for we know she advocates no opinions but what she religiously believes to be true and beneficial to her race. Her errors are of the head and not of the heart.

Mrs. Slenker was born December 23, 1827, at La Grange, Dutchess county, N. Y. Her father was a Quaker preacher, named Thomas Drake, a good, honest, worthy man. His preaching was confined to the mild, loving, peaceable doctrines of his denomination, but he preached the truth as well; and, finally, preaching more truth than his people could stand, they expelled him from the ministry. But they could not thus silence the faithful utterances of the Freethinking Quaker. He converted his house straightway into a sort of Liberal sanctuary—a home for every work of a reformatory and philanthropic character. The then proscribed lecturers on abolition and temperance, the Grahamites, and all the laborers for human good, here found a welcome and a free pulpit for their thoughts. It was thus that Elmina in her girlhood was made acquainted with Garrison and Wright and Pillsbury, with Abby Kelly Foster, Ernestine L. Rose, and other such noble natures and notables of that day. She was thus brought up in a sort of Liberal lyceum, surrounded

by an atmosphere of argument and advanced thought. Her mother had been a school teacher. She was refined, cultivated, and withal was gifted with that strong good sense which peculiarly fitted her for rearing a family in a back country place upon the limited means furnished by the small farm.

We can best present some of the characteristics of "Aunt Elmina," and her life sketch, by quoting the following from a letter written by a friend of hers who visited her a few years ago:

She is of medium size, her hair short, her form erect; earnest and quick, and graceful in all her household ways.

Pictures generally flatter; not so with that of Elmina; hers does not do her justice. Her face is so kindly in its expression, her countenance so beaming with generosity, her utterances so frank upon all subjects about which she converses, that one instinctively feels that she is good, true and fair.

Her home is humble, perched up in the mountains, over two thousand feet above the level of the sea, is made inviting by her diligent hands, fragrant by her love for flowers.

She is maid of all work; nothing is neglected in her house or garden, while she is a stand-by to the sick and afflicted.

Simple in all her ways, exceedingly temperate in dress, food and drink, writing her beautiful articles at odd moments which most of women throw away, she is a woman of whom any cause may justly feel glad and proud.

I was much interested in studying the attitude of the good people of the little community toward this infidel woman. It was cordial and neighborly, with a perfect feeling of good companionship. At almost every hour of the day some one came in for a social call or for a neighborly act of kindness.

Being myself a great lover of children, I was amused and gratified at my friend's dealings with the little berry children who came with their baskets of mountain berries.

"Miss Slenker, will you buy my berries?"

"I have a plenty; do not desire to put up any more, and in my garden I have enough for present use."

"Miss Slenker, I wish to get an order on the store for a new calico dress, a pair of Sunday shoes, or a half pound of tea. If you do not buy my berries I will have to take them home, and I have walked five miles."

So "Miss Slenker" buys the berries, and the dear little one then would hasten down the mountain's side to the store for the coveted articles.

For the last thirty years Mrs. Slenker has been a contributor to nearly all the Liberal and reform publications in this country and her admiring readers may be numbered by thousands. She

has also written a number of bright and interesting books, among which are "The Infidel School Teacher," "The Handsomest Woman," "John's Way," and "Studying the Bible."

As "Aunt Elmina" is a special friend of children, for the last five years she has edited a small magazine, entitled "The Little Freethinker." Some months ago the publisher, Mr. Graves, died, and the good woman was much grieved at the thought that her little publication must be discontinued. But she has recently made arrangements with H. G. Green, the son of the editor of this magazine, to publish it, and the first number of the new series has made its appearance. The title page appears as the first page of our advertising department, and the reader's attention is called to it. As the subscription price is only 25 cents a year, every Liberal in this country should subscribe for it. So soon as its financial prospects will admit it will be enlarged. "Aunt Elmina deserves the hearty co-operation in her good work of every friend of Humanity.

ALL SORTS.

—Our Dumb Animals is one of the best publications in this country, and we are pleased to learn it has a very large circulation.

—Colonel Ingersoll's "Thanksgiving sermon" delivered in Chicago November 25th, is one of the ablest and best lectures he ever delivered. It is for sale at this office. Price, 25 cents.

—George Jacob Holyoake has furnished us a very able, instructive and interesting article entitled "Last Work of James William Newman," which will appear as the first and leading article of the January Magazine.

—Send 5 cents for a copy of the Sunday Forum, of Middletown, N. Y., and read "Our Saturday Night Sermon," by "H. W. C.," and you will realize tenfold on the money invested. The effect will be, you will subscribe for that journal.

—It would seem by the revelation of the New York World of November 7th that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a poor man to get a seat in one of the fashionable churches of New York.

—Mattie P. Krekel, the well-known and popular Free Thought lecturer, is prepared to fill engagements. Her present address is 3118½ Oak street, Kansas City. Mrs. Krekel is one of our most competent lecturers and should be constantly employed.

—Parson Johnson—I wuz pleased to see yo' at chu'ch, Abe, but I am pained to see yo' comin' out ob a saloon to-day.

Abe Hardcase (apologetically)—Wal, pahson, I'll tell yo' how dat am—I had two lead dimes passed on me in a crap game, and I didn't want to stick de chu'ch on bofe o' dem.—Puck.

—We are glad to notice that our New York Free Thought contemporary quotes "Gems of Thought" from the Free Thought Magazine. This Magazine is full of "Gems of Thought" each month, and we are pleased to have them circulated even if we get no credit for the same.

—It is very important that Free-thinkers present the very best reasons for "the faith that is in them," but more important that they live, day by day, such honest, truthful, virtuous lives that all the world may perceive the difference in favor of Freethinkers as against Christians. The tree is judged by its fruits.

—Prof. J. A. Greenhill, whose communications add very much to the value of this Magazine, writes in a private letter: "Allow me to compliment you on putting out such a nice Magazine for November. To me it is worth a whole year's subscription. I hope others as highly appreciate it as I do. I wish you every kind of success in your work."

—John Prescott Guild's address on the "Life, Death and Lesson of Giordano Bruno," given before the Lowell (Mass.) Liberal Association, appears in full in the Boston Investigator of November 6th. November 28th he lectured on the "History and Mission of Music," at Paine Hall, Boston. Any society wanting to engage him for these or other lectures should write to him at 30 Elliot street, Lowell, Mass.

—John E. Remsburg, we learn, just as we go to press, has been elected president of the American Secular Union. Mr. Remsburg is well known to the Liberal public as a man of character and ability, who has for many years ably and persistently advocated the principles of Free

Thought on the platform and by his pen. No better selection could have been made.

—Prof. Greenhill's problem, stated on page 611, of the October Magazine, has been correctly solved by nine individuals. The correct answer is as follows: "B" will overtake "A" at 2 o'clock and 35 seconds p.m.; the distance run will be 60 miles and 880 feet. "C" should start at 47 minutes and 58 seconds p.m.; "D" should commence running at 59 minutes and 55 seconds p.m.

—In the November Magazine we stated that "most of the Free Thought journals are taking high moral ground on every important question." That statement seems to have excited the ire of the funny young man connected with one of our esteemed contemporaries, and therefore we hasten to assure him that we did not refer to the journal he is connected with, nevertheless we are glad to say that journal is improving.

—George Jacob Holyoake, we expect, will be one of our editorial contributors for volume XVI. Mr. Holyoake is the most distinguished Free-thinker in England, and his name in that country stands where Col. Ingersoll's does here, at the head of the list of advanced thinkers. We are sure our readers will be pleased to learn he is to be connected with this Magazine as editorial contributor.

—Mrs. Eliza Mowry Bliven, of Brooklyn, Conn., is most earnestly engaged in Free Thought organization. This Magazine, for lack of space, cannot publish her valuable communications, but they nearly all appear in *The Torch of Reason*, published at Silverton, Ore. The price of that paper is a dollar a year and Mrs. Bliven's arti-

cles are fully worth that sum. Mrs. Bliven ought to be encouraged and sustained in her good work.

—"The Thanatoikiad," the very long poem that we published in the October Magazine, is prized very highly by many of our readers, and they would like to see it put into book form. If thirty of our friends will each agree to take five copies at 20 cents a copy, we will publish the poem in book form. The regular price will be 25 cents a copy. Those who will agree to this will please send us their names and post office addresses at once.

—Geo. T. Angel, editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, answers the question, "What is the Object of the Bands of Mercy?" as follows: "To teach and lead every child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier." In our opinion that is a better creed, and contains more genuine religion than is to be found in any Christian church creed in the world.

—The lesson was from the Prodigal Son, and the teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother. "But amid all the rejoicing," he said, "there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy, to whom the prodigal's return gave no pleasure, but only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast being held, and who had no wish to attend it. Now, can any of you tell me who this was?" There was a breathless silence, and then, "Please, sir, it was the fatted calf."—*Aberdeen Journal*.

—Down in Kentucky, where all sorts of odd things happen, a Methodist preacher who held some theologi-

cal views at variance with those of his congregation, was aroused at midnight and escorted out of town by three of his flock armed with shot-guns. This method of adjusting doctrinal differences is somewhat drastic, but it has its advantages. It saves the scandal and annoyance of church trials, for one thing, and it conduces to liberality upon the part of the pastor. For he would be an inflexible dogmatist, indeed, who would attempt to enforce his views upon a congregation given to the shotgun as a controversial weapon. The Kentucky Methodists may prove to be the pioneers in a new scheme of church unity.—*Chicago Chronicle*.

—Samuel P. Putnam's will was brought into the probate court yesterday. Mr. Putnam was a noted Free-thinker and was found dead in a room in Boston last June. * * * The law of Illinois requires that a testament shall be witnessed by two persons, on this account there is some question about admitting this will to probate, as there is but one witness. The will provides that all of the property of the decedent shall go to Caroline E. Putnam, a sister. The estate is located in Chicago and California and is said to be valued at \$10,000.—*Chicago Chronicle* of October 31st, 1897.

—From my standpoint—that of a woman—says Mary A. Livermore, no phase of the evils of intemperance for which the liquor traffic is responsible is so appalling and destructive as that which it works in the family. What does a man suffer who is muddled throughout his worthless life with strong drink? He does not realize what loss of manhood is his, what extinction of hope and lofty ambition, nor how he has descended into the depths of animalism. It is his wife or his mother who is the sufferer, who is weighted with shame and sorrow on his account, who feels the disgrace

entailed on herself and her children, who lives in hourly fear of violence from him, and sees poverty stalking in at the door like an armed man. "The lingering lifelong struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands or sons," said Dr. Holland years ago, "are enough to rouse all women to curse strong drink and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere, as the worst enemy of their sex."

—New York, Oct. 24.—Rev. Madison C. Peters, pastor of the Bloomingdale Reformed Church, from his pulpit to-day pitched into Sunday bicyclists. He represented them as one of the most active agencies in the depletion of church congregations, and declared that the character and beauty and glory of the Sabbath were fast passing away. He condemned particularly those who lie abed Sundays and read the papers and those who spend their Sundays awheel.

Oh, for the "good old times," when people enjoyed the "Sabbath" by hearing the preacher proclaim that satisfying doctrine that there were infants in hell not a span long and nineteen-twentieths of all who die were elected to burn in hell eternally. Preaching paid better in those good old times.

—"Theology—Its Origin, Career and Destiny," by Daniel K. Tenney, has been put into a beautiful twenty-four page pamphlet and is for sale at this office. Price, 10 cents a number: twelve copies for \$1. In our opinion this book is admirably adapted for missionary purposes. It ought to have a very large circulation, for it will set any person to thinking who reads it, and thinking is what makes Freethinkers. Reader, if you can't do anything more, order a copy for each of the orthodox clergymen of your town. If you so desire, send us the names and post office address of

these preachers and we will mail it direct to them. The clergy, generally, are now on the road to Free Thought, and we must help them along all we can.

—Learning wisdom from the pages of history, wherein it is related that the body of Millionaire A. T. Stewart was stolen from the grave and held for ransom, together with the frustrated attempt of ghouls to secure possession of the body of the martyr President, Lincoln, the family of George M. Pullman decided to protect his remains, and all last night while the world slept men were engaged in the work of encasing the mahogany casket holding the remains of the dead millionaire in the heart of a solid rock, banded by bars of steel, and impregnable to the attack of vandals with picks or even dynamite itself.—Chicago Tribune.

It would seem, from an orthodox standpoint, some way should have been provided for the great millionaire to make his exit when Gabriel shall blow his trumpet.

—We are pleased to learn that the Freethinkers of Sheboygan, Wis., have just organized a Free Thought Society, to be known as The Liberal League of Sheboygan. The second article of the society states that: "The object of this association shall be to encourage the freest expression of opinion upon religious, scientific, moral and reform questions; to disseminate information in relation to these questions and to engage in all works of reform that have for their object the elevation of Humanity." They have arranged for holding meetings every Sunday evening in a good-sized hall that they have engaged, and they expect to have some one deliver a short address or read a paper at each meeting, and thereafter have a free discussion of the questions presented by the speaker by the members of the association. They are

also making arrangements to have a reading room opened free to the public under the supervision of the society, and they earnestly request Liberals everywhere, who have Liberal literature that they can spare, to mail it to the president of the association, Mr. Charles H. Yost, 710 Fourth street, Sheboygan, Wis.

—Intolerance is the meanest of dispositions. The religious wars of the world have been the most fierce, cruel and inhuman. And the persecution, oppression and opposition to progress has been greater among religionists than any other class. Next to the right of suffrage that was gained by the founding of our republican form of government is the right of exercising a freedom of conscience in religious matters. But notwithstanding all shades of religious opinions have been tolerated by our government, yet most of them have been showing their intolerance by trying in vain to put God in the constitution. They all harp about religious freedom with a mental reservation that such freedom should be limited to their own particular religion. And they are all so certain that everybody else is going to hell in the next world that they don't want to associate with them in this world.—The Altruist.

—At the weekly meeting of the Methodist ministers Rev. William Swenson, of the Second Swedish M. E. Church, said that in the average Chicago Sunday-school half of the teachers were unconverted and unfit to be in charge of the children in their care. The speaker also attacked Sunday-school picnics and entertainments and said that in many cases the Sunday-school teacher was chosen more on account of social standing than of loyalty to Christ and the church. He said that this accounted for the shocking irreverence that characterized Protestant youth. Rev. Mr. Swenson said that in many cases the

Sunday-school teacher, instead of teaching the lesson, told her pupils what a nice time she had at the theater the night before.—Chicago Tribune.

That is too bad. The children ought to be taught sound orthodoxy. That their great-great-grandfather was made out of dust, that his wife out of one of his ribs, that the Universe was created in six days, that God became disgusted with his work and drowned every living thing but two of each that he kept for seed, and drunken old Noah and his family; that the result was: Hell for everybody. That God, after repenting of all this work, made a final effort to save a few by causing his own son to be put to death, through whose virtues a few may be saved. That is what ought to be taught to the children if orthodoxy is true.

—A few bigoted preachers are trying to close the Chicago public library on Sunday. Referring to this puritanic effort the Chicago Chronicle justly says:

What in the name of common sense is hoped to be accomplished by any such proceeding as this? Men will not go to church by reason of it if they do not feel inclined to do so. How will they employ their time? What is a public library for? The Field Columbian museum is open on Sunday and so is the Art museum. Shall we close them, all to accommodate a body of preachers who fancy they might have greater number of auditors for their sermons on this, that and t'other, anything but Christian doctrine?

No one seeks at all to interfere with the use of Sunday by clergymen and admittedly religious persons. Nobody thinks of forbidding the opening of houses of worship. There is no interference whatever with the due and orderly use of Sunday for religious purposes. Why, then, should people who enjoy perfect liberty to use the day according to the dictates of their conscience seek to forbid other per-

sons from pursuing their own wishes as to that day in just and orderly manner?

If the directors of the public library were to respond to this impudent demand of a very small section of the municipality the mayor ought instantly remove them and fill their places with men liberal and broad-minded enough to let the public library be used for its utmost beneficence. We have the statement of the president of the library that its use upon Sundays is 40 per cent. greater than upon any other day, and the people who so use it are at the behest of a body of ministers to be deprived of that pleasure. Not while there is a broad sense of personal liberty and public decency in the community.

—Not long after the war a circus came to Montgomery, Ala. It was the first circus that had been there in a long time and attracted an immense crowd, especially of the negroes. The most interesting feature of the entertainment was the balloon ascension. The negroes had never seen anything of the kind, and regarded the spectacle of a man sailing up into the clouds very much as they would have looked upon Elijah going up in his chariot of fire. The balloon sailed away eight or ten miles and came down in a cornfield, where some negroes were plowing.

Terrified at the spectacle of a chariot coming down from heaven they verily believed that the last great day had come, and, remembering their shortcomings, fled away in terror at the approach of the awful judge. One gray headed and rheumatic old negro was unable to get away. He could follow the plow, but could not run, and the chariot came down upon him with terrible swiftness. In that awful moment his whole life rushed upon him, he thought of all the petty sins he had committed, and the ghosts of a hundred chickens

seemed to rise up in judgment against him.

But in that deep emergency his mind did not desert him, and, remembering that politeness always counted with his earthly master, he quickly decided to greet the Lord of heaven and earth in becoming style. As the aeronaut touched the earth and began to untangle himself from the meshes about his car, the old ducky, with an air of profound obeisance, removed the wool hat from his shiny pate, bowed low, and said with pious unction: "Mornin', Mars Jesus; how you lef' you' pa?"—*Middletown (N. Y.) Sunday Forum.*

—Rev. H. S. McCowan, of Detroit, recently invited Emma Goldman, the anarchist woman, to speak from his pulpit. That created a great excitement in Detroit, and Col. Ingersoll, being in the city, was interviewed on the subject. The following is what he said:

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 21.—[Special.] —Col. Robert G. Ingersoll believes that the Rev. H. S. McCowan did right in allowing Emma Goldman to occupy the pulpit of the People's Church. When he was asked to give his opinion of McCowan's action, Mr. Ingersoll replied:

"I have no doubt that Mr. McCowan did what he believed to be right. I do not think Emma Goldman could do any harm. All the anarchists, I think, are crazy, and they ought to be treated as we treat the insane.

"It is a mistake to hang them. In that way we make them in the eyes of all other anarchists noble martyrs. A dead hero makes a good leader, but a man in an insane asylum attracts no followers. There is no glory in being insane. The poor, deluded crazy wretches who kill kings, prime ministers and presidents are not responsible. They should not be killed. They should be confined as lunatics. That course would destroy the anarchistic cult and the breed would die out.

"So Emma Goldman is opposed to

marriage? Well, we all know that many marriages are failures, but that is not the fault of the institution of marriage but of the folks. Do not abolish marriage, but civilize the people. Love does a great deal of harm, but we do not wish to abolish love, because it is the source of nearly all there is of happiness in this poor world.

"Now, I do not think that Mr. McCowan should be blamed. No harm has been done. The people who heard Miss Goldman now know just how mistaken she is, and just how idiotic what is called 'anarchy' is. I should think that Mr. McCowan was a courageous, honest, and intellectually hospitable man."

We fully agree with what Col. Ingersoll says. Anarchists and Free Lovers should be allowed freedom of speech—their papers should not be suppressed, and they should not be arrested or imprisoned unless they are guilty of the violation of some law or the commission of some crime. The very worst thing that can be done with them is to make martyrs of them. That is just what they desire.

—The bible, we have been taught in times past, was a guide to heaven, so plain to be understood that "a wayfaring man, though a fool, could not err therein," and now Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt tells us in "The New Unity" that before we can be sure of its meaning—

"A dozen languages must be mastered to get at the original sources; a dozen more to get at the world's best thought concerning them; the widening fields of palæography, archæology and history must be traversed ever and anon; the canons of textual, historical, and literary criticism must be tested with unflinching severity and adhered to when tested with utmost fidelity; the remotest realms of science must be searched to throw light upon the smallest

point. The mastery of details, the nicety of discrimination, the gentleness of touch, the accuracy of intuition that mark the finished workman are not acquired in a day."

This proves the truth of the old orthodox hymn in a new light:

"Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
The road to life is a narrow path
With here and there a traveler."

—"When Henry George was convalescing from the attack which seized him shortly after the death of his beloved daughter, the 'boom,' which had partly died away when his sickness became known, revived. Family and friends sought as much and as tenderly as they could to dissuade him from accepting any nomination. Walking with me along the Shore Road, fronting his house, his hand upon my arm, he said:

"Tell me, if I accept, what is the worst that is likely to happen to me?"

"I replied: 'Since you ask me, you have a right to be told; most probably it will be fatal.'

"He then said: 'You mean that it will kill me?'

"I answered: 'Most probably, yes.'

"He said: 'Dr. Kelly says the same thing, only more positively; he says it will certainly kill me; but I have got to die, and how can I die better than serving humanity? Besides, so dying would do more for the cause than anything that otherwise I might be able to do in the rest of my life.'"

When Mr. George accepted the nomination tendered him at the great meeting in the hall of the Cooper Union, he said:

"From now until election I am yours, even though it kill me."—Dr. M. R. Levenson in N. Y. Tribune.

Free Thought Magazine.

HOSPITABLE TO ALL TRUTH AND DEVOTED TO THE EXPOSING OF ANCIENT
ERROR BY THE LIGHT OF MODERN SCIENCE AND CRITICISM.

H. L. GREEN,
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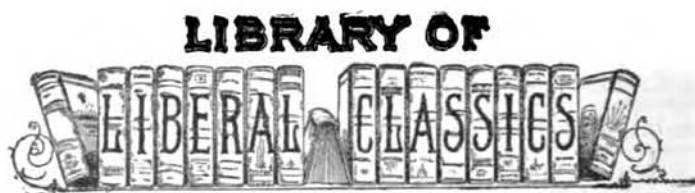
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